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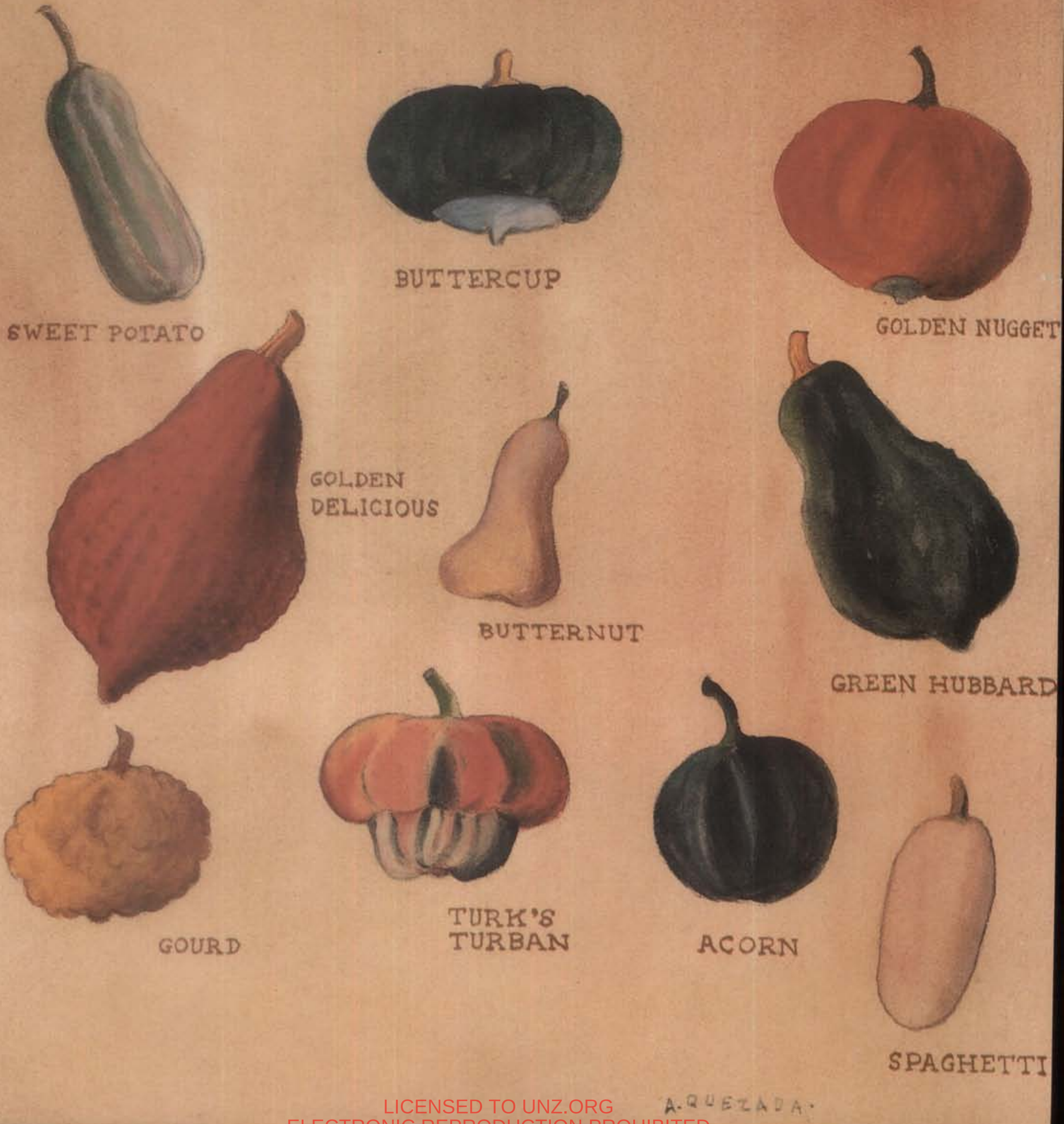
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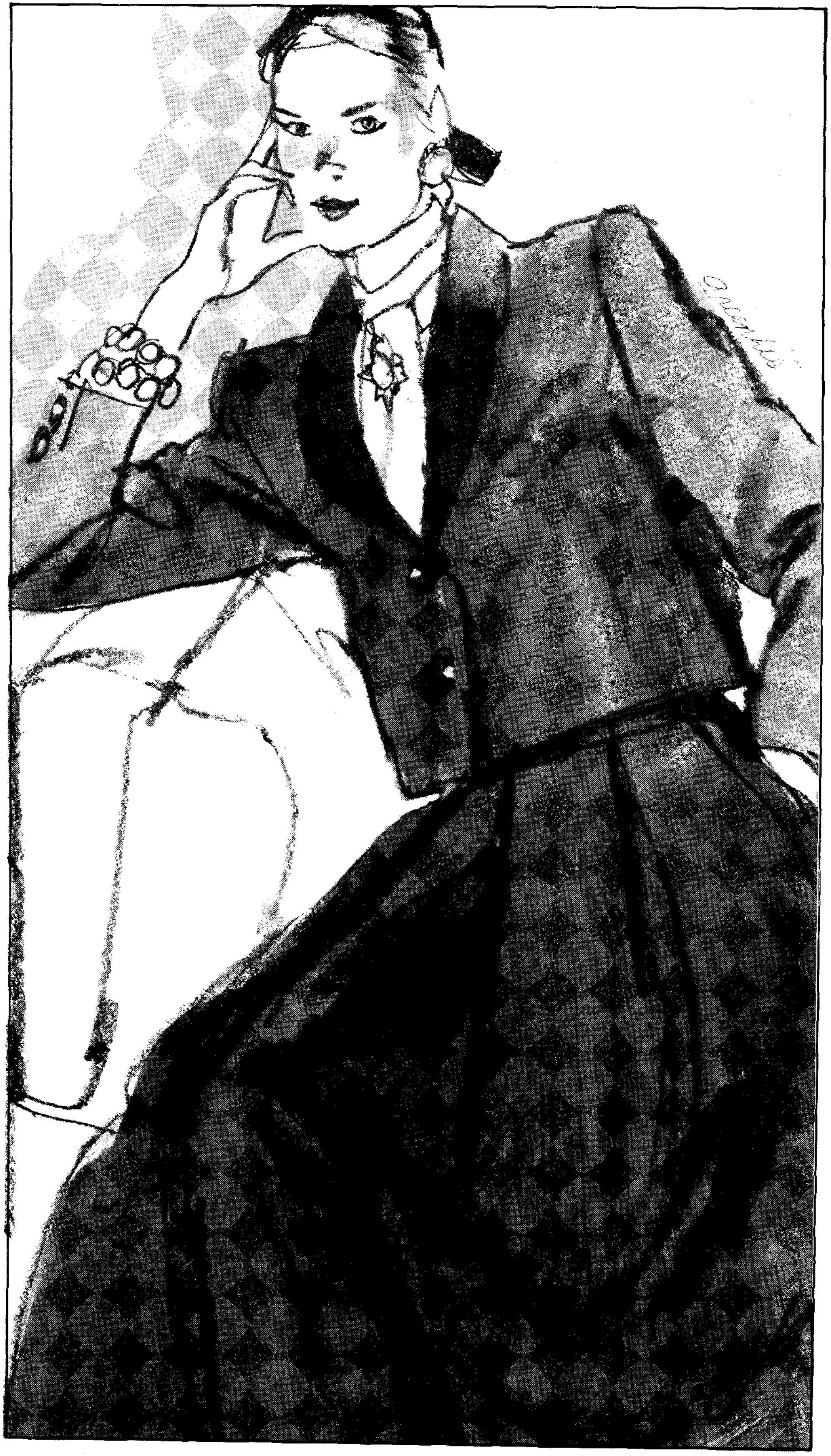

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the sizable cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi, with a book by William Hauptman and music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 29.)

Biloxi Blues—The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play, with a fine performance by Kathy Bates as the mother of the family under examination. (9/2/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Custom of the Country—This high comedy, by Jane Stanton Hitchcock, based on a novel that Edith Wharton wrote in 1913, is performed with wit and style, under Daniel Gerroll's expert direction. Valerie Mahaffey is a beautiful heiress, on the rise in New York society, and David Rasche, John C. Vennema, and Trey Wilson, among others, are the men in her life—the rungs of her ladder—and all of them are exactly right. The elegant setting is by Kate Edmunds, and the elegant costumes by David Murin. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Double Image Theatre—Presenting two plays in alternating weekly repertory—**FILTHY RICH,** a play by George F. Walker: Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 25-29 (previews); Monday, Sept. 30 (opening); and Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **SAVAGE IN LIMBO,** a play by John Patrick Shanley: Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 1-4. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 247-5361. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—A comedy by David Wiltse about some fiercely competitive but not very interesting tennis players in far-off Norwalk, Connecticut. With Keir Dullea, Cliff Gorman, Robert Reed, and Charles Repole. The director is Morton Da Costa. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—An 1868 drama by Augustin Daly, **A FLASH OF LIGHTNING,** will be the first in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Sept. 26, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 13. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Goodbye Freddy—A comedy by Elizabeth Diggs, presented by Manhattan Punch Line. (Intar, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays, except Sept. 25, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Iceman Cometh—A revival of the Eugene O'Neill play, starring Jason Robards, Barnard Hughes, and Donald Moffat. José Quintero is the director. Previews through Saturday, Sept. 28. Opens officially on Sunday, Sept. 29, at 4. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (Norman Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30 and 8.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A beguiling, if lightweight, farce by the Jamaican playwright Trevor Rhone, **TWO CAN PLAY** is about a middle-aged Jamaican couple. The husband is a blowhard; the wife is put-upon in every way, until she flies to Miami and comes back a changed woman. The first act is too intricate for its own good, but the second act is clear and funny. The actors—Hazel J. Medina and Sullivan H. Walker—couldn't be better. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 29.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews under the Nazis. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—A depressing novelty in theatrical history: the radical mutilation of a suc-

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cessful comedy by its author, Neil Simon, who has seen fit to turn the male characters in the original version into female characters. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paradise!—A musical with a score by Robert Forrest and a book and lyrics by George C. Wolfe. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 25. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 26. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—Lily Tomlin in a solo theatre piece written and directed by Jane Wagner. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 25. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 26, at 6:15. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 25, and Saturdays at 2.)

Short Change—Four undergraduates—3m., 1f.—who move into an apartment near their college are the characters in Geoffrey Gordon's sit-comedy. The performance lacks urgency, in spite of a number of entertaining lines and engaging, if sometimes inaudible, actors. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

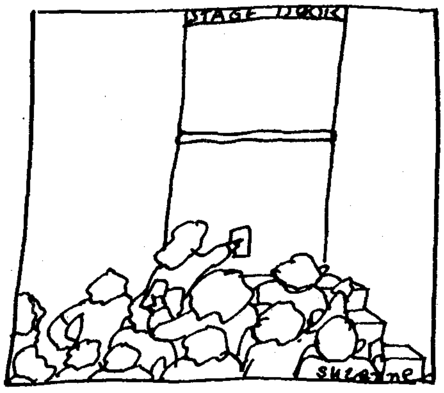
Singin' in the Rain—What can only be called a watered-down version of the celebrated M-G-M original. The show, directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp, tries to do too many things at once, with a cast that is hardworking but not very winsome; the absence of the incomparable Gene Kelly becomes a rueful presence. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Solo Voyages—Robbie McCauley stars in this one-woman show, for which Joseph Chaikin has adapted and directed three monologues from three short plays by Adrienne Kennedy. (Interart Center, 549 W. 52nd St. 246-1050. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 7 and 9.)

Song and Dance—Bernadette Peters sings a lot and Christopher d'Amboise dances a lot, but their labors are in vain—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

What's a Nice Country Like You...Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's autobiographical comedy. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical starring Van Johnson and Walter Charles. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,576 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 9:30; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 5. Closes Sunday, Sept. 29.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** Mandy Patinkin and Maryann Plunkett as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Theatre Banlieue of Belgium—Presenting "LE LIVRE: le desert" (in French), a production based on the writings of Edmond Jabès, conceived and directed by A. Mebirouk. (Theatre for the New City, 162 Second Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Through Sunday, Oct. 6.)

"Northern Lights Shine at Lincoln Center"—Among those appearing in a tribute to Nordic contributions to the arts will be Victor Borge, Birgit Nilsson, Helgi Tomasson, and Ingmar Bergman. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Rosalind Newman and Dancers—"Heartbeat" (première), "Untitled White," "Free Speech," and "Mirror Lake." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 7:30; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 26-28, at 8; and Sunday, Sept. 29, at 2 and 7:30.)

"Triadic Ballet"—Gerhard Bohner's reconstruction of the Oskar Schlemmer ballet, performed by dancers from Berlin's Academy of Arts. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 7:30; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 3-5, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2 and 7:30.)

Rebecca Kelly Dance Company—"Dream Driven" (première), "New Earth," and "Sunrokkers." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 3-5, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 3.)

La La La Human Steps—Opening performances of a two-week engagement of "Human Sex," a new full-length work, which will run through Sunday, Oct. 13. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 3-5, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 3.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **YUNG YUNG TSUAI AND DANCERS:** With guest dancers Armgard Von Bardeleben and Susan Kikuchi and singer Kuang-Yu Fong. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26-27, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 29, at 2. . . . **DANCEBRAZIL:** Wednesday, Oct. 2, and Friday, Oct. 4, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)*—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderful, convincing singer and a worldly-wise or vulnerable (whichever is called for) interpreter, concentrates on the music of the Gershwins right now. She performs in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 25-26, bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY,** who hums along with his bowed-bass solos; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 27-28, the fiery tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD** and his quartet; Sunday, Sept. 29, the Ross Korel trio; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2-3, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio; and Friday and Satur-

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The Cleveland Quartet, October 13, 3 p.m. Quartets by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and the New York premiere of a new string quartet by John Harbison. Alice Tully Hall.

Munich Philharmonic, October 21, 8 p.m. Lorin Maazel conducts Mozart's "Symphony No. 38" and Bruckner's "Symphony No. 7." Avery Fisher Hall.

NHK Symphony Orchestra of Japan, October 23, 8 p.m. Their first New York concert since 1969. Konoe's "Etenraku," Dvořák's "Cello Concerto in b." and Beethoven's "Symphony No. 7." Avery Fisher Hall.

Vienna Symphony, November 3, 3 p.m. Wolfgang Sawallisch conducts Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben" and Mozart's "Symphony No. 41 in C" and "Violin Concerto No. 3 in G." Avery Fisher Hall.

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug, November 15, 8 p.m. Hear Pinchas Zukerman on violin & viola and Marc Neikrug on piano in their only New York recital. Avery Fisher Hall.

The Fires of London, November 29, 30, and December 1. Repertoire includes the New York premiere of Peter Maxwell Davies' chamber opera, "The Lighthouse." Alice Tully Hall.

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day, Oct. 4-5, the Michael Weiss trio, which will feature baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS.** Mondays are now Mark Morganelli jam-session nights. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Outside, the Village streets teem with unbridled youth; inside, this dark, serene club offers up music for which there are no videos. Pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER** is here until Saturday, Sept. 28, leading a combo that features trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** and guitarist **KENNY BURRELL**; Sunday, Sept. 29, will be claimed by pianist and composer **DAVE BRUBECK** (and his quartet), in a rare club appearance; on Monday, Sept. 30, pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY** will head up a combo; and starting Tuesday, Oct. 1, **NANCY WILSON** will begin singing here. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26-27, singer-songwriter **SUZANNE VEGA** and Frank Maya; Saturday, Sept. 28, hypnotist Sebastian Sinclaire; Sunday and Monday, Sept. 29-30, singer Al Stewart; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 3-4, drummer **BILLY COBHAM'S** latest band, Glass Menagerie; and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 5-6, pianist and composer **CHICK COREA** and *his* latest group. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate jazz duos. At the moment (through Saturday, Sept. 28), the duo consists of two very fine guitarists, **JIMMY RANEY** and **ATTILA ZOLLER,** and on Monday, Sept. 30, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will come in with bassist **RON MC CLURE.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is an elegant little room. It's where **STEVE ROSS** is now singing and playing piano, and where tuxedos are worn by some of the patrons as well as by Mr. Ross and his bassist and the headwaiter. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is back in the Bemelmans Bar at the piano, soloing and singing, from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Wednesday, Sept. 25, Sonic Youth, Salem 66, Antietam, and Dinosaur; Thursday, Sept. 26, the Egyptians, Chemical Wedding, the Cucumbers, and Bla-Blah's; Friday, Sept. 27, Now Explosion, Popular Sex, and Cocktail Girlz; and Saturday, Sept. 28, Floor Kiss and Carol Costa. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

CHINESE TEA ROOM, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** can be heard again, here in the Carnegie Hall–Hard Rock Café district, playing his pretty, delicate piano solos nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, old-time-string-band, and Irish music is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, Sept. 25, David Jones and Heather Wood & Andy Wallace; Saturday, Sept. 28, the Jumbo String Band; and Saturday, Oct. 5, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA** and his band, **SKYLINE.** There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. Singer, pianist, and songwriter **MOSE ALLISON,** who manages to sound bluesy, jazzy, rural, and urbane all at the same time, is here through Sunday, Sept. 29, and on Tuesday, Oct. 1, keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** will take over. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Wednesday, Sept. 25, the Lyres, the Raunch Hands, and the Dogmatics; Thursday, Sept. 26, the Nightmares and the Smithereens; Friday, Sept. 27, **TOWNES VAN ZANDT** and Wendy & Willie Welch; Saturday, Sept. 28, Frank Christian; Friday, Oct. 4, **ROSALIE SORRELS;** and Saturday, Oct. 5, Melanie. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

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GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Alicia Sherman sings with pianist Peter Madsen and bassist Phil Bowler; Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano; on Mondays, pianist Baba Motta and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

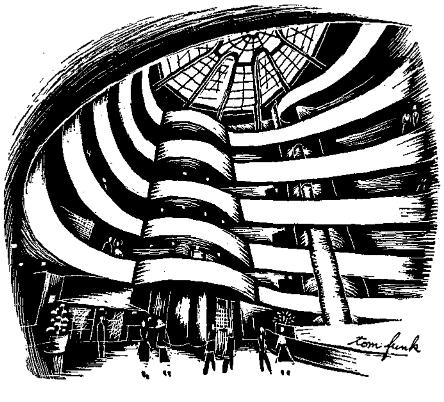
HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant that features the City Light Orchestra through Saturday, Sept. 28, and from Tuesday, Oct. 1, pianist **JOHN EATON.** Sundays are claimed by pianist Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **JUNIOR MANCE,** a bluesy, soulful pianist, works with **MARTY RIVERA** through Saturday, Sept. 28, and on Tuesday, Oct. 1, **ROLAND HANNA,** a strong, rhythmic, occasionally undulating pianist, will take over. Music from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday, Sept. 25, Mark Farner; Thursday, Sept. 26, Lubbock, Texas, rockabillyist **JOE ELY;** Friday, Sept. 27, singer **ROBERT GORDON;** Saturday, Sept. 28, the **JAMES COTTON BLUES BAND;** Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, **GARTH HUDSON, RICHARD MANUEL, RICK DANKO,** and **LEVON HELM**—four-fifths of **THE BAND**—who make a streamlined, lead-guitar-less quartet for this, the age of rhythm guitar; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2-3, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, the New Riders of the Purple Sage. Music after nine nightly. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**KAYE BALLARD** sings with support from singer-pianist **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** as they both pay tribute to lyricist E. Y. (Yip) Harburg Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Singer **LARRY KERT** will take the stage on Saturday, Sept. 28, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, in place of Miss Ballard and Mr. Siegel. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 25-26, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS;** Friday and Saturday, Sept. 27-28, pianist **MC COY TYNER,** whose bedrock-rhythm and swirling-chords approach has become so dominant among modern pianists that he sounds mainstream, and his trio; Monday, Sept. 30, **JUMP STREET,** a stirring, ten-piece blues and jazz band; and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2-3, the promisingly named group Plunky & the Oneness of Juju. Music from about ten until two. Dining.



RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** play such uplifting, swinging music that it's nearly impossible not to want to Lindy to it; through Sunday, Sept. 29. On Tuesday, Oct. 1, Jack Morgan & the Russ Morgan orchestra will move onto the bandstand. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Friday, Sept. 27, Slayer, Bad Brains, and Mega Death; Sunday, Sept. 29, Shriekback; Monday, Sept. 30, Gyros; Wednesday, Oct. 2, Love and Rockets; Thursday, Oct. 3, Midnight Oil and Gene Loves Jezebel; and Friday, Oct. 4, Mars Williams. Shows begin at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing. Closed Thursday, Sept. 26, and Saturday, Sept. 28.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, fusion, Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 25, Heretics; Thursday, Sept. 26, the Mark Soskin band; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 27-28, drummer **STEVE GADD'S GADD GANG,** which usually includes pianist **RICHARD TEE** and guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE;** Sunday, Sept. 29, guitarist **BARRY FINNERTY;** Tuesday, Oct. 1, pianist **DAVID LAHM;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, a trio featuring pianist **KENNY KIRKLAND.** Mondays are reserved for the **TOM PIERSON** orchestra. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This place offers the kind of authentic Brazilian (and African and salsa and reggae) exuberance that makes it feel like *carnaval* every weekend (and during the week isn't exactly dullsville, either). The music: Wednesday, Sept. 25, Coupé Coové; Thursday, Sept. 26, the Magnum Band; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 27-28, **LOREMIL MACHADO;** Tuesday, Oct. 1, percussionist **NANA VASCONCELOS;** Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2-3, Arrow; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial. Bassist **DAVE HOLLAND** is on hand through Sunday, Sept. 29, with **KENNY WHEELER, JULIAN PRIESTER, STEVE COLEMAN,** and **MARVIN (SMITTY) SMITH.** On Tuesday, Oct. 1, saxophonist and composer **DAVID MURRAY** will bring his hip, swinging, joyous, melodic-yet-out-there, and totally savvy (he's got his audiences right where he wants them, and where they want to be) octet, which usually includes trumpeter **OLU DARA,** trombonist **CRAIG HARRIS,** and drummer **STEVE MC CALL.** They're hot—not for the sedate. Mondays are the property of the **GIL EVANS** orchestra. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—Your simple basic bar-and-backroom blues-and-rock haunt. The lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 25, **KRISTIE ROSE;** Thursday, Sept. 26, rock singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, Cajun-ists Loup Gurou. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On Sept. 30, the orchestras of **MACHITO** and **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ** will be present, along with the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** who will be the guest jazz soloist. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 25-29, will be devoted to **NINA SIMONE.** Her shows begin at ten. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, the **FRED HERSCH** duo is on the job every night but Monday. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops in on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. Pianist **STEVE KUHN** guides a trio—what a trio! (bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **AL FOSTER** are in it)—through Sunday, Sept. 29, and on Tuesday, Oct. 1, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and multi-instrumentalist **IRA SULLIVAN** will begin co-piloting their quintet. Monday nights are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music from ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleek piano-bass (and, sometimes, guitar-bass) and pasta hangout. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** collaborate through Saturday, Sept. 28, and starting Tuesday, Oct. 1, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will move in. Sundays are now the property of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** who play compelling chamber jazz, and Mondays belong to Brian Torff and Jim Roberts. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

STING—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8.

CAETANO VELOSO—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8.

JAY MC SHANN AND MAJOR HOLLEY—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Sept. 27, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

TERRI LYNE CARRINGTON—With Rufus Reid, Kevin Eubanks, Jimmy Owens, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The first in a series of three concerts, this one performed by Jay McShann, Major Holley, Oliver Jackson, Joe Wilder, and Frank Wess. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Sept. 29, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

DIRE STRAITS—Radio City Music Hall. Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 1-3, at 8.

"MAX ROACH–A CREATIVE MULTI-MEDIA EVENT"—La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 2-6, at 7:30.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Benny Carter, Al Cohn, and others, in a tribute to Zoot Sims. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

LAURA BRANIGAN—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8.

JIMMY RILEY & THE WAILERS and **AUGUSTUS PABLO**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8.

KARL BERGER AND GEORGE SCHUTZ—In a program part classical and part jazz. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

TEARS FOR FEARS—Radio City Music Hall. Friday through Monday, Oct. 4-7, at 8.

WEIRD AL YANKOVIC—With Benny Bell and Dr. Demento. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

IRVING PLAZA—Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 9: E.U., Freddy McGregor, and June Lodge. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 26, at 9: Propaganda, Front 242, and T. C. Matic. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728.)

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Friday, Sept. 27: Rory Stuart trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28: Archie Shepp quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 4: John Shaw quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5: Bill Barron quartet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Shows at 9 and 10:30.)

JAZZ CULTURAL THEATRE—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 27-28, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Junior Cook–Bill Hardman quintet. (Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300.)

ART

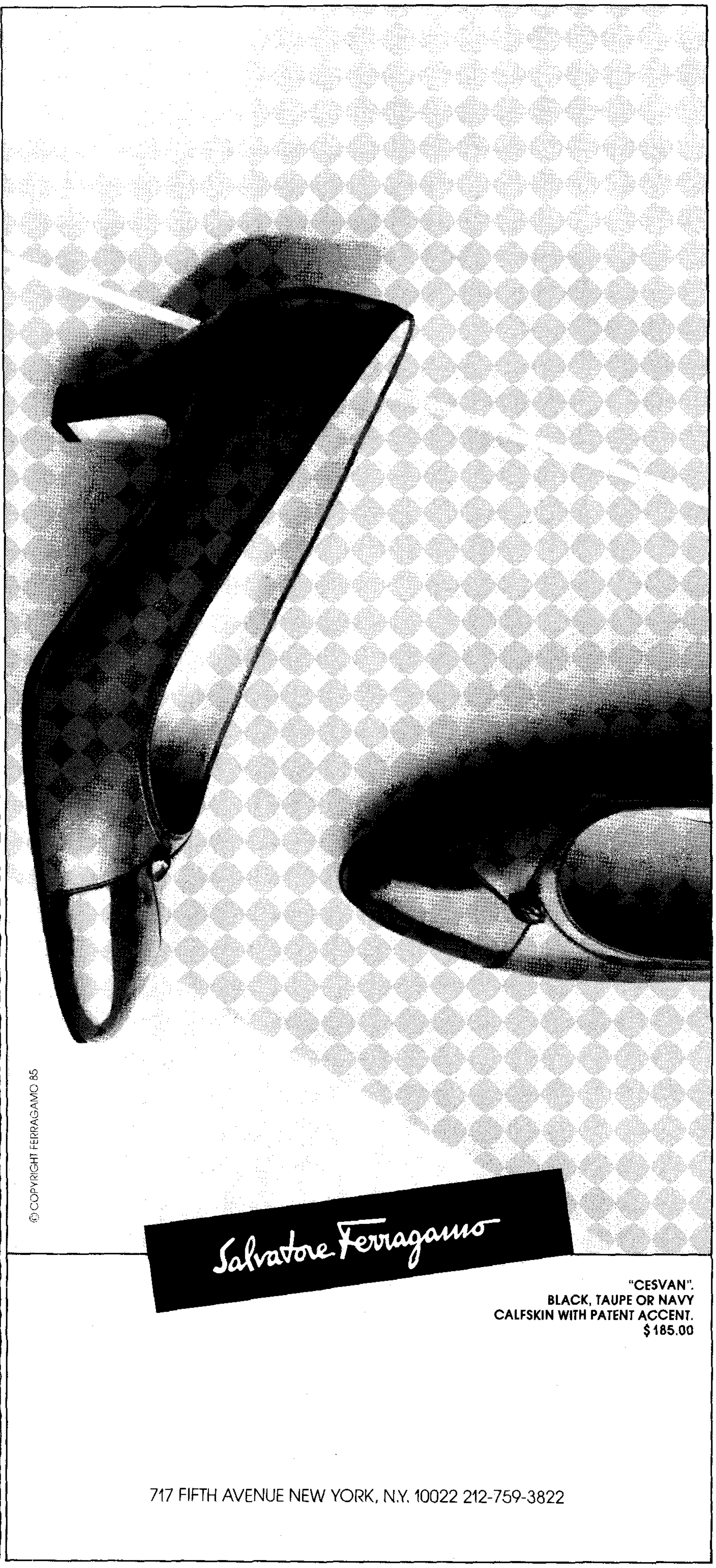
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

MAGDALENA ABAKANOWICZ—The first show in New York by an established sculptor from Warsaw, who creates headless figures from burlap and resin. Through Oct. 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

HENRY BOTKIN (1896-1983)—Oils, watercolors, and collages dating from the twenties to the forties. Through Nov. 2. (Childs, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

NIKI DE SAINT PHALLE—Large sculptures, cast in



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polyester and painted with acrylic, of figures from tarot cards; for instance, the Devil, Death, and Temperance. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Walter Dexel (1890-1973)—Paintings, collages, and drawings by a German Constructivist. Through Oct. 26. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

Stephanus Heidacker—Ponderous, almost architectural human figures painted in smooth, thick oils by a young German, new to this country. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Justen Ladda—Works in mixed mediums by an artist who has a quirky perspective on things—Dürer's famous praying hands, for example, are reproduced in a six-and-a-half-foot, three-dimensional sculpture made up of soap-and-detergent boxes, which are artfully pieced together and painted so that one suddenly sees them the way Mr. Ladda does, as hands being washed rather than at prayer. Through Oct. 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Doug Maguire—Oil landscape paintings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 2. (Perlow, formerly Sachs Art Gallery, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

David Park (1911-60)—Figurative and still-life works done in oil, gouache, and ink on paper. Through Oct. 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Aquatints, linoleum cuts, and etchings. Through Oct. 30. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Anne Poor—Recent oils and works on paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Fairfield Porter (1907-75)—Paintings reflecting the placid life of the Hamptons in summer, plus a couple of sharply contrasting drawings of hurly-burly in the city. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Gary Wright—Colorful works on paper, based on maps. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Vladimir Zakrzewski—Squares, circles, and arches appear in series in these abstract paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Ben-Zion—Approximately thirty-five iron sculptures of semi-abstract animal forms and African tribal masks. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Frederick J. Brown—Robin Hood, Geronimo, and John Henry with his thirty-five-pound hammer, all painted in strident colors, along with a scary character representing Carnal Knowledge. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Roy De Forest—Eight new fanciful paintings filled with the artist's usual set of folkish characters. Also, drawings and a construction. Through Oct. 26. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alberto Giacometti (1901-66)—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings, eighty-three works in all. Through Nov. 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

David Hockney / Morris Louis (1912-62)—Seven

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paintings from the early sixties. Through Oct. 19. / Thirteen large abstract paintings completed in the last years of the artist's life. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ian Hornak / David Graham—Sixteen landscape paintings extending onto the painted frames that surround them. / Color photographs that capture some peculiar sites in America. Through Wednesday, Oct. 2. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Irwin—Models, drawings, and photographs documenting his environmental projects, plus two gallery installations. Through Oct. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Kitty Klaidman—Lush grasses and plants are being tossed around by the winds of an approaching sandstorm in these paintings (acrylic and oil pastel) of southeastern Spain. Through Oct. 12. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt—New works in his usual vein. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jim Lawrence / Jon Groom—Tableaux of wood figures and oil paintings representing literary personages (Charles Olson, James Schuyler, Marguerite Duras). / Abstract wall pieces—wood blocks fitted together like puzzles and painted in strong colors, plus abstract drawings. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Philip Mullen—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Nina Posnansky—Still-lifes, figures, and cityscapes in acrylics and in watercolor. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Gallery 84, at 30 W. 57th St.)

Scott Richter—Large wall sculptures, more or less based on the human figure, made of pigmented beeswax caked on armatures of wood, foam, and wire. Through Oct. 19. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Rodney Ripps—The tarry-looking friezes and garlands that once constituted practically all of this artist's output have been reduced in his current work to token, moplike blobs that project from and accent large, richly textured abstract paintings. Through Oct. 19. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fred Sandback—Four simple string wall sculptures give a contemplative atmosphere to the whole Goodman gallery. There are also related drawings. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bernard Tschumi—Preparatory sketches and drawings by the chief architect of the Parc de la Villette, in Paris. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Philip Tsiaras and Heinrich Nicolaus—Neo-Expressionistic figures painted on various surfaces, including thin cotton strips and wood panels, done as individual works and in collaboration. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Getler-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Abstract / Issues—A three-part show of abstract paintings by thirty artists, Sean Scully, Clinton Storm, Edda Renouf, Osvaldo Romberg, Susan Laufer, and Julie Gross among them. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (De Nagy, French, and Oscarsson Hood, all at 41 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: Ceramic works by Mary Heilmann, Janice Tchalenko, and Betty Woodman. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **fischbach,** 24 W. 57th St.: Oil paintings and works on paper dealing with dreams and fantasies, in a show of three artists selected by John Bernard Myers. Through Wednesday, Oct. 2. (Open Mondays.) . . . **gruenebaum,** in two locations, 38 E. 57th St. and 415 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Grégoire Müller, Jonathan Silver, Harry Kramer, and others. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Edward Hopper, Andrew Wyeth, Elie Nadelman, Guy Pène du Bois, and many others are represented in this show of twentieth-century American drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 5.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Helene Brandt—Abstract welded-steel sculptures and figurative charcoal-and-pencil drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Roger Brown—Paintings of stylized landscapes populated by stylized people under stylized clouds, plus a small Parthenon of galvanized aluminum in which upended garbage cans serve as the fluted columns. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Bruno Ceccobelli—New paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 15. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Frederick Childs—Paintings of solitary figures cooped up in cheerless quarters. One of them is peeking through a keyhole. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Robert Donley—Primitive paintings of New York and Brooklyn scenes, sometimes studded with vignettes of past heroes of the Yankees and Mets. Through Oct. 8. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Douglas Florian—Abstract oil paintings by an artist who has contributed drawings to this magazine. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (22 Wooster Gallery. Opens at noon.)

Fujii Chuichi—Sculptures in which massive, rough logs of Japanese cypress and Japanese cedar have been bent, like umbrella handles. Through Oct. 26. (Carpenter+Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

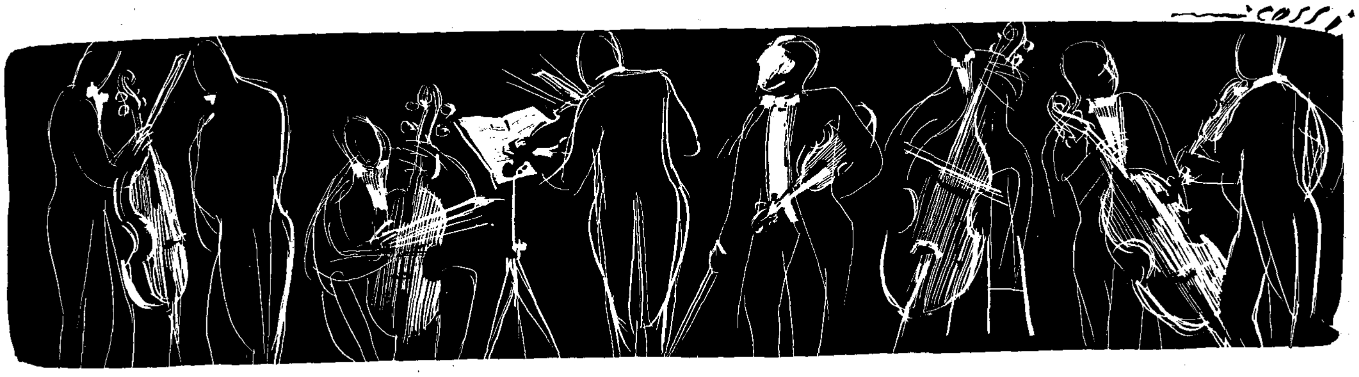
Robert Gober—A series of wall sculptures, all based on washbasins—plain old sinks—that far transcend ordinary plumbing in size and decorative quality. First one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 12. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Stevan Jennis—An all-American installation, consisting of three tableaux (an old-fashioned schoolroom is one, and a power station in the California desert another). Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Herbert Katzman—Expressionist paintings and drawings in a retrospective that includes works from as far back as 1949. Through Nov. 3. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Ronnie Landfield—Abstract acrylic paintings on paper. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Donald Lipski—Sculptural works with a surreal



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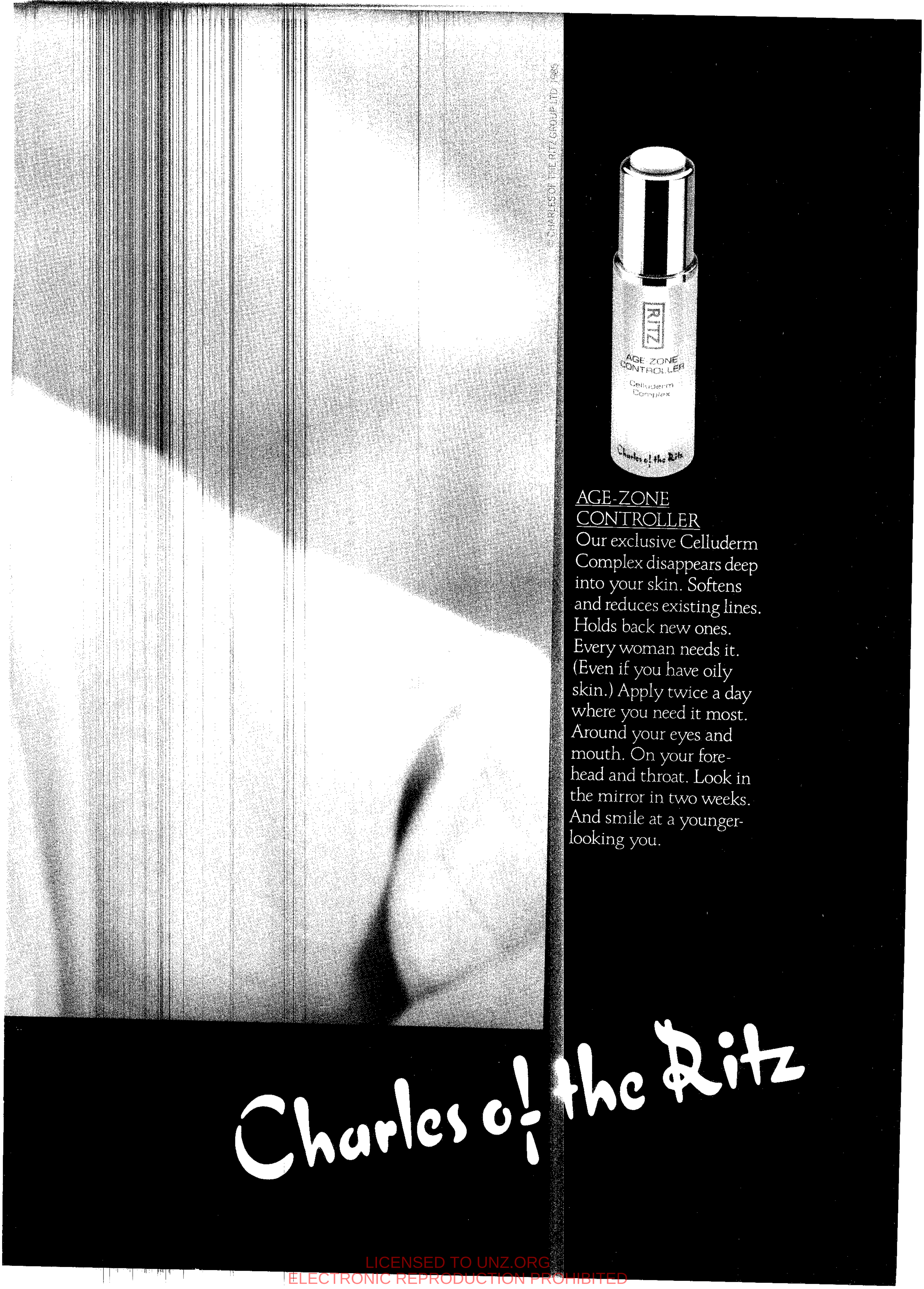
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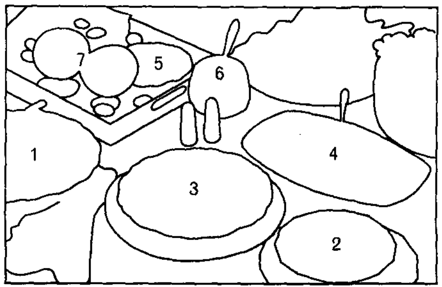
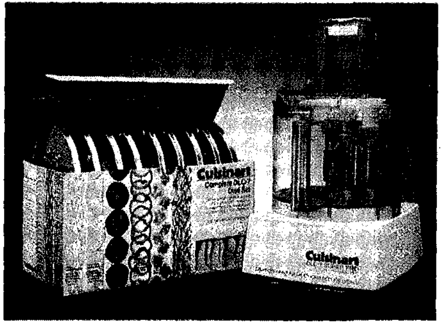
FOR EXAMPLE

For the meal you see above, a Cuisinart food processor with the thick slicing disc made juicy slabs of tomato and perfect, unbroken onion rings (dish 1).





Using the ultra-thin disc, it made translucent slices of cucumber for the Danish salad (2). For the main course, an extra-thick slicing disc evenly sliced the chicken cutlets, a thin slicing disc sliced the Canadian Bacon, and the medium slicing disc made the slightly thicker mushrooms (3). The fine and medium julienne discs produced the ultra-thin potato strands and carrot matchsticks for the pancakes (4). On the same platter are zucchini strips made with the French fry cut disc and sweet potato strips, made in two whirrs of the machine with the extra-thick slicing disc.

And for dessert? With the thick slicing disc, the Cuisinart food processor perfectly sliced the orange and the pineapple (5). The fine shredding disc made the lacy shreds of coconut (6). And for a fitting finale, the light and delicious strawberry mousse and meringue cookies—no cream, few calories—were both made with the Cuisinart Whisk Attachment (7).

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bent—a book with paraffin poured between the pages, a glass-handled pickaxe, and a large shovel wrapped in plaster among them. Through Oct. 12. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Martha Margulis / Norma Flanagan—Abstractions from landscapes. / Monotypes. Through Oct. 13. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Ron Martin—A series of thickly painted black canvases. Through Oct. 12. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

Lizbeth Mitty—Landscapes of the New York metropolitan area. Through Oct. 9. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Avner Moriah—New paintings from a series entitled "Arrests." Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Szoke, 164 Mercer St. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

Sabina Ott / Ron Nagle—Large diptychs. / Small, concise ceramic sculptures whose rich glazes are the result of as many as thirty separate firings. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Tom Otterness—Bronzes. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Alexander, in a new location, at 59 Wooster St.)

Beatrice Riese / Martin Schreiber—Abstract pattern paintings. / Halley's Comet inspired a group of paintings the artist describes as celestial fantasies. Through Sunday, Sept. 29. (Pleiades, 164 Mercer St.)

Doug Sanderson—Horizontal stripes, mostly, painted in rich solid colors on birch panels. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Rosalind Shaffer—A painted construction of a woman taking a shower typifies these works. Through Oct. 12. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Carol J. Steen / Stefan Triffa—The simplified forms of rolling pins, sickles, and other objects hand-painted on paper. / Paintings, sculptures, and drawings evoking Rumanian folklore. Through Oct. 12. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Andy Warhol and Jean-Michel Basquiat—Large collaborative paintings in which, say, Warhol puts in a well-known logo (GE's or Arm & Hammer's) and the younger artist takes off from there. Through Oct. 19. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St., is showing a group of Warhol's paintings and prints entitled "Reigning Queens" (Queen Elizabeth II is one of them). Through Oct. 12.

John T. Young / Aris Koutroulis—This sculptor breaks up granite boulders, some of them quite large, and puts them back together with highly visible steel bolts. / Acrylic paint of various colors oozes through horizontal tapes stretched like Venetian blinds across these large canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In one of the back galleries, cartoons by Greg Constantine show Leonardo da Vinci traipsing around Los Angeles, along with other artists, past and present, and some of their better-known subjects.

Group Shows—At **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: The thirtieth show of works on paper by emerging artists includes a striking series in tempera, by Xing Fei, based on dreams of her homeland in China, and a metaphoric painting of a collapsing bridge by David Wynne. Through Oct. 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **feldman,** 31 Mercer St.: Works by six painters and one photographer. Through Oct. 26. . . . **ingber,** now located at 415 West Broadway: Works on paper by more than seventy artists, all of whom came along in the nineteen-fifties. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **nosei,** 100 Prince St.: A line is the prerequisite for paintings in this show by seven contemporary artists, among them Twombly, Basquiat, and Schifano. Through Oct. 17. . . . **112 greene street gallery:** Diverse works by twenty artists who are associated with the Arthur Roger Gallery in New Orleans. Through Oct. 19.

OTHER GALLERIES

Charles Hewitt—Paintings and wall reliefs by an artist who counts "Moby Dick" among his influences, and who dwells on ships and fish and the sea. Through Sunday, Sept. 29. (M-13, at 440 E. 9th St. Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at 1.)

Judith Linhares and David West—Recent paintings by two young artists who are mining more or less the same Expressionist vein. Through Sunday, Sept. 29. (Mō David, 436 E. 9th St. Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at 1.)

Georgia Marsh—Gouache and watercolor landscapes of the Hudson River and upstate New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Group Show—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs by twelve artists which were selected from the slide file at Artists Space by art critic Kay Larson. Through Oct. 19. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams—Photographs of suburban America at dusk. Through Oct. 12. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

Robert Capa (1913-54) / **Henri Cartier-Bresson**—A retrospective that includes forty Spanish Civil War prints. / Sixty portraits spanning fifty years, Colette, Truman Capote, and Saul Steinberg among them. Through Nov. 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Lois Conner—Platinum prints of China, especially the limestone formations in Guilin and Yangshuo. Through Oct. 18. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Clarence John Laughlin (1905-85)—More than eighty large-format photographs from the forties, fifties, and sixties. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Mapplethorpe—Silver prints, lithographs, large color Polaroids, and photogravures. Through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At the **grey art gallery,** New York University, 33 Washington Pl.: More than two hundred war photographs, 1846 to the present, in an exhibit organized by the Corcoran Gallery of Art. Through Nov. 16. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Black-and-white prints by four young Americans. For dates and times, see below under "Museums." . . . **pace-macgill,** 11 E. 57th St.: Vintage photographs from the Magnum archives. Through Oct. 12. . . . **schoelkopf,** 50 W. 57th St.: Photographs of the American West from the last half of the nineteenth century. Through Wednesday, Oct. 2. . . . **witkin,** 415 West Broadway: Photographs by seventy-five artists which the gallery's founder, the late Lee D. Witkin, considered his favorites. Through Oct. 26. (Opens Saturdays at noon.) . . . ¶ The Photo Center Gallery, at New York University, 721 Broadway, is also honoring Lee Witkin with a memorial show.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A seventeenth-century imperial Mughal tent is the centerpiece of a wide-ranging exhibition of Indian art, numbering more than three hundred objects of religious and secular derivation. . . . ¶ A display of vases by the Amasis Painter, an Athens potter of the sixth century B.C. who refined both black figures on a sienna-red ground and red figures on a black ground. Through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Landscapes of the American wilderness and portraits of the Indians who lived there done by Swiss artist Karl Bodmer during an expedition in the early eighteen-thirties. Through Oct. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Kurt Schwitters retrospective that includes a comprehensive selection of collages by one of the first artists to use that form. Through Tuesday, Oct. 1. . . . **photography:** A show of more than forty photographs by Zeke Berman, Antonio Mendoza, Judith Ross, and Michael Spano. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

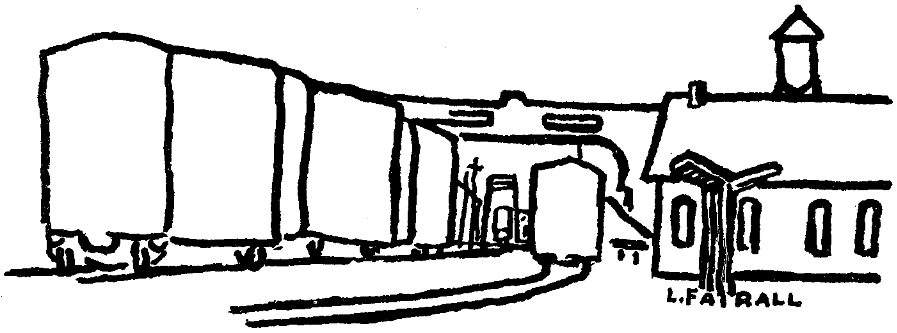
Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Paintings and works on paper, primarily from the sixties and seventies, by abstractionist Alfred Jensen. . . . ¶ A show of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations by nine emerging American artists. Both shows through Nov. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining set never exhibited before to an Apple IIc personal computer. Also, works by such artists as Scott Burton, R. M. Fischer, and Donald Judd, who eschewed careers as industrial designers. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A display of abstractions painted on cigar-box lids by Richard Diebenkorn in the late seventies. . . . ¶ A selection of contemporary American prints acquired by the museum this year. Both shows start Friday, Sept. 27. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings and watercolors from the Thaw collection, representing such artists as Rembrandt, Mantegna, van Gogh, Degas, and Klee. Also from that collection, a small selection of bronzes, silversmith works, and oil paintings. . . . ¶ An exhibit of English illuminated manuscripts from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Both shows through Nov. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit of sixty paintings by Amer-



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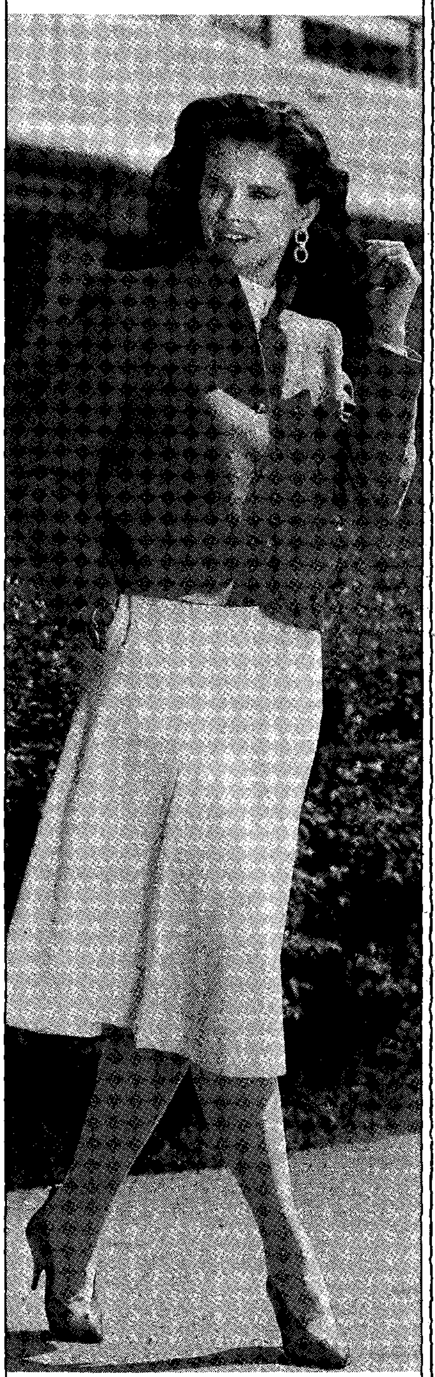

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ican naïve artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, among them Ammi Phillips, Erastus Salisbury Field, and Edward Hicks. From the collection given to the National Gallery of Art by Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of architectural photographs of New York dated 1895-1960 and taken by the Wurts Brothers firm, which specialized in commercial and residential photography. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A broad selection of works by Edward Lear, including wildlife drawings and watercolors, oil landscapes, and early editions of his limerick collection "A Book of Nonsense." Through Nov. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A selection of more than fifty twentieth-century works from four private collections brings together paintings and sculptures by Hale Woodruff, Lois Mailou Jones, Henry Tanner, Palmer Hayden, and others. Through Oct. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Jo Andres (dance), Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8:30; Lynn Swanson (performance), Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Karen Pearlman and That Was Fast (dance), Friday through Sunday, Sept. 27-29, at 9; Nelson Zayaz (performance), Friday through Sunday, Oct. 4-6, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8:30: "Falstaff," with Adriana Maliponte, Gail Dubinbaum, Giuseppe Taddei, and Dalmacio Gonzalez; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8: "Tosca," with Montserrat Caballé, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 27, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, Günther Reich, and Aage Haugland; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2: "Jenůfa" (in English), with Roberta Alexander, Mignon Dunn, Timothy Jenkins, and William Lewis; Vaclav Neumann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8: "Falstaff," with Adriana Maliponte, Gail Dubinbaum, Giuseppe Taddei, and Dalmacio Gonzalez; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 30, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, Günther Reich, and Aage Haugland; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Tosca," with Montserrat Caballé, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8: "Jenůfa" (in English), with Roberta Alexander, Mignon Dunn, Timothy Jenkins, and William Lewis; Vaclav Neumann. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Falstaff," with Adriana Maliponte, Gail Dubinbaum, Giuseppe Taddei, and Dalmacio Gonzalez; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 4, at 8: "Tosca," with Montserrat Caballé, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 1:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, Günther Reich, and Aage Haugland; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Jenůfa" (in English), with Roberta Alexander, Marisa Galvany, Timothy Jenkins, and William Lewis; Vaclav Neumann.

New York City Opera—Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8: "Carmen," with Margaret Cusack, Victoria Vergara, John Absalom, and Stanley Wexler; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 27, at 8: "La Traviata," with Marianna Christos, Mark Thomsen, and William Stone; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2: "The Love for Three Oranges," with Diana Walker, Joyce Castle, Rico Serbo, and Richard McKee; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8: "La Cenerentola," with Leigh Munro, Susanne Marsee, Joyce Castle, Michael Cousins, and William Parker; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 29, at 1: "The Daughter of the Regiment," with Erie Mills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Gran Wilson, and Richard McKee; Joseph Resicgno. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 29, at 7: "Manon," with Faith Esham, Richard Leech, William Parker, and William Dansby; José Serebrier. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8: "The Love for Three Oranges," with Diana Walker, Joyce Castle, Rico Serbo, and Richard McKee; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 7, and Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2: The company's première of the 1953 Broadway musical "Kismet," with Maryanne Telese, Susanne Marsee, Cris Groenendaal, and George Hearn; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, at 8: "Kismet," with Michele McBride, Joyce Castle, Mark Thomsen, and Theodore Baerg; Scott Bergeson. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Jewish Opera at the Y—Amy Kaiser conducting the premières of two one-act operas by Elie Siegmeister, "The Lady of the Lake" and "Angel Levine," both based on stories by Bernard Malamud. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8; Friday, Sept. 27, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 7:30: A varied program, with Nikita Magaloff, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8; Friday, Oct. 4, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8: A William Schuman-Schubert program, with Hermann Prey, baritone.

Vienna Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting—Thursday, Sept. 26: A Haydn–Richard Strauss–Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 27: A Schubert-Mahler program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28: A Mozart-Stravinsky-Brahms program. (Evenings at 8.)

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—At Carnegie Hall, Bernard Haitink conducting—Wednesday, Oct. 2: A Bizet-Debussy-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3: A Moussorgsky-Shostakovich-Schumann program. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 4: A Haydn-Mahler program. (Evenings at 8.)

Hunter Symphony—Clayton Westermann conducting a benefit concert, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Hunter College Auditorium, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 772-4085.)

Manhattan Symphony—George Manahan conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach"—Richard Westenburg directing the chorus and orchestra in the first in a series of four concerts, this one a performance of three cantatas and a motet, all by Bach. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 873-9546.)

RECITALS

New York Woodwind Quintet—The first in a series of three concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

Guild of Composers—A program saluting music publisher Walter R. Boelke on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. With Robert Pollock, piano; Christine Schadeberg, soprano; the Atlantic String Quartet; and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

DROTTNINGHOLM BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—Chamber music, by this group from Sweden, making its first appearance here. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

FESTIVAL OF INDIA—Vocal and instrumental Indian classical music. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Friday, Sept. 27, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 29, at 3, two programs of music from northern India. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8, a program of music from southern India.)

TIBERIO NASCIMENTO—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

OXANA YABLONSKAYA—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

ELIZA GARTH—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8:30.)

FOR THE LOVE OF MUSIC—The first in a series of six chamber-music concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Sept. 29, at 3.)

DORA SCHWARZBERG AND GERALD RANCK—Violin and harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Sept. 29, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

OSCEOLA DAVIS—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Sept. 29, at 5:30.)

BOWDOIN TRIO—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the complete piano chamber music of Brahms. With assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Sept. 29, at 8:30.)

ORRETT RHODEN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

TERRY MURRAY—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

TRIBUTE TO BLANCHE MOYSE—Arlene Augér, soprano, the New England Bach Festival Chamber Orchestra, and other artists associated with Mme. Moyse will perform a program of music by Bach and his contemporaries. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

TRIBUTE TO GEORGE PERLE—Gunther Schuller conducting an ensemble, with Walter Trampler, viola; Michael Boriskin, piano; André Emelianoff, cello; Seymour Lipkin, piano; and the Dorian Wind Quintet, in a program honoring the composer's seventieth birthday. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

LOCKENHAUS FESTIVAL—The first in a series of four concerts by musicians from Gidon Kremer's four-year-old Austrian-based festival. With Mr. Kremer, violin; Kim Kashkashian, viola; Cecile Licad, piano; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

BADINAGE—A vocal and instrumental baroque chamber ensemble. With Myron Lutzke, baroque cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

MICHAEL LIMOLI—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 5:30.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

TRIBUTE TO GLENN GOULD—Ten programs showing films and videotapes of Mr. Gould in conversation and performance. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Sept. 26, at 7:30, with guest speakers, including Jaime Laredo and Robert Silverman; Friday, Sept. 27, at 6 and 8; Saturday, Sept. 28, at 1, 3, 6, and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 29, at 3, 6, and 8.)

"LUISA FERNANDA"—Performances of a Spanish zarzuela composed by Federico Moreno Torroba. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26-27, at 8; Sunday, Sept. 29, at 3; and Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8. Through Sunday, Dec. 22.)

CARNEGIE HALL INTERNATIONAL AMERICAN MUSIC COMPETITION FOR PIANISTS—Performances of American music by three finalists—Saturday, Sept. 28, at 11, 2, and 3:40: Solo recitals. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 29, at 3: Performances of concertos, with the American Composers Orchestra, conducted by Dennis Russell Davies. (No tickets necessary.)

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the third annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects, which will run through Sunday, Dec. 8. Performances of the first two of four American premières by the **PINA BAUSCH TANZTHEATER WUPPERTAL** will open the festival: Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 7, and Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8: "Arien." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 3-5, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2: "Kontakthof." (30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

SPORTS

AUTOMOBILE RACING—At Watkins Glen: Sunday, Sept. 29, at 1.

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 25-26, at 8. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Friday, Sept. 27, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 28-29, at 2; and Monday, Sept. 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 1-3, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:05, and Saturday, Oct. 5, at 1:35.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Indianapolis Colts. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Sept. 29, at 4.)

HOCKEY—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (564-4400): Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Sept. 28, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 5, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Rangers, Wednesday, Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Wednesday, Oct. 2. (Games begin at 7:30.)

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 21. The Cowdin, Saturday, Sept. 28; the Matron, Sunday, Sept. 29; and the Lawrence Realization, the Fall Highweight Handicap, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:53 and 12:59, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:58 and 1:04.) . . . **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. The Pegasus, Thursday, Sept. 26.

RUNNING—The Fifth Avenue Mile will start at noon on Saturday, Sept. 28, at 82nd Street and finish at 62nd Street.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; through Sunday, Nov. 3.

YACHTING—The nineteenth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from Pier A, Battery Park, south under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge; around the West Bank Light; and back to a committee boat anchored off Battery Park. The starting gun goes off at nine-fifty, Saturday, Oct. 5. A spectator boat will embark from Pier 15, East River at Fulton Street, at nine. For tickets, call 669-9416.

ET ALIA

PROSE READINGS—Edmund White reading from his own works. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.)

NEW YORK ARMORY ANTIQUES SHOW—A hundred and ten dealers from the United States, London, and Paris displaying furniture, porcelain, silver, jewelry, paintings, and the like. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday, Oct. 2, from 4 to 9; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 3-5, noon to 9; and Sunday, Oct. 6, noon to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 10:15: Contemporary art. Exhibition starts Thursday, Sept. 26 . . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 23, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese and Japanese decorative works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 28.

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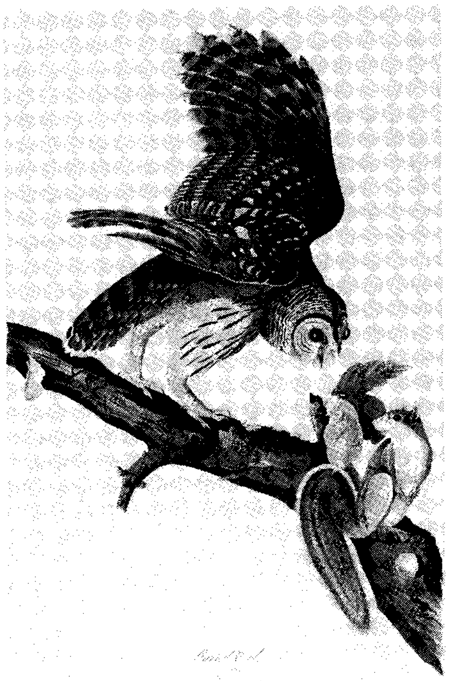
Birds of America



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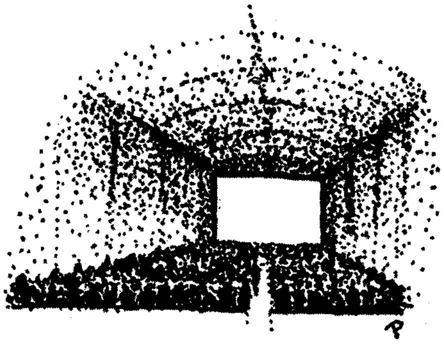

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Queen Kelly" (1929; directed by Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson.

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"After Hours" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Silverado" (†).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Plenty" (Fred Schepisi), with Meryl Streep.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Compromising Positions" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 26: "Creator" (Ivan Passer), with Peter O'Toole and Mariel Hemingway. From Sept. 27: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 3: "Back to the Future" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 26: "Key Exchange" (Barnet Kellman), with Brooke Adams and Ben Masters.
From Sept. 27: "Amadeus" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"After Hours" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Cocoon" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Joshua Then and Now" (Ted Kotcheff), with James Woods.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Emerald Forest" (†).
Theatre 2: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.
Theatre 2: "L'Addition" (Denis Amar; in French), with Richard Berry. (No performances on Thursday, Sept. 26.)

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters" (Paul Schrader), with Ken Ogata.
Theatre 2: "James Joyce's Women" (Michel Pearce), with Fionnula Flanagan.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 26: "Sudden Death" (Sig Shore). From Sept. 27: "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy. From Oct. 2: "Sweet Dreams" (Karel Reisz), with Jessica Lange and Ed Harris.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Plenty" (Fred Schepisi), with Meryl Streep.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 26: "Creator" (Ivan Passer), with Peter O'Toole and Mariel Hemingway. From Sept. 27: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Compromising Positions" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 26: "Teen Wolf" (Rod Daniel), with Michael J. Fox.
From Sept. 27: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 26: "Year of the Dragon" (†). From Sept. 27: "The Stuff."
Theatre 2: "Creature."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 26: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
From Sept. 27: To be announced.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 26: "Sudden Death" (Sig Shore). From Sept. 27: "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 26: "Streetwalkin' " (Joan Freeman). From Sept. 27: "Streetwalkin' " and "Sudden Death."

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Tokyo Trial" (1983; directed by Masaki Kobayashi), a four-and-a-half-hour documentary.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 26: "A Matter of Struggle" (Joan Harvey), a documentary. From Sept. 27: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary.

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 26: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†). From Sept. 27: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 26: "Amadeus" (†). *From Sept. 27: To be announced.*

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 26: "Prizzi's Honor" (†). From Sept. 27: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 3: "Wetherby" (David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave. From Oct. 4: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "Insignificance" (Nicolas Roeg), with Gary Busey and Tony Curtis. From Oct. 4: "My Other Husband" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Miou-Miou, Roger Hanin, and Eddy Mitchell.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 26: "The Shooting Party" (†). From Sept. 27: "Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 26: "Goyokin" (1969; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese). From Sept. 27: "The Stuff."

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Emerald Forest" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ghostbusters" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"War and Love" (Moshe Mizrachi). No performances on Thursday, Sept. 26.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Oct. 3: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "My Brilliant Career" (†).
From Oct. 4: "Colonel Redl" (István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dance with a Stranger" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Prizzi's Honor" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Compromising Positions" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 3: "Détective" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Nathalie Baye, Claude Brasseur, Johnny Hallyday, and Jean-Pierre Léaud.

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Crossover Dreams" (Leon Ichaso), with Ruben Blades.
Theatre 2: "Sheer Madness" (Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Angela Winkler.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "My Other Husband" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Miou-Miou, Roger Hanin, and Eddy Mitchell. From Oct. 4: "Came a Hot Friday" (Ian Mune).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 26: "Creator" (Ivan Passer), with Peter O'Toole and Mariel Hemingway. From Sept. 27: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 3: "Compromising Positions" (†).
Theatre 4: "Plenty" (Fred Schepisi), with Meryl Streep.
Theatre 5: "After Hours" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 26: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman. From Sept. 27: "Marie" (Roger Donaldson), with Sissy Spacek.

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Sept. 26: "Insignificance" (Nicolas Roeg), with Gary Busey and Tony Curtis.
From Sept. 27: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 26: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson. From Sept. 27: "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 26: "Streetwalkin' " (Joan Freeman). From Sept. 27: "The Stuff."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 26: "Creature." From Sept. 27: "Wetherby" (David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave; and "A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 26: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†). From Sept. 27: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "After Hours" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "Gremlins" (†). From Oct. 4: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 3: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
Theatre 4: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 5: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (directed by George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 6: "Teen Wolf" (Rod Daniel), with Michael J. Fox.

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Silverado" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Emerald Forest" (†).

Theatre 4: "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through Sept. 26: "Year of the Dragon" (†). From Sept. 27: "The Stuff."

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).

Theatre 2: "Creator" (Ivan Passer), with Peter O'Toole and Mariel Hemingway.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"The Return of the Living Dead" (Dan O'Bannon), with Clu Gulager.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Summer Rental" (Carl Reiner), with John Candy and Richard Crenna.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Creature."

Theatre 2: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Streetwalkin' " (Joan Freeman).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 26: "The Protector" (James Glickenhaus), with Jackie Chan. From Sept. 27: "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 26: "American Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff. From Sept. 27: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.

Theatre 2: "Sudden Death" (Sig Shore).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Kerouac, The Movie" (1985; directed by John Antonelli).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Sept. 25: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.

Sept. 26-28: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.

Sept. 29-30: "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando; and "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo" (1971; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu and Toshiro Mifune.

Oct. 1: "Odd Obsession" (1959; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo and Junko Kano; and "Sandakan 8" (†).

Oct. 2: "Gate of Hell" (1954; Teinosuke Kinugasa; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo; and "Fires on the Plain" (1959; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese), with Eiji Funakoshi.

Oct. 3: "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo; and "Street of Shame" (1956; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo.

Oct. 4-5: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Sept. 25: "The Music Room" (1958; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali); and "Devi" (1962; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali).

Sept. 26: "Sanjuro" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Harakiri" (1962; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

Sept. 27-28: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Sept. 29: "Kagemusha" (†).

Sept. 30: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

Oct. 1: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Oct. 2: "Careful, He Might Hear You" (1984; Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Oct. 3: "The Samurai Trilogy" (1954-56; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Oct. 4-5: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Stranger" (1967 †).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 26: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971; Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "Nashville" (1975; Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley.

Sept. 27-28: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.

Sept. 29: "The Loves of Isadora" (†).

Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1969; George Roy Hill), with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Katharine Ross; and "The Sting" (1973; George Roy Hill), with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Robert Shaw.

Oct. 2-3: "Kagemusha" (†).

Oct. 4-5: "Lord of the Flies" (†); and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Morons from Outer Space" (1985; Mike Hodges).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Sept. 25: "The Night Porter" (1974; Liliana Cavani), with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.

Sept. 26-28: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.

Sept. 29-30: "La Cage aux Folles" (1979; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault, and Michel Galabru; and "La Cage aux Folles II" (1980; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.

Oct. 1-2: "Nostalghia" (1984; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson; and "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (1981; Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Oct. 3-5: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Sept. 26: "Pale Rider" (1985) and "Sudden Impact" (1983), both films directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood.

Sept. 27-28: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "La Balance" (1983; Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

Sept. 29: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Rumble Fish" (1983; Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon and Mickey Rourke; and "The Outsiders" (1983; Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

Oct. 2-3: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti; in French), with Sylvia Kristel.

Oct. 4-5: "Mrs. Soffel" (1984; Gillian Armstrong), with Diane Keaton, Mel Gibson, and Matthew Modine; and "Mass Appeal" (1984; Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 25: "The Petrified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and "Dead End" (1937; William Wyler), with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart.

Sept. 26-28: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.

Sept. 29-30: "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall; and "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead.

Oct. 1-2: "The Caine Mutiny" (1954; Edward Dmytryk), with Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, and Robert Francis; and "Sabrina" (†).

Oct. 3-5: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 25: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

Sept. 26: "The Loved One" (1965; Tony Richardson), with Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters; and "Lord Love a Duck" (1966; George Axelrod), with Tuesday Weld and Roddy McDowall.

Sept. 27-28: "The Death of Mario Ricci" (1983; Claude Goretta; in French), with Gian Maria Volonte.

Sept. 29: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere; and "My Best Friend's Girl" (1984; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Sept. 30: "Madame Satan" (†) and "The Sign of the Cross" (†).

Oct. 1: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; "The Balcony" (†); and "Un Chant d'Amour" (1951; in French).

Oct. 2: "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin; and "Used Cars" (†).

Oct. 3: "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre; and "Casino Royale" (†).

Oct. 4-5: "Fritz the Cat" (1972) and "Wizards" (1977), both animated cartoons, directed by Ralph Bakshi.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 25: "Weekend in Havana" (1941; Walter Lang), with Alice Faye, John Payne, and Carmen Miranda; and "That Night in Rio" (1941; Irving Cummings), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda.

Sept. 26: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; and "Home from the Hill" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard.

Sept. 27-28: "Murder Ahoy" (1964) and "Murder Most Foul" (1965), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret

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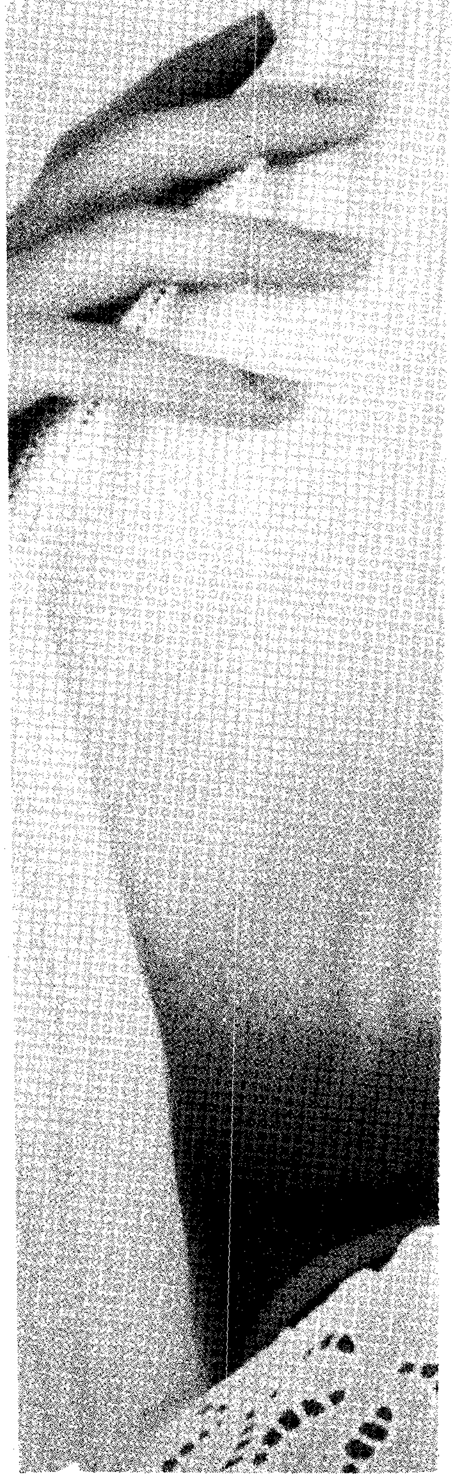

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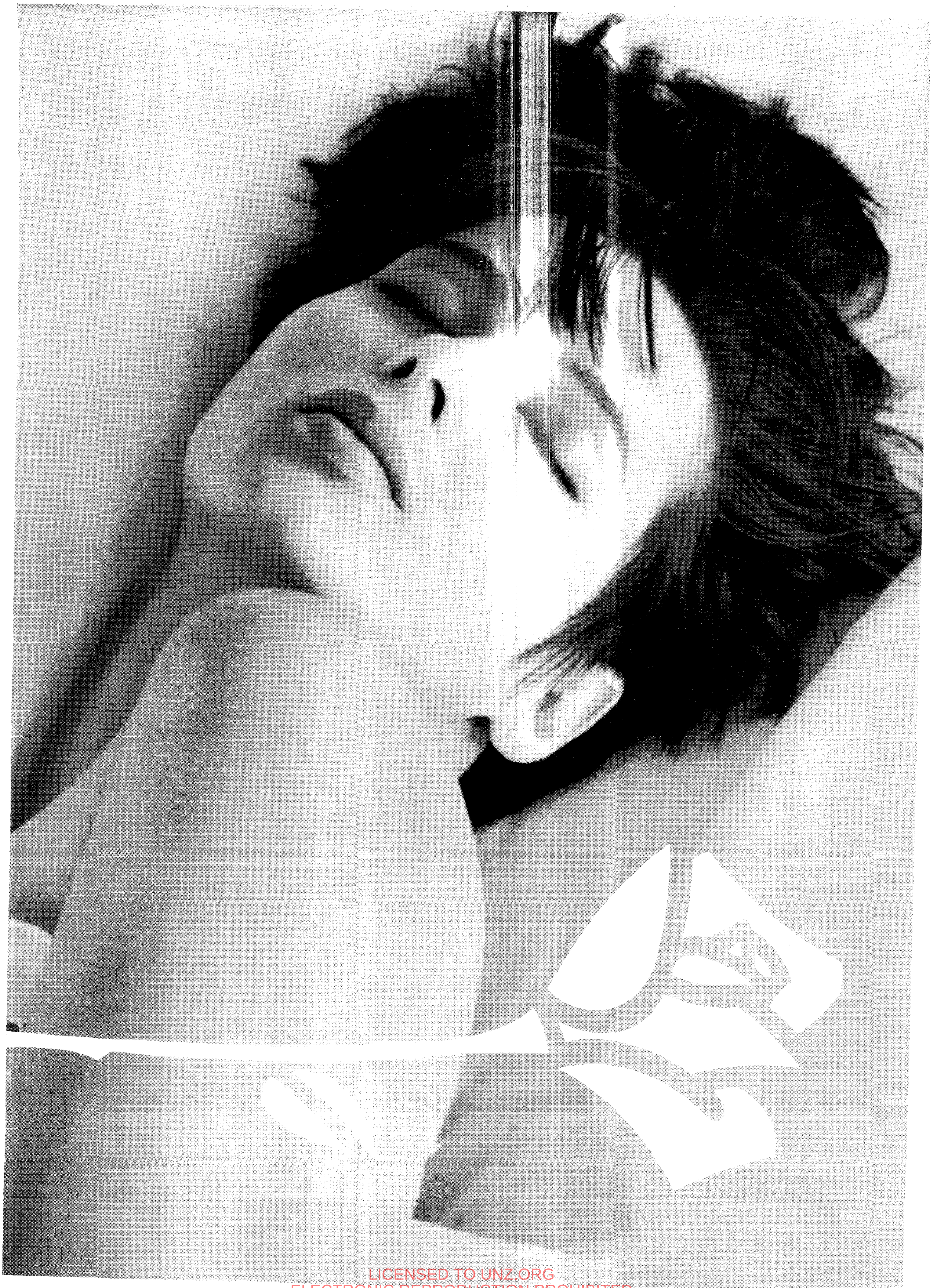


Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

Sept. 29: "Band of Outsiders" (†); and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Sept. 30: "Song of Summer" (1968; Ken Russell); and "Un Grand Amour de Beethoven" (1936; Abel Gance; in French), with Harry Baur.

Oct. 1: "Woman of the Year" (1942; George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, and Reginald Owen; and "Without Love" (†).

Oct. 2: "Funny Face" (†) and "Sabrina" (†).

Oct. 3: "The Lodger" (1944; John Brahm), with Laird Cregar and Merle Oberon; and "Hangover Square" (1945; John Brahm), with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell.

Oct. 4-5: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Sept. 26 at 12:30, 2, 6, and 7:30: A program of 1985 award-winning British television advertising. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 2:30: "Notorious" (1946; directed by Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6: "Folies-Bergère" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Maurice Chevalier, Merle Oberon, and Ann Sothern. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 12:30: A program of Tex Avery cartoons. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 2: "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs" (1960; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 5: "Street Without End" (1934; Mikio Naruse; a Japanese silent film, with English intertitles), with Setsuko Shinobu. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 12:30: A program of Tex Avery cartoons. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 2: "Husband and Wife" (1953; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Ken Uehara. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 5: "Mother" (1952; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kinuyo Tanaka. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 2:30: "Lightning" (1952; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6: "Yearning" (1964; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2:30: "Little Man, Do Your Best" (1931; Mikio Naruse; a Japanese silent film, with English intertitles); and "Every Night Dreams" (1933; Mikio Naruse; a Japanese silent film, with English intertitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6: "Late Chrysanthemums" (1954; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Haruko Sugimura. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 2:30: "Older Brother, Younger Sister" (1953: Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Machiko Kyo. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6: "Flowing" (1956; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kinuyo Tanaka. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2:30: "Apart from You" (1933; Mikio Naruse; a Japanese silent film, with English intertitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6: "The Whole Family Works" (1939; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 12:30: A program of Porky Pig cartoons. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 2: "Three Sisters with Maiden Hearts" (1935; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 5: "Herringbone Clouds" (1958; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles).

THEATRE 2: Sept. 26 at 3 and 6:30: Two parts of "How Yukong Moved the Mountains" (1972-75; Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan; with English voice-over), a documentary on the People's Republic of China—"The Football Incident" and "An Army Camp." . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 2:30 and 5:30: One part of "How Yukong Moved the Mountains"—"The Fishing Village." . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 2:30 and 5:30: One part of "How Yukong Moved the Mountains"—"A Woman, a Family." . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 3 and 6:30: One part of "How Yukong Moved the Mountains"—"The Generation Factory." . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 3 and 6:30: "Falsely Accused" (1908; a silent film); "A Corner in Wheat" (1909; D. W. Griffith; a silent film); and "Regeneration" (1915; Raoul Walsh; a silent film). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 3 and 6:30: Three parts of "How Yukong Moved the Mountains"—"Professor Tchien," "Traditional Handicrafts," and "The Oilfields." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 3: A program of films by James Williamson, 1901-06. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6:30 and Oct. 5 at 2:30: A program of films by George Albert Smith. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 5:30: A program of films by James Williamson.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Sept. 28, "The Allure of the Concentric" (1985), a multichannel video installation by Rita Myers. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8, Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 27 at 7: "Ran" (Akira Kurosawa; France/Japan). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sept. 27 at 8:30: "Ran." . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 28 at 1: "Steaming" (Joseph Losey; Great Britain). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 3:30: "Black Narcissus" (1947; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger; Great Britain). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 6: "Huey Long" (Ken Burns; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 9 and Sept. 29 at 2: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; Yugoslavia). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 4:30: "Huey Long." . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 7: "Oriane" (Fina Torres; Venezuela/France; in Spanish and French). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 9:30: "Steaming." . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6:15: "Angry Harvest" (Agnieszka Holland; West Germany). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:30: "Oriane." . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6:15: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; West Germany). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9:30: "Angry Harvest." . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6:15: "Colonel Redl" (István Szabó; Hungary/West Germany/Austria). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:30: "Sugarbaby." . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6:15: "Himatsuri" (Mitsuo Yanagimachi; Japan). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9:30: "Colonel Redl." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6:15: "Bliss" (Ray Lawrence; Australia). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 9:30: "Himatsuri." . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at noon: "No Man's Land" (Alain Tanner; Switzerland/France). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 3: "Renoir, The Boss" (1966; Jacques Rivette; France) and "Jean Cocteau—Self-Portrait of a Man Unknown" (Edgardo Cozarinsky; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6: "Bliss." . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 9: "7 Up/28 Up" (Michael Apted; Great Britain). (For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

After Hours—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years; the camera scoots around, making jokes—or, at least, near-jokes. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy, with perky zooms and cute little dissolves. Scorsese uses his skills (and even his personality) like a hired hand, making a vacuous, polished piece of consumer goods—all surface. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. The cast includes John Heard, who gives the movie its only rooted moments, and Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Cinematography by Michael Ballhaus; script by Joseph Minion. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/85.) (New Gramercy, Sutton, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Amadeus (1984)—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (10/29/84) (Waverly; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Sept. 27.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (7/29/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Thalia; Oct. 1.)

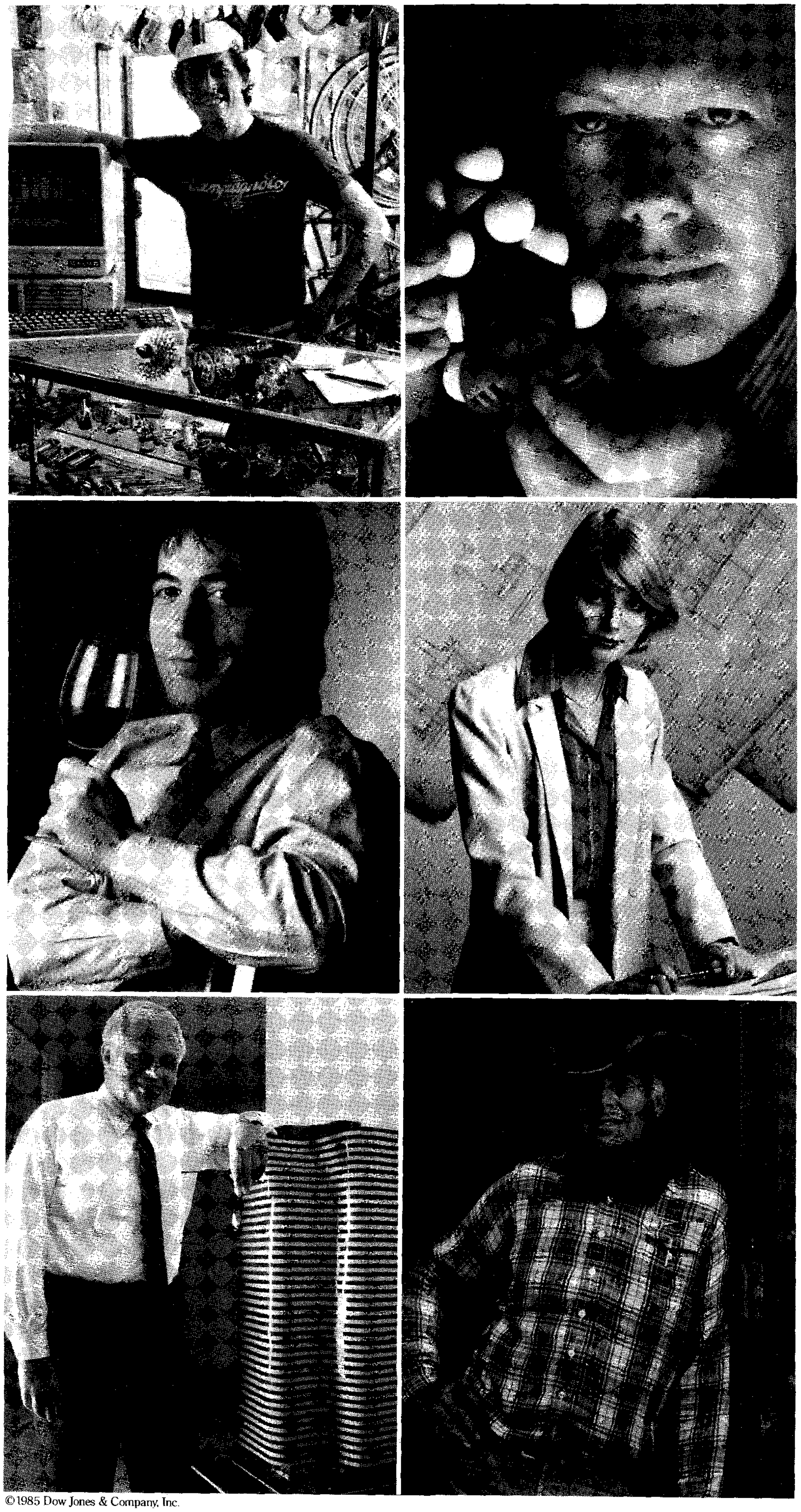
Band of Outsiders (1964)—The two heroes (Claude Brasseur and Sami Frey) begin by playacting crime-and-violence movies, then really act them out in their lives. Their girl (Anna Karina), wanting to be accepted, tells them there is money in the villa where she lives. And we watch, apprehensive and puzzled, as the three of them go through the robbery they're committing as if it were something in a movie—or a fairy tale. This Jean-Luc Godard film is like a reverie of a gangster movie. It has the gangster-film virtues (loyalty, daring), but they are mixed with innocence, amorality, lack of equilibrium. This lyrical tragicomedy is perhaps Godard's most delicately charming film. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 29.)

Casino Royale (1967)—A funny atticful of old and new sight gags, verbal gags, and wholesale scene-stealings by such masters as Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, David Niven, Orson Welles, and Deborah Kerr. (Thalia; Oct. 3.)

Cocoon—A science-fantasy sitcom, in which the old people from a retirement community go off to the planet Antares, a Shangri-La in space. If audiences enjoy the movie, it's largely because of the elderly actors and the affection that the young director, Ron Howard, shows for them. But Howard keeps trying to extract tender emotions from scenes that could get by only as slapstick, and from scenes that can't get by as anything. The plot is less than ingenious, and things get pretty cloying. With Wilford Brimley, Don Ameche, Hume Cronyn, Jack Gilford, Maureen Stapleton, Gwen Verdon, Jessica Tandy, Herta Ware, Steve Guttenberg, Barret Oliver, and Brian Dennehy. (7/15/85) (Gotham Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Compromising Positions—Directed by Frank Perry, the movie provides a batch of actresses with a chance to show some comic verve. Susan Sarandon is the heroine, whose unquenchable curiosity saves her from the doldrums of affluence in the suburbs with a lawyer husband; when her smiley-eyed, lecherous dentist (Joe Mantegna) is murdered in his snazzy office, she can't resist poking into the case, because it reveals so much about what has been going on around her which she has been unaware of. Judith Ivey is in top form as a frisky cynic who seems to have been wised up from birth. And Deborah Rush is startlingly poignant as a tarty, uneducated blonde, with scars on her tummy and frightened eyes. With Edward Herrmann, Raul Julia, and Anne De Salvo. (9/9/85) (Loews

Here's to the dreamers.



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34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Loews Paramount, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Dance with a Stranger—Set in London in 1954 and 1955, and featuring Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis, the demi-prostitute who put a few slugs in her weakling young lover (played by Rupert Everett), and was the last woman in England to be sent to the gallows, this English film might be described as kitchen-sink *film noir*. The director, Mike Newell, doesn't give you a minute's relief. The picture is all style—style used to show us the shabbiness of the characters' lives and how they're all trapped, doing what's inevitable. With Ian Holm. (8/26/85) (Paris.)

Desperately Seeking Susan—Set in the punk world, it's a mistaken-identity fantasy about doe-eyed Roberta (Rosanna Arquette), a suburban housewife in New Jersey, who becomes fixated on a drifter named Susan (played by the rock star Madonna). This attempt at screwball charm was directed by Susan Seidelman, who wipes out her actors. All their responsiveness is cut off—there's nothing going on in them. No subtext—nothing. Nobody comes through except Madonna, who comes through as Madonna (she moves regally, an indolent, trampy goddess), and the cinematographer Edward Lachman, whose lighting gives the East Village shops and streets a funky prettiness. The cast includes Robert Joy, Aidan Quinn, Mark Blum, Laurie Metcalf, and the comedian Steven Wright. (4/22/85) (23rd St. West Triplex.)

The Emerald Forest—John Boorman sets his story in Brazil, where the son of an American engineer (played by Powers Boothe) is abducted by an Amazon-rain-forest tribe. For ten years, the father searches for the boy in whatever time he can take off from his job of building a giant dam. When, at last, he locates his seventeen-year-old son (played by the director's son, Charley Boorman), he realizes that the boy's consciousness surpasses his own and that the boy's life is superior to anything civilization has to offer. And soon the father realizes that the dam is destroying the boy's tribe. The faults that have plagued Boorman's films—his lack of interest in character, his rather lordly failure to dramatize the issues that excite him the most, his wacko ear for dialogue—really pile up this time, and he doesn't seem able to get any kind of seductive flow going. With Rui Polonah, Meg Foster, Dira Paes, and Eduardo Conde. (8/12/85) (Manhattan, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy.)

Funny Face (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer who discovers Audrey Hepburn working in a bookshop and takes her to Paris to model clothes for a *Vogue*-like magazine. The George and Ira Gershwin score has some of the fresh sprightliness it must have had when it served the original "Funny Face" on Broadway thirty years earlier (also with Astaire). This big Stanley Donen musical isn't all it should be, though. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's only spottily successful. The movie emphasizes Astaire's age by trying to ignore it. And it's a sour idea to use a Sartre-like thinker (Michel Auclair) as the villain, a philandering phony. Still, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and the satirist Kay Thompson is agreeable as the rangy, hardboiled fashion editor. With Suzy Parker, Ruta Lee, and Robert Flemyng. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 2.)

Ghostbusters (1984)—A scare comedy, with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. Directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Ziegfeld.)

Gremlins (1984)—The director, Joe Dante, has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The movie never comes together, but Dante is a genuine eccentric talent with a flair for malice. With Frances Lee McCain, Polly Holliday, Phoebe Cates, and Hoyt Axton. The critters were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (Criterion Theatres; through Oct. 3.)

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29	30	1	2	3	4	5

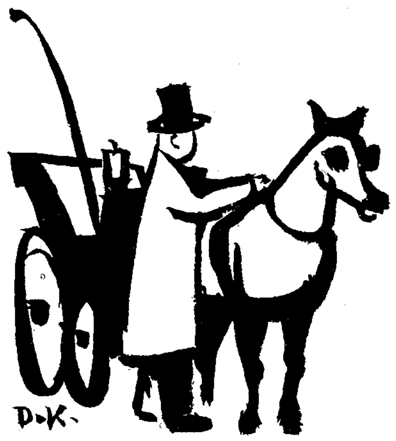
Kagemusha (1980; "The Shadow Warrior")—Warfare is treated dispassionately in this film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formations in battle regalia. He appears to see war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. The film seems fixated on mountains, triangles, and threes. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Oct. 2-3.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; starting Sept. 27.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Cinema Village; Oct. 4-5.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character sense instead of clodhopping chronology. (Cinema Village; Sept. 29.)

Madame Satan (1930)—A hodgepodge by Cecil B. De Mille, culminating in an extravagant costume party aboard an enormous dirigible. When the dirigible is struck by lightning, the guests parachute down, except the parachuteless hero, Reginald Denny, who jumps to safety in the Central Park Reservoir. With Lillian Roth, Kay Johnson, and Roland Young. You have to wait so long for the dirigible climax that you're too exhausted to enjoy its lunacy. (Thalia; Sept. 30.)



My Brilliant Career (1980)—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis, and the movie is sustained by a great number of splendidly drawn and well-acted secondary characters, and by the restraint of its director, Gillian Armstrong. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (57th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 3.)

Prizzi's Honor—This John Huston picture has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. (7/1/85) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; through Sept. 26.)

Rambo: First Blood Part II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical scars goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch of our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier. (6/17/85) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, Waverly, and Olympia Quad; through Sept. 26.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn is forced to overdo her gamine charm in this horrible concoction about a Cinderella among the Long Island rich. She's the chauffeur's daughter who's in love with the playboy son (William Holden) of her father's employer (Walter Hampden). There's also an older son—an earnest magnate—and Humphrey Bogart got trapped in the role. Billy Wilder directed, and he had a hand in adapting the Samuel Taylor play ("Sabrina Fair"), though Bogart is said to have accused Wilder's three-year-old offspring of being responsible for the script. With John Williams, Martha Hyer, Marcel Dalio, Nella Walker, and Francis X. Bushman. (Regency; Oct. 1-2. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 2.)

Sandakan 8 (1974)—A marvel of a Japanese film, directed by Kei Kumai, about a young, Westernized woman historian who stumbles into a moving friendship with an old woman who was shipped to Borneo at the age of thirteen to become a prostitute. The old woman lives now in a shack, with innumerable cats, and the visit of the young woman gives her as much gaiety in her privation as we often find in Beckett's last-ditch and oddly festive situations. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 1.)

The Shooting Party—Working with Julian Bond's adaptation of Isabel Colegate's novel and a dream of a cast—James Mason (in his final movie), John Gielgud, Dorothy Tutin, Edward Fox, Gordon Jackson, Cheryl Campbell, Judi Bowker, Rupert Frazer, Aharon Ipalé—the director Alan Bridges carries the Masterpiece Theatre approach to the level of art. In the English countryside in the autumn of 1913, a large number of landed gentry, aristocrats, servants, gamekeepers, beaters, and loaders gather for a three-day shoot. Colegate's tone is lightly self-mocking, and the film is full of the English affection for gentle lunacy. This is one of the rare movies

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that can be said to be for an educated audience without that being a putdown. As the host, an aging baronet who's conscious that he's losing his grip, Mason gives the film its immediacy. (6/17/85) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 26.)

The Sign of the Cross (1932)—As Nero, Charles Laughton is a voluptuous connoisseur of agonies, and childishly appreciative of any novelty, such as the frolicsome spiking of a pygmy on a fork by a wild woman from the North. Elissa Landi is mush-mouthed and tiresome as the virtuous Christian heroine, and Fredric March (Marcus Superbus!) was always better in pants than in short skirts hovering above his knees, but there are enough howling lines of nonsensical dialogue to compensate for the goody characters. Cecil B. De Mille's bang-them-on-the-head-with-wild-orgies-and-imperilled-virginity style is at its ripest. With Claudette Colbert, Ian Keith, and Nat Pendleton. (Thalia; Sept. 30.)

Silverado—The director, Lawrence Kasdan, uses accomplished actors: the four heroes journeying west to Silverado in the eighteen-eighties are played by Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Kevin Costner, and Danny Glover, and they're variously involved with Linda Hunt, Rosanna Arquette, Brian Dennehy, John Cleese, and Jeff Goldblum. But the atmosphere is arch and uninvolving, and these actors don't seem sure what their characters are meant to be. The film is like a homage to the expensive Western; it's so opulent it has a nouveau-riche aura about it. (7/29/85) (Bay Cinema, and Embassy.)

The Stranger (1967)—Marcello Mastroianni plays Meursault, the Camus hero, very simply, with scrupulous intelligence and concentration. Directed by Luchino Visconti, the movie has great passages and is highly effective in suggesting the atmosphere of the novel—the Algerian heat, the sudden, unpremeditated violence. What's missing is the psychological originality that made the book important. The movie seems merely a factual account of Meursault's crime and trial. With Anna Karina, Bruno Cremer, and Bernard Blier. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 4-5.)

Used Cars (1980)—Set in the world of competing used-car dealers in the booming Southwest, this picture has a wonderful, energetic heartlessness. The premise is that honesty doesn't exist; if you develop a liking for some of the characters, it's not because of their freedom from avarice but because of their style of avarice. Kurt Russell is the hero: a fast-talking supersalesman who's so rambunctiously, ingeniously crooked that he's a standout—a star in the world of the mendacious. With Jack Warden, Gerrit Graham, Frank McRae, and Deborah Harmon. Directed by Robert Zemeckis. (Thalia; Oct. 2.)

Without Love (1945)—One of the dreariest films in the Katharine Hepburn–Spencer Tracy series; it has a metallic flavor. Tracy is a homespun scientist working on a helmet for high-altitude flying, and Hepburn is a widow with a big house in Washington. The wartime housing shortage is the plot excuse for his moving in with her, on the understanding that they'll have a platonic marriage. And guess what happens. The dialogue tries to be sophisticated; it doesn't match the desperate plot maneuvers, such as the one requiring Tracy to be a sleepwalker. Sleepwalking in the movies is almost as tacky as amnesia. With Keenan Wynn and Lucille Ball, who play a second pair of lovers, Patricia Morison, Carl Esmond, and Felix Bressart. The pedestrian direction is by Harold S. Bucquet. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 1.)

Year of the Dragon—Stan White (Mickey Rourke), a New York police captain, is assigned to put a damper on the murderous youth gangs who are disrupting life in Chinatown. But Stan—a synthesis of Rambo and Dirty Harry—can't live with compromise; he starts to create chaos in the community so that (in some unexplained way) he can tear out the roots of crime. The movie is a form of hysterical, rabble-rousing pulp, yet it isn't involving; it doesn't have the propulsion of good pulp storytelling. The only performance that has any intensity is the quiet one given by John Lone as the sneaky, new young Chinese Godfather—he's so fine-drawn and elegant he just about turns the movie upside down. With Ariane, Ray Barry, Caroline Kava, Dennis Dun, and Leonard Termo. Directed by Michael Cimino. (9/9/85) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza; through Sept. 26.)

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

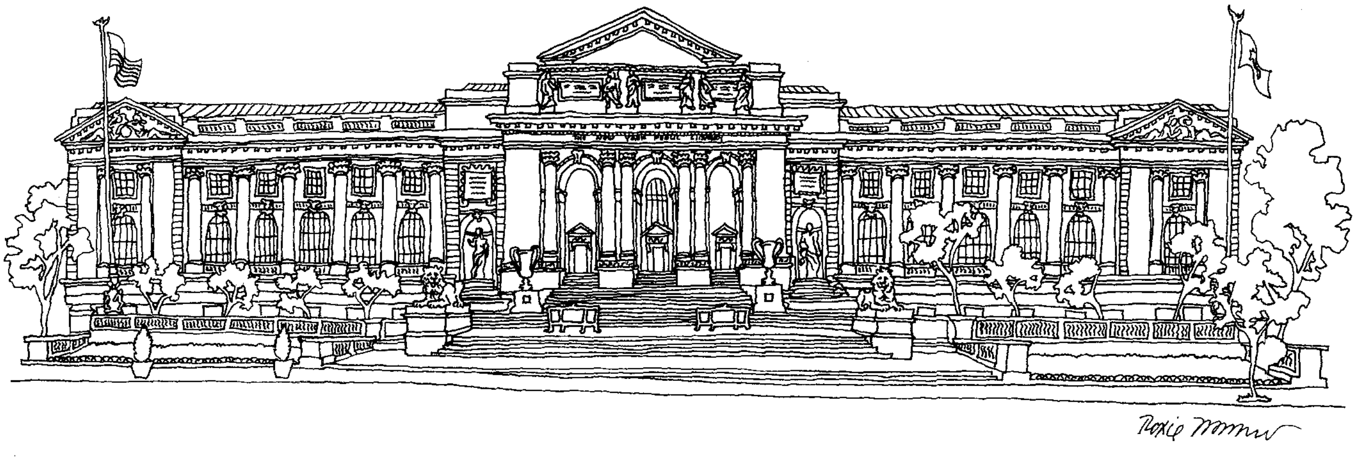
Notes and Comment

A FRIEND of ours, a New York City woman, writes:

I came up to the northern Catskills a few weeks ago and immediately began discovering the truth of Stendhal's comment that with every hundred miles of travel there is material for a new novel. Up here, for instance, the television news comes from "the capital district," and the politics are those of state government. Mario Cuomo is a familiar name, but nobody mentions Ed Koch. Then, too, the news never lets us forget (what I just learned) that New York State's biggest business is agriculture. (I thought it was Wall Street.) The reports on the drought have been including a prediction that wouldn't worry the city: that the leaves this year would turn earlier but would be less flamboyant than in wetter seasons. And in the area where I've been staying everybody talks about raccoons.

Early in the summer, when I was still in Manhattan, and your magazine published Stanley Kunitz's enchanting poem about raccoons, I assumed that it was a work of imagination, and when I read a note in the *Times* about the inroads that raccoons were making in Washington, D.C., I assumed that it reflected politicians' jitters. Now that I am up here, where everybody has a raccoon, I realize the capacity these animals have for domination. A real-estate saleswoman confides that she consoles herself for her defeats at the paws of raccoons with a book that explains that they are really small bears. The owner of a trout preserve tells of trying to defend his fish food from his raccoon, and his desperate account sounds like the Iliad told from the Trojans' side. My story is less epic: my raccoon's purpose is not merely to forage in my two garbage cans but to knock them over just before the truck comes to collect the garbage on Thursday mornings, and so far he has always won our contest of wills and wits. When I did not put out garbage for two nights, hoping to persuade him that I had left, he ignored the filled cans on the third night but, after I had rejoiced in my victory, returned the fourth night to score his double knockdown. Following a recommendation from Orange County, downstate, I tried paying danegeld, or blackmail, and set some tidbits out beside the cans. The ruse failed. My raccoon ate the dinner I served and by way of a tip left me two knocked-over garbage cans. When I tied the lids down, he gnawed through the string. My raccoon works with a sidekick, or co-conspirator—a squirrel who jumps from a tree to the roof and then the deck of my house and taps on the picture window until I wonder who has come calling so early in the morning, and get up to open the door. Then he leaps down and poses on one of the recumbent cans: the little fellow is trying to con me into believing that he did the damage. I boasted about my raccoon and his junior partner to a local woman, but she insisted that her raccoon was smarter than mine. She alleged that she had gone away and forgotten to close her house door, and had come home to find her raccoon in the kitchen trying to open the refrigerator.

I wonder why we brag about our raccoons instead of our children. At the very moment of telling, all our raccoon stories, implausible and veracious, seem to turn into folklore, and the vagaries of animal behavior and human response take on the elusive yet enduring nature of legend. I wonder what is really happening. As actors ask, What is my motivation? Do our raccoons tell each other about us? And how do I, locked in struggle with a



raccoon, appear to the mild, torpid groundhog who sometimes lumbers to the edge of the lawn and sits up to survey the battlefield with amiable but sniffish detachment, blander than the late Krishna Menon berating the Great Powers but somehow equally disapproving? I am troubled by the pervasive slippage from matter-of-fact into myth. Sometimes I think that our raccoon stories are an effort to tame wild animals by putting them into words, but at other times I suspect that we exchange these narratives as a way of acquiring the animals' wildness for ourselves.

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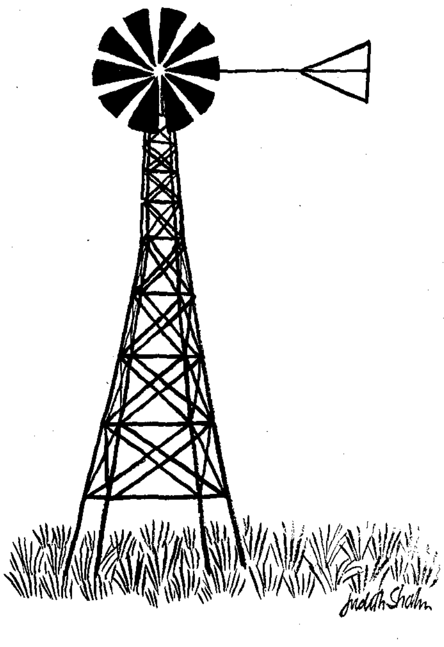
Spanish/English

TWO tall, dark-haired women—one wearing an azalea-pink satin dress, the other a sky-blue tennis shirt and dark-gray sweatpants—were standing onstage in front of two matching unmade beds, talking. The woman in pink spoke a Caribbean-accented Spanish and said lackadaisically, "*Tengo sed*" ("I'm thirsty"), as if maybe not. And when the woman wearing the sweatpants answered, in English (a decided, college-educated English), "I think I'll have a Tab," everyone sitting in the Loeb Student Center's second-floor Eisner Lubin Auditorium, bilingually listening, burst out laughing. The play, "Coser y Cantar" ("Sewing and Singing"), by the Cuban playwright Dolores Prida, fell right in the middle of the Primera Feria del Libro Latinoamericano, a weekend-long book fair that had been organized by a dozen or so Latin-American writers and artists who live in New York. And the people in the audience, if they hadn't drifted in from outdoors specially for the play, might have come downstairs from "El Habitante Verdadero," a Saturday-afternoon homage to the late Puerto Rican poet Juan Antonio Corretjer (in the Center's fifth-floor Top of the Park), and an exhibit of photographs from Cuba, or come upstairs from the basement cafeteria, where women at card tables were serving homemade empanadas, *pasteles*, and *comida vegetariana*, along with cans of Coke, or perhaps come up just one flight, from a confusing maze of bookstalls in the main-floor lobby. Following a blessed professor acquaintance who seemed to know her way around, we had walked down three flights of back stairs, avoiding the crush at the elevator, and got to the auditorium early; even so, most of the seats up front were taken. Dolores Prida has the reputation of being *good*, the professor told us. The stage was uncurtained, and the beds were in place, as were a record-player on a battered bureau, upstage center; two cluttered TV tray tables, downstage right and downstage left; and a red phone, on the floor equidistant between them. Shots rang out. Then the red phone rang. It was only a sound check. ("I hope they don't give away the ending," a woman behind us whispered, in English.) A church bell struck the hour, amplified, and after one or two more noises the sound check was over and the auditorium was silent, except for rustling programs and a baby and, here and there, some *feria* talk.

Upstairs, it had seemed that *feria*, as in "*feria* talk," mostly meant "serious." That morning, on the fifth floor, for instance, a panel of six Latin-American women writers had more or less jettisoned their scheduled topic ("Latin-American Women Writers"), had quickly reached consensus on *literatura panfletaria* (pamphlet literature: they were against it) and on what one of them called "soft, sweet, pink, lily-white-making stories" (against those, too), and had moved on to *literatura comprometida* (literature of commitment)—a term that some people took to mean one thing (the Argentine novelist Luisa Valenzuela said, "I got wrapped up in so-called political writing simply because the violence in Buenos Aires was so intensified, so ferocious, that you couldn't talk about anything else, you couldn't write about anything else. Afterward, bit by bit, you began to be caught in the world of surfaces, so to speak, on the edges of reality, and as the violence went on, subterranean now—as people kept disappearing in greater numbers—the writer's duty at that time was to *name the reality*") and other people took to mean other things (toward the end of the session, a novelist from Colombia, Albalucía Ángel, said angrily, "I heard someone here saying earlier, 'Literature is not a *tool* for *anything*.' That, quite simply, is like saying that a gentleman named Goya did nothing, absolutely nothing, with that little tool of his—a mere two centimetres, maybe—called 'The Disasters of War' ").



From the point of view of the downstairs lobby, however, *feria* could be translated straight: "fair." Mothers parked strollers by the sofas in the center of the room and sat down in the mêlée. In New York, children's books in Spanish are a lot like "rare books"—and here were eight full tables of brightly illustrated "Pata Pita"s, "Pata Pita Vuelve"s, and "Pájaro Azul"s, not to mention "El Increíble Hulk" and "Matar un Ruiseñor" (by Harper Lee) and "¿Estás Ahí, Dios? Soy Yo, Margaret" (Judy Blume). Everything about the weekend was free except the food in the basement and the books here, and people went wandering from table to table—some seventy tables' worth—picking and choosing, pricing, sighing, maybe writing a check. Four small presses in Santiago, Chile, with names like Ediciones Ganymedes and Ediciones del Ornitorrinco, had got together, packed their books, drawn lots, and sent a representative; their catalogues were all gone by 6:30 P.M. Friday. There were books flown in from San José, Costa Rica; San Juan, Puerto Rico; Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic; San Francisco, California; and Madrid, Spain. English translations came from Union Square West, West Houston Street, and Tucson, Arizona, among other places.

Sometimes, upstairs or down, *feria* meant something like "rather serious"—at bilingual readings, for example, when the Salvadoran writer Claribel Alegría read a recipe poem with instructions like "Let simmer for five hundred years," or Nancy Morejón, a black poet from Cuba, read "Amo a Mi Amo," which someone

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commented isn't adequately translated as "I Love My Master." And everywhere—even in spaces like those given over to concerts or children's theatre, which were pure fairground-style *feria*—people talked a lot about the news from unpeaceful Nicaragua. It seemed as if by the time people got to the auditorium for "Coser y Cantar" they were ready to sit in the dark and laugh. The two actresses were Ilka Tanya Payán, a Dominican and the head of Teatro Duo Theatre, whose production this was, and Ivonne Coll, a Puerto Rican. When the stage lights went up, each was lying on her bed—Payán, in the pink dress, with one bare leg straight up in the air. Coll's head was covered up with a pillow. The record-player was going, and Payán was lip-syncing the song "¿Qué Sabes Tu?" with a hairbrush as microphone. After a while—maybe when Coll jumped up, turned off the record-player, and leaped back in bed; maybe when Payán said of Coll, in Spanish, "It's like having a penguin hanging . . ." and Coll said, in English, "Albatross"—it became clear that these women had been sharing an apartment for a long time. (After the first volley of shots, it became clear that the apartment was in New York.) *Coser y cantar*, it turned out, was not the definitive meaning of life. Not often, but sometimes, the women switched languages. The line we thought we liked best of all was " '*Ayer*' is not the same as 'yesterday.' "

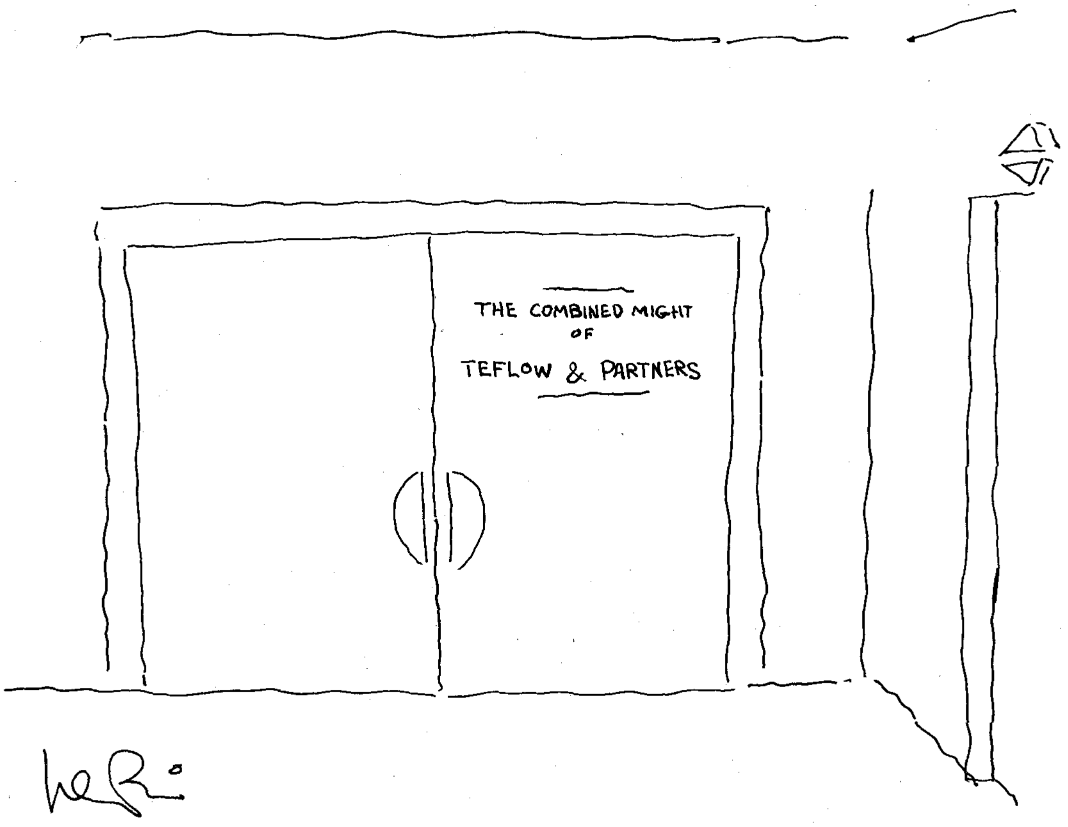
Seeing

WE'VE got into the habit, over the past several months, of occasionally noting the time when the sun was setting over the Hudson and then, about three hours later, calling our friend the artist Robert Irwin. He's usually been at home; for almost two years now, home for Robert Irwin has been one of the top stories of one of the tallest condominium skyscrapers in Las Vegas—a glass-walled three-room apartment facing due west. "I wanted to get away from all the noise of the art world, so I could do some reading and thinking, and this was about as far away as I could think of," Irwin told us the first time we called—after we'd managed to find him. For years before his move to Las Vegas, he'd been one of the most prominent figures on the Los Angeles art scene; his work had begun in a figurative style during the mid-fifties and proceeded through Abstract-Expressionist, color-field, and ever more Minimalist phases until, in the early seventies, he gave up creating art objects altogether. For a time, he was fashioning exquisitely mysterious virtually empty rooms, playing with extremely subtle variations of light and space, but eventually he gave up even that. He hung around Los Angeles awhile, almost like an afterimage of his otherwise disappeared self, and then, when he decided it was time to get away, he told everyone he was heading out into the desert—and, in a manner of speaking, he did, although the twenty-first story of a Las Vegas condominium was not exactly what most of his friends had envisioned when he announced his intention. He left no forwarding address—only the number of a telephone-answering service in L.A., most of whose messages he never bothered to respond to. Several weeks after his disappearance, for example, the administrators of the MacArthur Foundation had a terrible time trying to track him down so they could inform him that he'd been selected to receive one of the first of their so-called Genius awards ever to be given to visual artists—an award that in his case included a five-year stipend worth over fifty thousand dollars a year. He was simply too busy reading Kant to return their increasingly frantic calls.

Anyway, it's a long story how we ultimately obtained his Las Vegas phone number, but once we had it we took to calling him up every once in a while to hear what he'd been thinking about. As we say, we always tried to call three hours after the Manhattan sunset, because that meant that along with philosophical ruminations we'd likely be treated to a vivid running description of the onset of evening in the desert skies beyond Las Vegas. "Change," Irwin observed one evening, for example. "I'm becoming convinced that it's obviously the most basic dynamic or physic of our universe. Kant talks about time and space as preëxisting categories, as it were—how they must preëxist any human perception—and I'd consider change in the same light. That's obvious. What's not so understandable is how much intellectual energy we waste trying to avoid this fact, contriving all these concrete systems and superstructures by which we . . ." Irwin's voice trailed off. "Really, *you* should see this," he presently resumed. "There's like a haze of green floating between the pink and orange layers in the sky just above the mountain to my left. The sun dipped below the horizon about five minutes ago. The base of the mountain is purple already, and some of the canyons cutting into its face have gone jet black, but this greenish hue—it's not smog, it's *light*—just seems to be hovering, floating there above the rim of the ridge. Anyway, where Kant has been especially valuable for me is . . ." He continued in a speculative vein for a few more minutes, and then interrupted himself again: "The first stars are beginning to blink alive through the deep, deep blue of the sky just in front of me, and down below it's as if the city itself were answering: the street lights are coming on, and all those crazy neons of the hotels and the casinos along the strip are revving up. The air is so clear out here that in a little while the sky's just going to be almost overpopulated with stars; it will be like a metropolis of stars, and meanwhile down below there'll be this carpet, like a galaxy, of city lights all spread out across the valley, and off in the distance the black of the mountain rim will be abutting the black of the sky. Let me tell you, it can get pretty entertaining out here, pretty spectacular."

Irwin wasn't *always* there when we called. Occasionally—and as time passed it seemed to be happening more and more frequently—he disappeared from his hideaway for days at a time, and when he resurfaced he'd have tales for us about his visits to sites all over the country where he'd already proposed or was in the process of conceiving vast, often grandiose projects: a wall of thin Cor-Ten steel slicing through a park in Dallas; swaths of violet-blue narrow-aperture chain-link fencing to be suspended between gleaming stainless-steel poles amid the high canopy of a eucalyptus grove in San Diego; a glass pyramid greenhouse to be thrust out into the middle of a square inlet of the Hudson River off the Battery Park development here in New York; a matrix of forty-eight translucent scrim squares to be floated out into the vast atrium of the Old Post Office in Washington, D.C.; a tantalizing "sound-chasing-light" piece (dozens of the kind of strobe lights you might otherwise find on the wingtips of a Boeing 747 to be hung from the ceiling in rows, alongside equally spaced rows of speakers programmed to give out the sound of the G and A strings plucked pizzicato on a cello, the lights and speakers firing at random moments and racing about in sudden, unexpected linear sequences) for a transit terminal at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport; eleven parallel shafts of specially designed blue-white fluorescent lights coursing hundreds of yards, in and out, straight and then voluptuously loopy, between the two levels of an otherwise bleak double-decker automobile viaduct in downtown Los Angeles. All these proposals were about as far as could be imagined from his minimal interventions of some ten years back. We remembered, for example, his controversial contribution to the 1976 Venice Biennale: nothing more than a rectangle of string stretched across a patch of ground.

"Oh, they're not all that different," Irwin assured us the other day, in person, for he was in town, having just installed a handsome exhibition at the Pace Gallery—a retrospective survey of these and several of his other "site-conditioned" proposals. The show includes blueprints, maps, and models, and also photographs of the relatively few sites where Irwin's proposals have actually been realized. (In these, the before-and-after imagery at times recalls those dichotomous advertisements for cosmetic surgery or miracle diets.) Irwin is fifty-seven now, but he looks younger than that—or, rather, ageless—his bright, usually


THE COMBINED MIGHT OF TEFLOW & PARTNERS

smiling face dominated by a broad, open forehead. "The ambition remains the same; only the scale has changed," he told us. "I'm still trying to draw your attention, my attention, to the sheer wonder of all the rich perceptual drama that is taking place all the time just beyond the periphery of our everyday awareness. The gesture is still minimal—only, now it's *spread out*. Any given square foot of any of these proposed pieces is every bit as minimal as anything I was doing before."

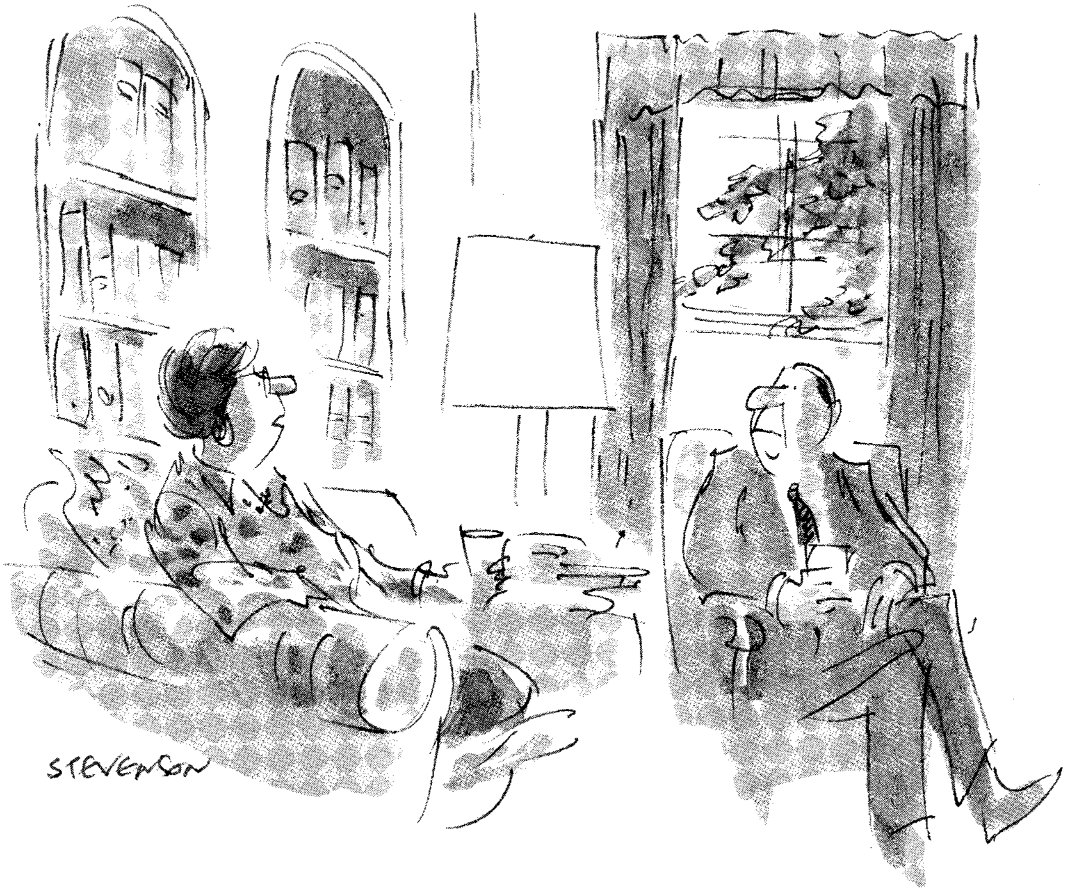
Irwin's show at Pace also includes two installation pieces specifically designed for the gallery's recently refurbished space, on the second floor at 32 East Fifty-seventh Street. As visitors emerge from the elevator, they enter a simple, although visually complex, cagelike structure fashioned of orange narrow-aperture chain-link fencing; on the floor immediately before them Irwin has placed an incongruous square patch of purple-blooming lobelia. To the visitors' left as they pass from the orange cage into the wider gallery space is a ravishingly luminous "soft wall"—a pearlescent double scrim stretched taut, floor to ceiling, wall to wall, in front of the gallery's wide picture windows. The expanse of sheer white fabric seems to catch, hold, and then only gradually surrender the light streaming in from outside—light that changes its aspect hour by hour. Over to the far side of this "soft wall" Irwin has carved a small square "window"—a hole in the scrim, beyond which he's left one of the gallery's windows wide open, so that the racket and bustle of city noises and the swell of autumn breezes continuously waft into the exhibition.

"And you know what's amazing?" Irwin asked us. We were sitting in a back room of the gallery, late in the afternoon of the first day the show was open to the public. "Half the people who come in don't see the cage, they don't even see the scrim—they walk right past them to get to the maps and the models and the photos. I'm not saying that they don't like them, or that they choose to hurry past them on their way to something they think will be more interesting. You can tell by watching their body posture: they literally *don't see them!* Talk about sensory deprivation! No wonder there are so many sensory junkies in this town, no wonder people take drugs. Most people in this city—and it's true of most cities—are simply oblivious of the incredibly rich spectacle of the everyday world; they're missing out on this visual Disneyland happening all around them all the time. All that drugs do— They don't heighten or brighten one's sense of perception—all they do is momentarily override all the habitual inhibitions to clear seeing which we manage to place in our own way most of the rest of the time."

We asked why he thought people ordinarily had so much trouble seeing.

"Look," Irwin said. "The first function of perception, biologically speaking, is probably to keep us from getting hit by, say, this oncoming truck, right? Any time a visual enigma presents itself, you try to dispose of it immediately, so that you can keep dealing with all the more practical sorts of life traffic. You've got places to go, intentions to carry out. You don't really attend to what's immediately before you, you don't stop and invest time in it, because you've got *things to do*. 'I've got more important things to do' is what people say, and *seeing isn't doing*. So people walk into a situation like the one out there in the gallery, and either they don't see it at all or they immediately categorize it—'Oh,' they say, 'hi-tech,' or 'Oh, architecture'—and they move right on by. And this is a select audience: these are only the sort of people who'd bother to go out of their way to visit an art gallery. With pictures, with paintings inside frames, maybe, they'd be prepared to invest that suspended aesthetic attention. But paintings are like what you can see through a keyhole compared with the richness of perception that's just waiting there in the world to be experienced all the time."

After a pause, Irwin continued, "It's strange. With food, for instance, more people seem able to understand what's involved: you *savor* the taste rather than just feed the body. But people have a hard time understanding that it should be the same way with visual experience."



"Are you going to tell me what you did today, or should I ask Larry Speakes?"

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UNDER WATER

IN London, I live in the American ghetto. Around the Baker Street Station, you can see us on the weekends, in our college sweatshirts. Most of us work in banks. It's anybody's guess what the other ones do. We all seem to have the same names: Tom, Fred, Bill. My apartment building happens to be right above the Baker Street Station, and on my floor there are four Freds, two Toms, and three Bills, all American, spread out evenly among the "luxury flats." There is also an Austrian man named Mr. Rosenzweig, who evidently had been in a concentration camp. He never opens the door when someone knocks. The Americans always knock. We ask for help in understanding our Electricity Board notices, or in finding an address, or if we want to know what "Oxon." means. Unless one of us goes downstairs to ask the porter, we usually wind up at Nigel's, at the end of the hall. There aren't any women on our floor.

The bank where I work is controlled by faceless Saudi Arabians. I was recruited out of business school for a two-year training program. The bank found my apartment; it sends me to a Tunisian beach whenever I look exhausted, and refuses to tell me where I will go at the end of the two years. My roommates, Bill and Fred, are envious when I go to Tunisia. They work for an American bank.

I know a woman in London named Katherine. She is from Virginia and came here to ghostwrite a book on refinishing furniture. Every day, she tape-records conversations with an antique dealer who used to live in San Francisco. The antique dealer, a twice-divorced millionairess, has a huge advance for the book, which Katherine describes as "part autobiography, part feminist guide to refinishing furniture." The millionairess doesn't know it, but Katherine actually spends most of her time writing short stories.

I don't know what to make of Katherine. She is always alluding to these men she knows, always talking about her old boyfriends or men she meets at the theatre. The first time we met, it was at a newsagent's on Marylebone Road. We both wanted the last copy of the *International Herald Tribune*, and the Pakistani owner gave it to Katherine. ("Because I have blond hair," she later told me.) We started down the street together, and I asked her out for lunch. At first, I thought we might start something, but she didn't seem very interested. Now the only thing we do together is eat out at expensive Indian restaurants. Katherine always says that London has better Indian food than India. I guess in Katherine's mind the American man—unlike Indian food—is best left in his native land.

Sometimes Katherine talks about herself. She lives near Kew Gardens, and the lady above her breeds guinea pigs. Katherine is working on a series of short stories about a writer from Virginia who comes to London and lives on top of a couple who breed guinea pigs. When Katherine isn't talking about herself, she talks about her stories.

The only friend of Katherine's that I've actually met is another American writer, named Edward. He has published a few things somewhere, and Katherine calls him "undeservedly successful." One night, we all met for dinner. He insisted on tasting everyone else's food and talking about his new play. "It's called 'Venice Ignored,' " he said. "And it's all about an American *artiste* type who, while in Venice, takes up with this family from Arkansas. The family is straight out of Sam Shepard, 'but minus the myths." He told us that he got the idea when he met a family from Little Rock in a Venetian church a month before. "I mean, there they were, right, with all this video equipment and their sensible shoes? Of course I adopted them, and immediately took them everywhere. I have a picture of us all posing next to the grave of Peggy Guggenheim's dogs. I want to blow it up and use it as a backdrop for my play."

When Katherine went to the bathroom, Edward said, "Poor Katherine. She's just a failed writer and a repressed lesbian. I guess that's why whenever we're together I so enjoy talking about my writing and her sex life." When Katherine came back, Edward made us discuss English women. "Look around you," he said. "Look at them. Chickens and horses, chickens and horses. Don't you think so, Katherine? Don't you think English women can turn any place into a barn?"

Afterward, waiting for a train underneath Leicester Square, Edward led us to the edge of the platform and pointed at the rats running back and forth over the tracks. "Vintage Eliot," he said.

THE other day, something strange happened. On my way to work, on a rainy morning, the train stopped at Oxford Circus and we all had to get off. There was an announcement that the Central Line would be closed until further notice; an unexploded bomb from the Second World War had been discovered near Holborn. The crowds, wet and disgusted, headed off to take a different line or telephone their offices. A woman with light hair and a small black briefcase asked me for change. She opened the case to get out a pound note, and everything inside fell onto the floor: a set of socket wrenches, money, paint tubes, small photographs of herself in various costumes. She let out a little scream, and I helped her pick up the things. She thanked me, asked me to forget about the change, and walked away.

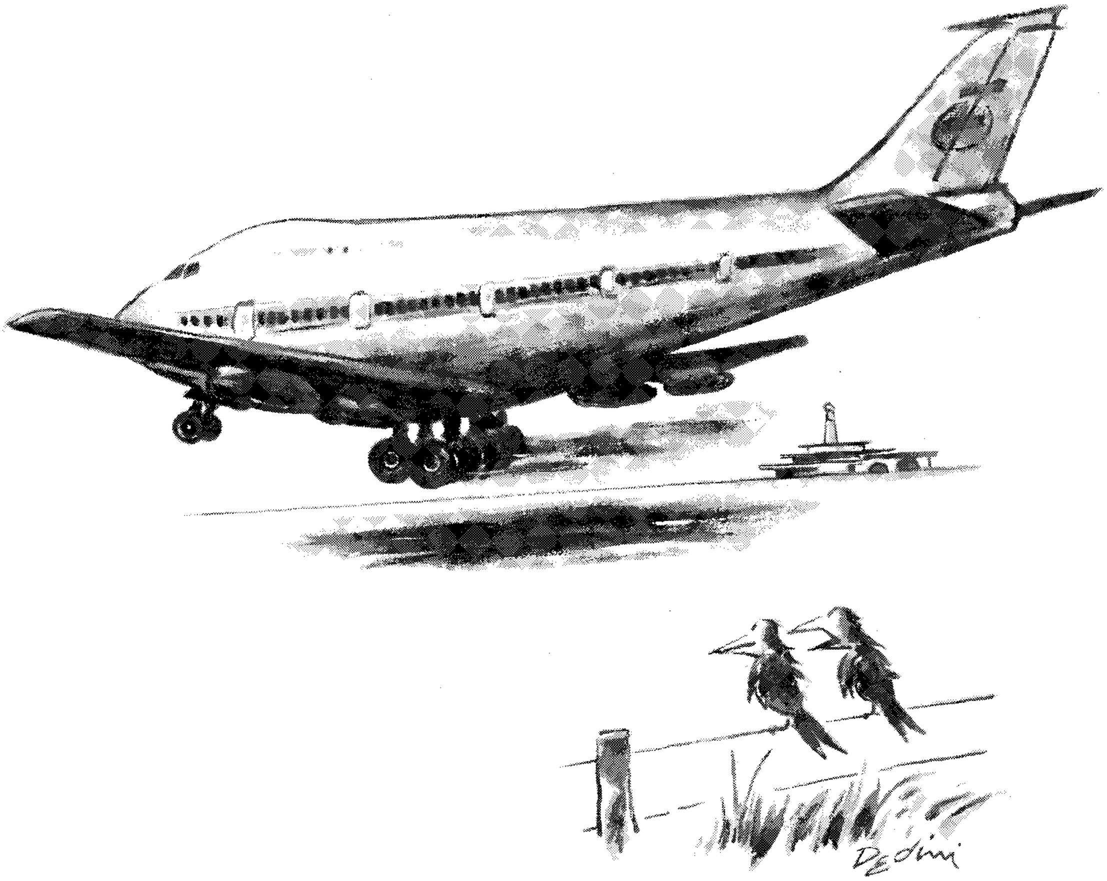
The strange part is that I followed her. I actually waited a moment and then followed her up the escalator. When I reached the top, I saw her standing near the telephones. She was opening up her briefcase. Again everything emptied onto the floor. She acted very surprised—as if it had never happened before. I came up to her and smiled. Not saying anything, I bent down and began to put everything back in the case. The first time, she struck me as being aloof, as if it was her birthright to get change from Americans, or to be helped by them if something went wrong. This time, it was different. She started telling me that she was a window dresser—or "display designer," as she called it—and she was already an hour late for work. She told me she'd overslept because her roommate had moved out, and said she was supposed to be at work that day by seven o'clock in the morning. Her store was changing its displays. "We're doing this brilliant Guatemalan scheme," she said. She showed me a picture of herself in what I presumed to be Guatemalan clothes. Her name was Sarah Hesseltine, and she lived in Islington. "It's very trendy," she said, "but I like it anyway."

When I went over for dinner that night, her apartment was almost bare. "My old flatmate finished moving out yesterday," she explained. She told me that he had taken all the furniture and most of the dishes. "He left me some forks and a corkscrew." We sat on the floor and drank the wine I brought.

"It wasn't as if we slept together or anything like that," she said. "But he did help me quite a lot with my work. I would dress up, using all the different schemes the store was thinking about for the coming month. I'd shop around for the right clothes and things, to establish the mood. Then Henry, my flatmate, would take pictures of each one. My boss would pick out the scheme that looked best. It's rather a powerful position, really—mine, I mean. If I was dead set against a certain scheme, I would look intentionally awful in the pictures. My boss had this Nigerian idea that I absolutely hated. So I just wrapped the turbans all wrong and actually ruined my makeup. And with a little help from Henry—you know, bad lighting, that sort of thing—I managed to nip it in the bud."

I asked her what she was going to do now—who was going to take pictures of her.

"I suppose Henry will," she said. "He's only moved across the street."



"If I couldn't fly without all that racket, I wouldn't fly at all."

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After the wine was gone, she told me that she was twenty-five, and that her ambition was to design window displays for the Liberty department store. "They pay more than Harrods," she explained. I told her how old I was, and she told me she'd thought I was much older. "Because you're sort of losing your hair," she said.

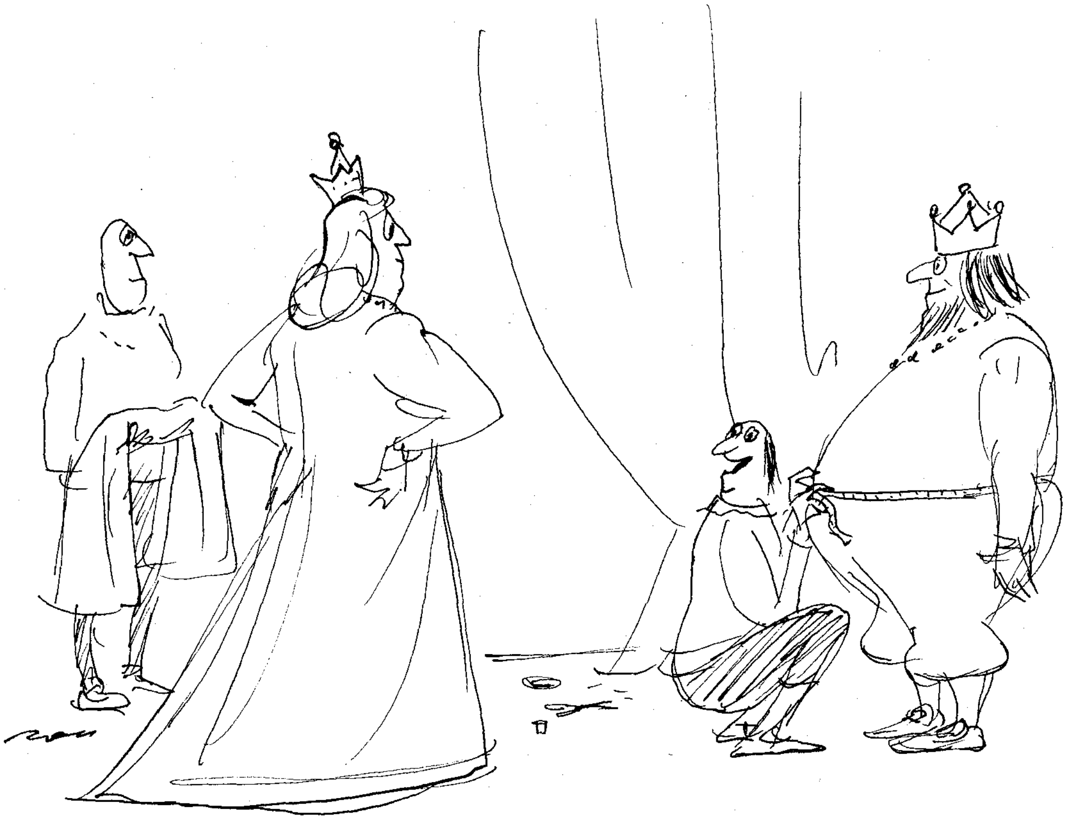
FOR this bank-holiday weekend, Bill and Fred talked about going to Paris or Amsterdam. But then Fred got bronchitis, and Bill wasn't about to go alone. Now it is Monday night, and the weekend is over. I am getting ready to go to Sarah's. She is having some friends over, and I told her that I might stop by around nine. I am sure I will be the only American, and I've been thinking about trying to appear more English. Katherine always says the only difference between English and American men is facial expressions—she thinks the English don't have any. I look in the mirror and try to tell some jokes, practicing not having any facial expressions.

On my way out, I run into Bill. He has just returned from a baseball game. They have these pickup teams—there's no league or anything—and they always play until it gets dark. I notice that he is wearing my Cardinals T-shirt. He must have run home to beat the rain, because he is all out of breath. We wave at each other, and he gets into the elevator.

The rain has stopped, but the sidewalks and the cars are still wet. The evening feels damp, as usual, and the sky looks a sickly gray. This afternoon, I went for a walk in Regent's Park. It's late May, and the tulips have died. The one time I talked to Mr. Rosenzweig, the concentration-camp survivor, he talked about flowers. He told me the precise schedule for the blooming of daffodils, tulips, wisteria, rhododendrons, and roses. "When the roses bloom," he said, "you must go to Walpole Park." I can't remember when the roses are supposed to bloom.

There is something numbing about London at night. It's always immeasurably quiet, as if the noises of the next day will never come.

I take the train to Sarah's and get off at the Angel tube station. The



"He's all king."

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streets are narrow and twisted; they have never become familiar. It's always so tedious trying to find my way in and out of the alleys. I was not actually invited to this party, but I asked Sarah if I could come anyway. Now, walking around the canal, I am not sure why I wanted to go at all.

On my way up Essex Road, I run into Katherine's friend Edward. He tells me that he also lives in Islington. He wants to know if I've spoken to Katherine—whether I've heard about her latest obsession. I say no, and he tells me about some young writer who has just become famous back home. "Here we have the case of a man—or boy, rather—who is a homosexual accountant, and his father has a brain tumor. So he writes this novel all about a homosexual accountant whose father has a brain tumor. Critics love it. Homosexuals love it. Middle-aged executives with brain tumors love it. Every day, Katherine calls me up and reads another review over the phone."

This is only the second time I've met Edward, and I can't think of anything to say. I don't read many novels, and I haven't even heard of this one. Almost unconsciously, I begin to tell him about the unexploded bomb. He gets excited and says he wants to use it in his play. He says he likes the idea of people surrendering to reality. I can't get rid of him. He follows me through the half-deserted streets like a cat. When we get to Sarah's, he looks in the windows and then tells me he has to go home and make a telephone call to New York. After he crosses the street, I can still see his yellow hair through the fog.

Sarah has borrowed a sofa from her old roommate, and most of the guests are either on the sofa or in the kitchen. I have been to these parties before—these parties where all the people in the room seem to have the same jobs, except me. I am thinking that the only people who live in London are writers and window dressers. There are women walking in and out of the room talking about Italian designers. The two other men are talking to Sarah, who is leaning against an arm of the sofa. I don't think I've ever seen any of these people before, yet their eyes seem fixed on me but somehow not noticing me at all. I can hear music from the apartment below. It sounds like the English rock you never hear in America, the kind with a dead bounce and lyrics about unemployment.

The two men go into the kitchen, and now there are only women. One of them passes me a bowl of peaches, letting the down on her arm brush against my hand. Another decides to hold one of Sarah's dresses in front of herself, raising the hanger up to her chin. We all introduce ourselves.

What can I say to them? Shall I tell them about Katherine's guinea pigs, or Edward and his rats? Shall I tell them about baseball—about Americans in London playing baseball?

They are curious about America. They ask questions, and I am glad to be of use. What's it like? Is it anything like "Dallas" or "Dynasty"? Is it like "Death Wish"? I start telling them about where I grew up—about Midwestern suburbs. Now I am telling them about East St. Louis and its vicious circle of crime and poverty. Then one, leaning back against the sofa, says, "Oh, I didn't mean that at all, Tom. I meant something completely different. I didn't mean *that* at all."

They begin to talk to each other, and their accents are becoming more singsongy. I don't think they will ask me anything else now—about America or television, or about me, but I wonder what I would say if they did. The windows are open, and I look out onto the sprinkled street. I can feel the wet, cold breeze move across my face. I can almost feel it move through their hair, their red and brown hair.

Everything is strange here, in this room, in this city. Another world. Katherine says I should treat London as if it were an undiscovered treasure, that I should look for the gold buried in the ruins. I try to feel that way, but I know I never will. I just think of it as a good place for me, in this part of my life. Most of the time, I feel like Bill and Fred. They are holding their breath until they come up for air.

—J. S. Marcus

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"Health industry personnel need to stop firing their broad sides against obesity," said Dr. Donald M. Watkin of George Washington University at a recent symposium on nutrition and aging in New York.—*The Times.*

No jokes, please.

PHYSICS

AFTER I got my hair cut at High Style 2000 on Lexington Avenue, I was hit by a car. It wasn't even a very nice vehicle, just a blue-and-white Pinto. I was trying to cross the street in the middle of the block, and the car backed up and hit me in the legs at knee level. I didn't realize that I'd been struck by a car; it felt more as if someone came along and punched me in the legs. Then it pulled forward. I was stunned. I kept staring at the license plate: it said 867-UHH. I tried to memorize it. The car wasn't going anywhere—I guess the driver was waiting to see if I was seriously damaged. I was angry, even if it *was* my fault. I glared at the car and tried to give the driver the evil eye. He leaned out the window and yelled at me, "You stupid, or what? Didn't you see how far away from you I was?"

Now, I am a word person and have never been good with mathematical problems—how many miles a train can travel in five hours if its speed is forty miles per hour, and so forth. I always think, What if a cow gets in the way? Probably because of this, I almost flunked high-school physics. Every night my mother made me memorize phrases from the textbook, but it didn't do any good. The teacher tried to help me after school, but I still got a D. Faced with the driver's hard question on Lexington Avenue, I wanted to do something—go scream at him, for instance—but I was afraid. I remembered my mother telling me how, at age two, she was taken on a trip from Atlanta to Manhattan and when her mother took her outside to play in the courtyard of the building they were staying in someone opened a window and poured a pail of water onto my mother's head. Whoever it was didn't like the fact that my mother was singing under that window at nine o'clock on a Sunday morning. Of course, my grandmother dried her off (or the water evaporated quickly or slowly, depending on the coefficient of diffusion) and called the police and the newspapers. My mother still had the clipping with the photo from the *Herald Tribune*, captioned "A MINUTE MYSTERY." It showed her in Shirley Temple ringlets, with chubby legs, and the article described how little Sonia Silverman, up from Georgia on a visit, had been the victim of a nasty prank.

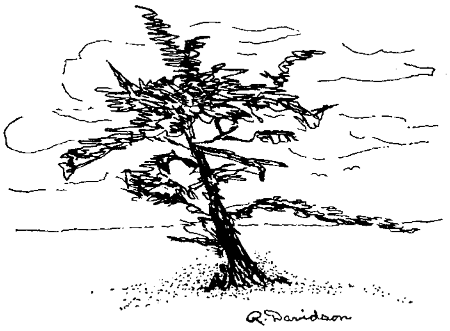
I stood in the gutter. I was trembling. Either I was extremely happy or I had just received a shot of adrenaline from being hit. It was hard to tell the difference. I wasn't dead. It was like finding twenty dollars in the gutter. What a thing I was! I went across the street and into a pizzeria, and I ordered a piece of pizza—pepperoni, mushrooms, onions, and peppers. I had to wait on line while it was heating in the oven.

There was another girl waiting ahead of me, and when the cook finally took out her slice I tried to reach for it, but she reached first and the cook handed it to her. "Is this the type that you ordered?" I said. I rarely speak to strangers, but I had to say something. I didn't believe the girl had gotten the same type of pizza as mine, because (a) it was an unusual choice to make, and (b) almost everyone else seemed to be ordering the plain slices.

The girl gave me a dirty look. "Yes, it is," she said snippily.

The cook said to me, "Don't get impatient, honey. Just relax." This only made me feel more foolish. The slice that he gave me, however, was really sparse. Most of the ingredients had slid off into the oven. I was embarrassed and would have said something along the lines of "I can assure you I'm not impatient," but nothing came out of my mouth. The cook, I was certain, had gone out of his way to make me look pushy, when obviously it was unintentional on my part.

The pizza was like a metaphor for my entropic life. The girl whose slice I tried to steal was carrying one of these trashy novels about Hollywood. I was incensed. This was her reading material, yet she felt superior to me. At first I thought she was about to take the only table left and I would be forced to sit with her. My hot pizza was leaking through the paper plate. But finally I found another empty table. I felt so grateful I almost threw myself into my seat. At the next table was a woman with a crewcut, a kid about six years old, and a guy with pale-blue hair who looked like the woman's brother. He kept taking food from the little kid's plate, and the kid said, in a fury, practically heartbroken, "Leave my food alone." He was eating spaghetti. I wondered if it tasted as good as my pizza, which, though skimpy, was absolutely delicious—chunks of chewy mushrooms, dense and meaty, cheese like stringy bubble gum, and salty, sparky bits of pepperoni.



On the ceiling, over the steam trays, giant papier-mâché haunches of meat were hanging from ropes. I kept thinking, "I was just hit by a car."

ON the bus home, I reminded myself not to tell Stash, my boyfriend, about what had happened, or he would kill me. How would it be if he picked up the *Post* and saw "JEWELRY DESIGNER, 28, KILLED BY HIT-AND-RUN"? First of all, everyone would know that I got my hair cut in an outré joint on Lexington Avenue and not at some SoHo or East Village spot. Plus, who would come to my funeral? I had no friends. All the other jewelry designers I knew had plenty of friends. They threw big parties for themselves at various clubs, and their pictures were published in the most fashionable magazines. Maybe they were receiving outside financial assistance. I had no money to throw parties, although I had a hunger for things I knew I didn't actually care for.

When I got in the door, Stash was lying on the bed next to Andrew, our Dalmatian. Stash's thick blond hair, loose from its ponytail, was practically covering his face. He had an ominous, unshaven look. He wasn't wearing a shirt; his hairy chest had an animal ferocity. Andrew's legs were sticking up in the air, and his neck was resting on Stash's arm. Andrew had a snoring problem; he snored so loudly that he used to wake Stash and me several times a night, until Stash devised a solution: he attached a rope to Andrew's bed, and during the night whenever Andrew began to snore Stash would yank the rope and the abrupt movement would wake Andrew and he would stop snoring for a while. I used to tease Stash, telling him this was cruelty to animals—after all, would he have liked it if someone tied a rope to our bed and gave it a jerk every time we drifted off to sleep? But Andrew was so good-natured—or dumb—he didn't seem to mind.

Stash and Andrew didn't even look

at me. I felt left out. “Hi,” I said. “I got my hair cut.” I had red corkscrew curls, almost to my waist; my hair didn’t have a real style, it was just a mess. Stash had begged me never to change it. “It doesn’t look one iota different, does it? I spent ten dollars and told them to snip the ends. What do you think? Will I look nice tonight?”

Stash didn’t answer.

“Is something wrong?” I said.

“No.”

“Are you sick? You have an earache?”

“No.”

“Did you eat today?”

“Yes.”

“What did I do?” I said. “I forgot to defrost the refrigerator? Is that it? *You* defrost the goddam refrigerator.”

“Eleanor, I would have defrosted the refrigerator, but you’ve got too much stuff in there. You made me help you pick eight quarts of cherries last summer and you never made pies. Why don’t you throw them out?”

“I didn’t make pies because you said we were on a diet. I come home and you’re mad at me about the refrigerator?”

“I wasn’t even thinking about the refrigerator until you reminded me. I’m mad about that article on the table. Go look at it.”

Sometimes I felt as if I were the sole member of the Bomb Squad: I had to defuse Stash. I picked up the magazine lying on the table. It was a nice table, like something that might be found in a campers’ dining hall. Stash had bought it for me a few months back, saying that since I complained so much about not being able to have anyone over to dinner he would get me a table. So far, though, every time I suggested we invite someone over he said the house was too messy and gave examples. No. 1, I had stuck black and white adhesive tiles in the space between the kitchen counter and the cabinets, and when they peeled off, a short time later, all the paint on the wall peeled off with them, leaving brown spots.

In the magazine was a reproduction of one of Stash’s paintings, “The Wisdom of Solomon,” in which Quick Draw McGraw and Baba Looey are sawing an Eskimo baby in half. Underneath the picture was a long article. In the first paragraph the author said that while he couldn’t dismiss Stash’s work entirely, it was nevertheless the mindless scrawling of a Neanderthal.

“Well, that doesn’t sound so bad,” I said when I put it down.

“Doesn’t sound so bad?” Stash said. He shook his head disbelievingly. “Sometimes you amaze me.”

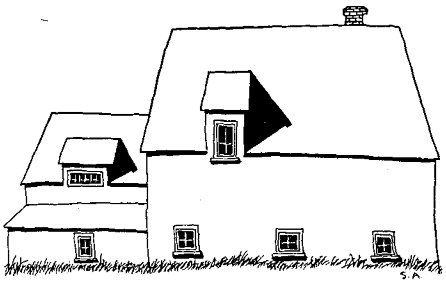
“Well, things could always be worse,” I said. “This could be Russia, where they come and knock on your door and take you away and shoot you if they don’t like what you do.”

“Russian Constructivist art is my favorite,” Stash said.

“At least you’re getting attention!” I said. “I’d be thrilled if anyone wrote an article about me, even a negative one.”

“I don’t know if I feel like going to the dinner tonight,” Stash said.

A fancy dinner for thirty of the country’s most famous artists was going to be held at a swank Italian restaurant, to honor the fact that they had agreed to decorate a night club. Stash was one of them; they would all be there this evening. My girlfriend had told me that at this restaurant dinner for two, with one bottle of champagne, could cost more than two hundred dollars. Luckily, we wouldn’t be paying.



“You do too feel like going out tonight,” I said. “All the other artists will envy your appearance in that magazine.”

“Do you think?” Stash said. “I don’t know.”

“First of all, everyone wants publicity,” I said. “Secondly, as long as you’re an underdog you can have respect—like Vincent van Gogh. If you get too popular it makes you seem phony and commercial.” I probably would have said anything—I really wanted to go to the dinner. It was going to be an event: never had so many diverse and famous artists been collected under one roof. They ranged from people famous for sports illustration to the latest East Village star.

“I was in a good mood until I saw this article,” Stash said. “Then when I got home I found you still hadn’t defrosted the refrigerator. Not only will I never be able to get the money to buy a loft now, I don’t see the point anyway. If we did have a decent place to live, it would always be a complete mess.”

“Didn’t you ever hear of a self-defrosting refrigerator?” I said. “You were just looking for an excuse. Don’t you try and punish me, Stash.”

“How am I punishing you?”

“Because you promised me we’d start looking for a bigger space to live in, and now you’re going to try and

MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

A telephone rings through the wall.
Nobody answers. Exactly how
the mouth shapes itself inside
saying the word “gold” is what sleep
would be like if one were happy.
So Kenny Hardman and George Sykes
called “Gaw-way-ay!” at the back
of my house. If I didn’t come out
they would call until nightfall,
like summer insects. Or like
the pay phone at the abandoned
filling station, which sometimes
rang, off and on, an entire day.
The final yawn before one sleeps
is the word “yes” said too many times
too quickly to the darkness. On the landing
she turned and looked back. Something
of the sea turtle heavy with eggs
looking back at the sea. The shocking dark
of her eyes blew alive in me
the affirmative fire. It would have hurt
to walk away, just as it bewilders
a mouth making the last yawn to say “no.”

—Galway Kinnell

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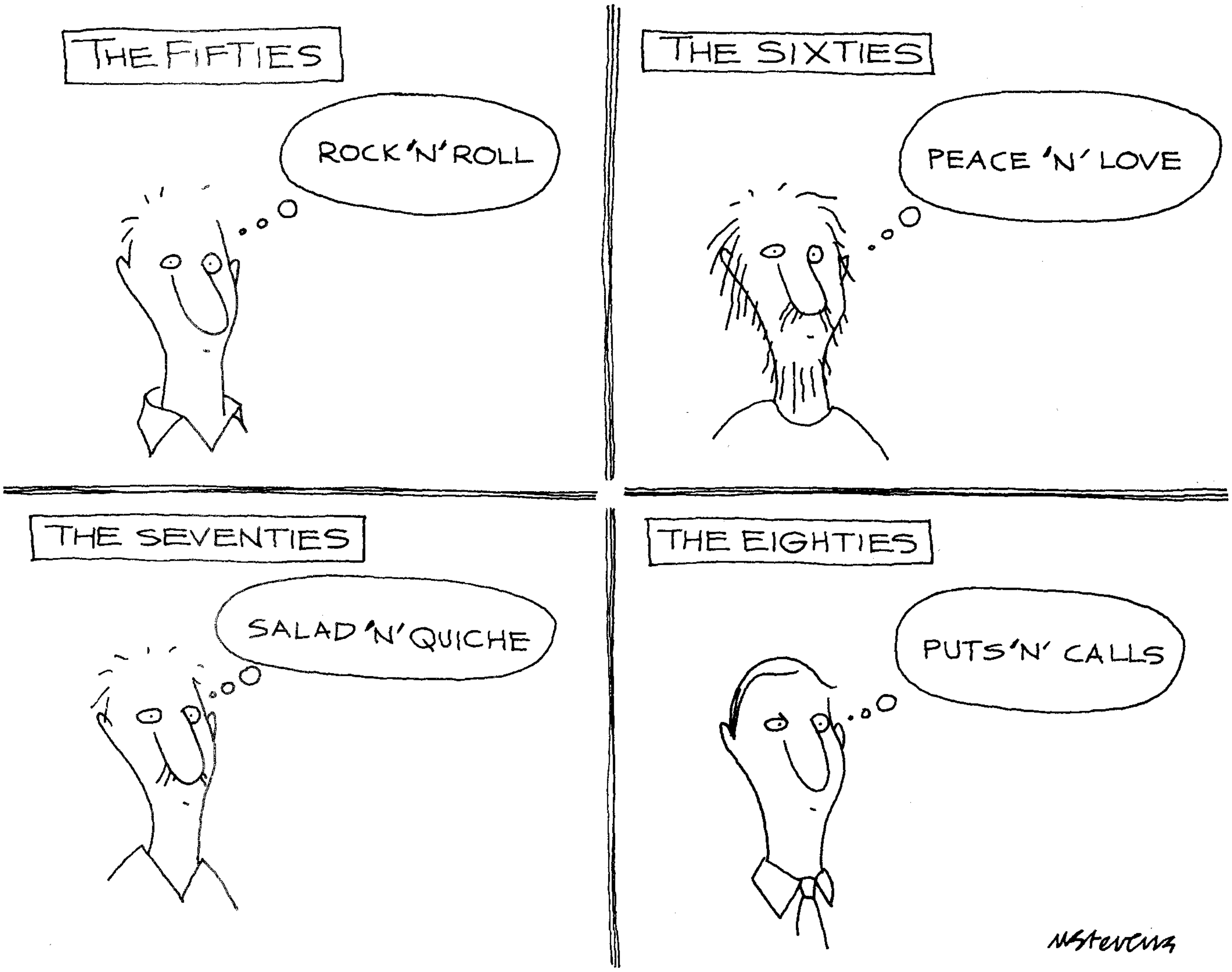

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weasel out.” One half of me had known all along we would never move: we were too uncomfortable here. Low rent (subsidized housing for artists) and a nice river view—we were used to it. On the other hand, a friend of Stash’s was trying to buy a building nearby, and Stash liked the way the deal sounded. He could buy a whole floor and rent out half, thus making his mortgage payments.

I started to get the things out of the refrigerator and put them into the sink. I’d defrost overnight. I felt like clobbering Stash over the head. I was practically thirty years old, unmarried, and my marketability was going downhill fast. My career hadn’t taken off the way I’d hoped. I had had to quit working on my jewelry full time in order to take on a job two days a week as copy editor for an East Village newspaper. I also had to be burdened with my lousy personality. If I had been more outgoing maybe I could have been more successful with my jewelry. That was the way things worked in Manhattan.

Where I grew up, in South Carolina, social graces didn’t count. Max, my father, had a mail-order gardening business. We raised peonies, daffodils, daylilies, hyacinths, irises, all kinds of bulbs and perennials. For my fourteenth birthday, Max named a new variety of pink camellia after me. I wasn’t thrilled—I really wanted a subscription to *Seventeen*—but I kept my mouth shut. Max also taught horticulture at the local university part time. When we children came home from school, everyone had a job to do. The stove was full of baked potatoes, and that’s what we’d have—baked potatoes with yogurt and goat cheese. My mother raised angora goats and sold the wool to weavers across the country. My parents had made a choice: they would remain poor but live off the land, in a style unaffected by the progressively commercial and false world around them. It was taken for granted that we would all work hard. In other words, we didn’t have a TV set.

Well, I had also made a choice: I would rebel against my parents and join the rat race. I wanted things, and the things I wanted weren’t inexpensive. Unfortunately, somewhere along the line I got sidetracked. For one thing, I had never, in my wackiest dreams, imagined that I would grow up to be a poor person. My mother had warned me about New York, but I was prepared to work hard, and I figured eventually I’d make it. I wasn’t the only one in my situation. Most of the people I knew were doing one thing but considered themselves to be something else: all the waitresses I knew were really actresses, all the Xeroxers in the Xerox place were really novelists, all the receptionists were artists. There were enough examples of people who had been receptionists and went on to become famous artists that the receptionists felt it was O.K. to call themselves artists. But if I was going to have to do something like copy-edit two or three days a week, I didn't want to lie to myself and say I was a jewelry designer. I figured I should just accept reality and say I was a copy editor.

I was embittered. It was hard to live in New York and not be full of rage. I was thinking of all this while I fixed some instant flan, using up all the rest of the milk so it wouldn't go bad being outside the refrigerator overnight. On the side of the box the only ingredient listed was sugar. I felt I should have made Stash flan from scratch.

At that moment he came into the kitchen. "What are you doing?" he said. "You can't even focus on one activity! You're trying to defrost the refrigerator and cook at the same time!"

It was strange how most of the time we got along so well but then there were these periods when it was a good thing the knives were in the drawer and not out on display. "You're picking on me!" I said. "I do things as I please! Look around you—the junk that's here is yours, not mine. I had to clear off four of my bookshelves and mail my books back to my mother so you could have someplace to put *all* that junk from the table—and now the table has new junk on it."

While I yelled, Stash hacked at some of the loose ice on the freezer. When he had filled a bowl, he carried it over to the sink. "Where should I put it?" he said. "The sink is full of food—plus the dirty spaghetti pot."

"In the tub."

"I can't throw it in the tub," he said. "I'm going to take a shower."

"Well, run some hot water on it," I said. "The melting point of ice is zero degrees Celsius or thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit."

It was obvious that he had to restrain himself from throwing the ice at me. "How can I buy a loft when you put too much food in the refrigerator? Why should I go into debt when you're going to turn a new place into the same kind of disaster as here?" he said.

"You lash out at me because you're angry about the article!" I said as he went into the bathroom.

I imagined grabbing my clothing, throwing it into a suitcase, and storming out. This seemed so real to me that when Stash came out of the shower, wrapped in a towel, arms extended toward me, I was surprised.

He clutched me like an orangutan. "Let's be friends," he said.

"Don't pick on me every second of my existence," I said into his ear. "It makes me feel like I'm a fly and you're pulling off my wings."

"Yeah?" Stash said. "Don't give me that wings-being-picked-off business."

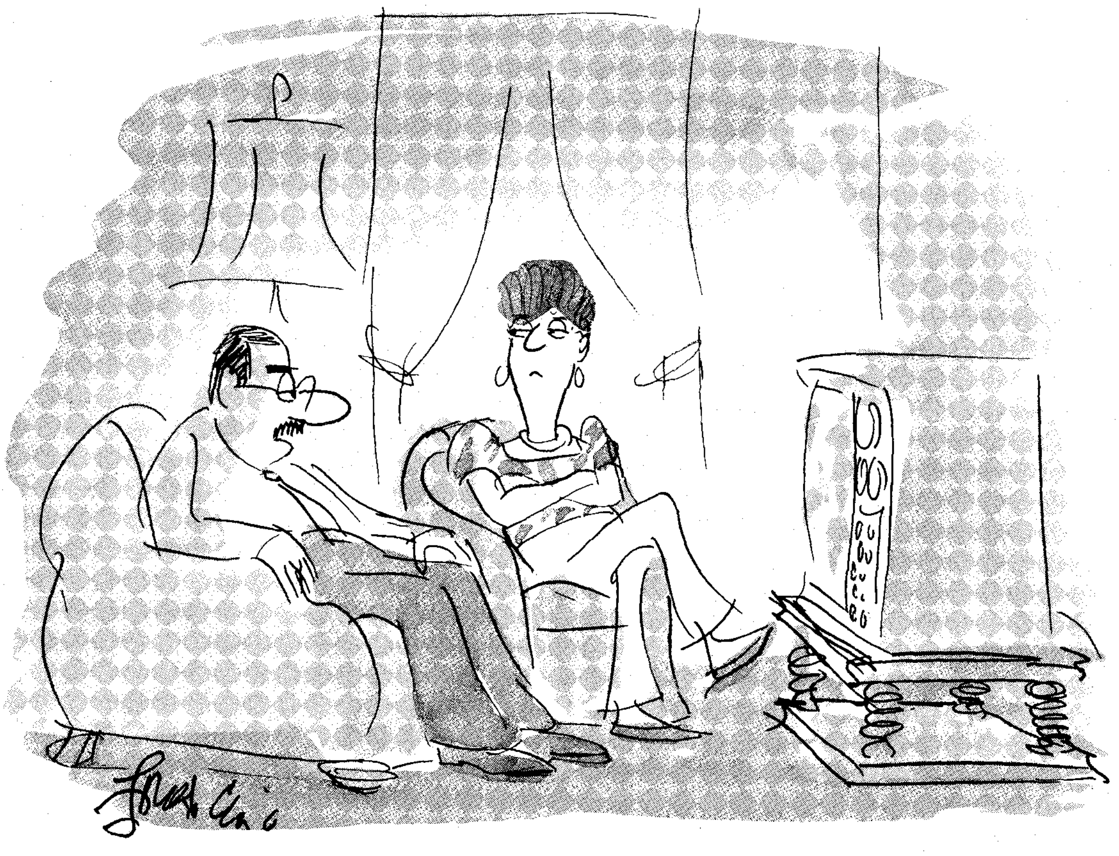
I knew he was afraid of letting me get too sure of myself; this was as much of an apology as I was going to get. He said we could go to the party.

Quickly I slurped down a yogurt before we went out. It tasted exactly like cold cream. I was only interested in helping the stomach not to complain, with its little lump of cold cream balanced neatly in the center. At these dinners, food wasn't served until eleven o'clock, or even eleven-thirty.

EVEN though the dinner was scheduled for ten, we didn't get there until ten-thirty, and most of the other people were just arriving. At the door, we had to sign a release stating that if our pictures were taken they could be used in publicity.

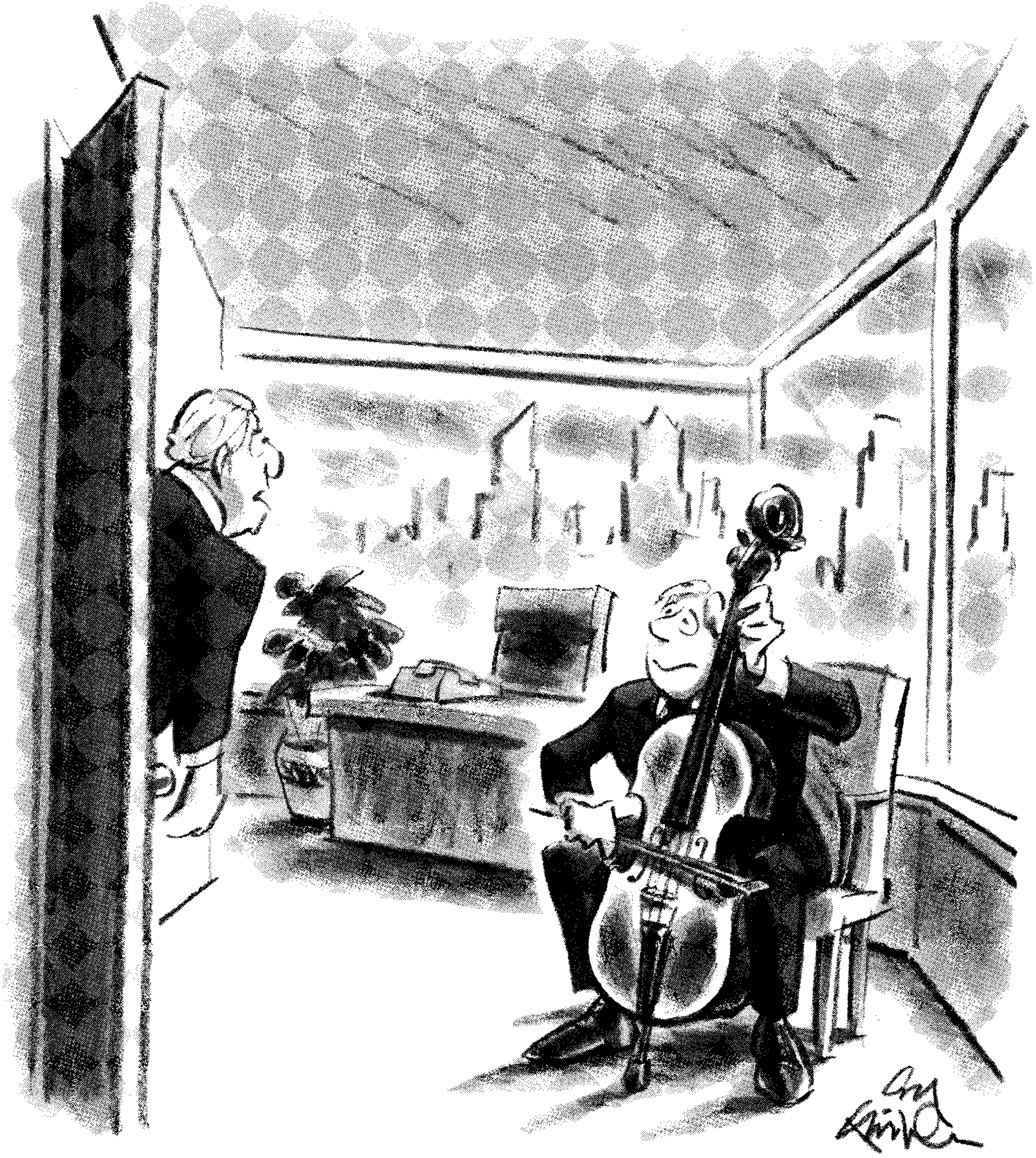
The restaurant was quite a pretty place. Every table had a mammoth floral display, as big as a tree, in the center, and there were little place cards and gifts at each place. My card said "Guest of Mr. Stosz"—I was seated next to the place card of "Stash Stosz"—and my gift was selected by someone who must have known my situation as well as my vocation: it was a large fake diamond engagement-and-wedding-ring set. Stash got a set of tattoos, water-soluble, and a toy motorcycle—Stash owned a motorcycle—which, when he wound it up, zipped across the table and fell over. Other artists received Etch A Sketch kits, voodoo dolls, exploding cigars, windup jack-in-the-boxes in the shape of clamshells which contained Botticelli's Venus leaping out to music, and their signatures made into rubber stamps.

The food was really delicious: slices of raw meat, thin as paper; angel-hair pasta speckled with shreds of crabmeat and roasted peppers; little fried fish, hot and curling on platters, with their astonished eyes still intact. In one corner of the room a man played the accordion—various haunting tunes—possibly as a special treat in honor of the oc-



"The world is too much with us."

casion. Or maybe he was there all the time. For an appetizer I had a plate of slightly sandy mussels in a sauce of vermouth and garlic. Stash had smoked mozzarella with basil and tomatoes. We had agreed to share. But, frankly, I couldn't enjoy it as much as I would have liked. For one thing, by eleven-thirty my appetite was gone and I was ready to go to sleep, and, for another, I only liked to eat alone with Stash. I wanted to relish my food without having to worry about why I wasn't being included in the conversation or whether I was getting food on my chin. This was my small but sad handicap, not something that revealed a character trait: sometimes food or grease would get on my chin and I couldn't feel it. I had had a minor operation when I was fifteen and sensation on my chin never returned. It wasn't the most glamorous of handicaps to have, but it was mine. The one handicap that really appealed to me as tragic and romantic was the one that Laura had, Laura of "The Glass Menagerie." She was lame. There aren't too many lame people around anymore. Nowadays they just limp.



"For God's sake, Williston! Why can't you just have a drink at the end of the day, like the rest of us?"

• •

I was seated next to a girl wearing a rubber dress; it looked like a coat of latex paint. The card in front of her plate said "Samantha Binghamton," and every two seconds one of the photographers would come and snap her picture. She had wild black hair (maybe a wig) and a long, skinny neck, which was either very elegant or goosey—I couldn't decide. So much for my one fancy evening outfit of sequinned top and black velvet skirt—it was nothing compared to what Rubbermaid had on. I could have strangled her. The people across from me pretended I didn't exist. While twirling pasta with my fork, I quizzed Samantha on her life story. She had known her husband—he was seated on her other side—since second grade. He came from a fabulously wealthy family and now had one of the hottest galleries in New York. She used to be a topnotch agent—she was best friends with Dustin Hoffman and John Huston, and one of her clients was in the movie that swept the Academy Awards the year before. But even though she was only twenty-eight years old and close to the top of her profession, she decided she wasn't happy. Since her husband could support her and she didn't really need to work, she quit two weeks ago to become a rock star. This was what she really wanted to do. So far she hadn't landed a manager, but it seemed likely that this would happen soon.

Maybe I had had a little too much champagne; it certainly was delicious, with large, real raspberries stuck in the bottom of every glass. "Isn't it strange," I said, "to be trying to land an agent and a record contract when this is what you used to do for other people?"

"No."

Her best friend, in a feathered tutu, was seated across from us, and when the tutu girl got up to go buy cigarettes I asked Samantha what her friend did. "She goes out with Fritz," Samantha said. Fritz was a sculptor, famous for his work in lemons and mirrors. "She's only eighteen and a real witch." So much for best friends, I thought.

In the rest room we applied various

kinds of makeup from Samantha's handbag. "That guy next to you," she said as she powdered her nose, "you're with him, right?"

"We live together," I said. "That's Stash."

"That's what I was going to ask you," she said. "He's Stash Stosz, right? Who just got a terrible review?"

"Yeah," I said.

She took a joint out of her bag. "Is he rich?" she said, lighting the joint and handing it to me.

"No," I said.

"Are you?"

"No."

"Well, why would you go out with him?" she said.

"I—" I said. I was stunned.

"Come out with us after the dinner," she said. "My husband has a brother who'd love to meet you. We'll all go to the club."

I smoked some of the joint with her. Maybe she had had too much to drink, too.

Back at the table Stash was having an active argument with a race-horse painter, a man with a goatee and rabbit teeth. "What you're doing, that's not art," the horse painter was saying. He was wearing a cowboy hat of soft and furry felt.

"I've seen your work," I said to him. "My mother bought some paper plates one time, for a cookout, and your paintings were on them."

Everyone had changed places. A photographer was walking around taking candid pictures. One artist, with his long white arms curled around the back of the chair next to him, and his round, bloblike head, resembled an octopus. Another made strange movements with his mouth like a kissing gourami. One artist was so famous he refused to sit with the rest of us: he had his own private table on the balcony, where he was seated with a famous French movie actress. The one sitting across from me was quite drunk; he had a red face and a superior attitude. While he was talking to someone he picked up a full ashtray in front of him and emptied it under the table.

When the dinner was over, one of the artists took a plate of cake (a special kind of Venetian cake known as a pick-me-up) and dumped it on the head of a less famous artist. The less famous artist didn't even blink; he just called for the photographer to come over.

Stash got stuck talking to someone at the coatroom, and I went outside. Samantha rolled down the window of a limousine and leaned out. "Eleanor, come here," she said. "I want you to meet my brother-in-law, Mitch."

I squinted in the window. Some guy with red hair and a beard was sitting next to Samantha. He had the wild eyes of a trotter at a fifth-rate race track, hopped up on who knew what. "Nice to meet you, Mitch," I said. He handed me a glass of champagne.

"Where are you going now, Eleanor?" Samantha said.

"Downtown."

"Come on, get in with us," she said. "We'll take you."

I thought for a second. I should wait for Stash, go home with him, walk the dog, and watch TV. I'd try to tell him about why all these people drove me crazy. How I was tired of their all being so wrapped up in themselves. But I knew he would just say that I'd had too much to drink. Or I could open the car door, jump in, and whiz off someplace. If I did, Stash would probably forgive me, eventually.

"Stash is still inside," I said. "I'm waiting for him. I don't want to keep you. I'll call you next week. Bye, Mitch."

Samantha shrugged and the window rolled back up. I was left standing on the curb with a glass of champagne in my hand.

By the time we got home I was pretty depressed. While I brushed my teeth and cleaned my contact lenses, I thought about Samantha, in her rubber dress. Let's face it, she wasn't prettier than I, or more intelligent, and what did she do? Just one out of the millions who want to be rock stars. So how come she kept getting her picture taken, and how come all the men were making a fuss over her and asking if they could snap her latexwear? Because (a) she had an important husband, who ran a big gallery, and (b) she probably hung out with these people every night, taking drugs—cocaine or whatever—whereas it was a rare thing for me just to smoke marijuana. On the other hand, maybe she really had a better personality than I, and really was more attractive physically and psychically, and I was just deluding myself.

I realized that I really did want to be where I was—with Stash, in this hovel. I ran through all the parts of my life, trying to figure out which thing in particular wasn't working for me. I supposed I could get a nose job and take one of those courses that teach chutzpah. (I had read the leaflet

ALONG THE ST. JOHNS

The purple hyacinths, flamboyant wafers,
float between the river pilings. The pelicans
circle in a ritual breakfast flight.
Most of the docks are caving into the silken,
oil-flecked water, but the outdated drawbridge
crosses the river. The tender's station perched
high on the bridge looks closed as a shop.

Along the St. Johns, with flags and full rigging,
an improbable schooner clangs an unholy bell.
The drawbridge honors it with halting labor,
raising its arms to the tall, lean mast,
but not quite fast enough. The boat cuts its motor.
It churns nervously backward, perfectly dependent
on the old racks and pinions and drawbridge tender.

After four or five minutes, the bascules lumber up.
Steep in the air, they stand free as columns
of an ancient temple. The schooner sails down
the deep-blue corridor, its wide wake leaving two
halves of the river to weave and reweave themselves
under the cross the bridge makes with water
where pelicans are riding contentedly filled.

—Gardner McFall

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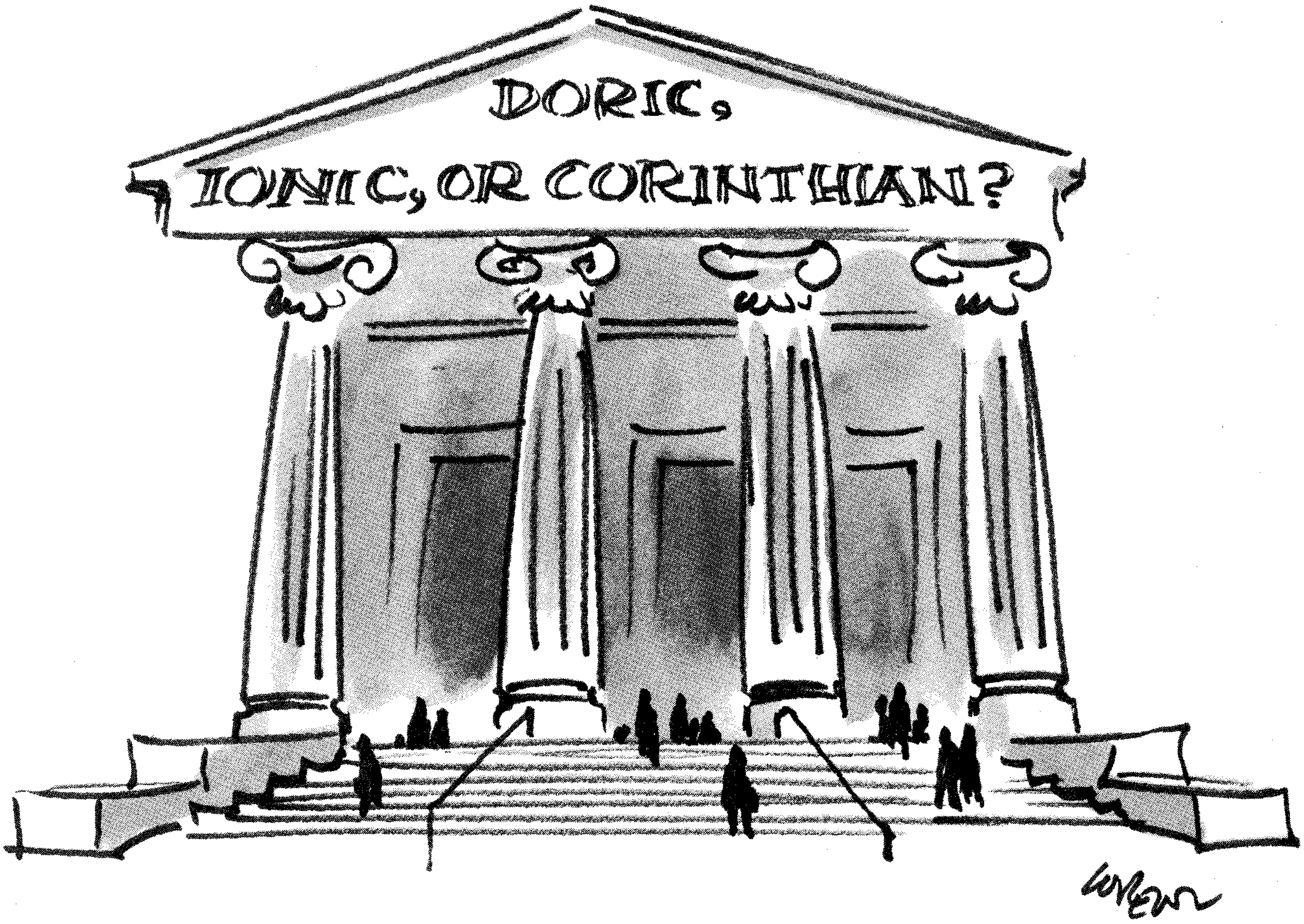

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on it in the supermarket.) But would this make me a more spiritual person? I doubted it. It was hard for me to keep up with all the various aspects of reality. Finally I figured it out: I wanted a baby. Obviously, based on this evening and others like it, I wasn't meant for any glamorous night life or fast lane, but I would be a good mother.

I pictured myself with a giant Buddha baby with a fat belly, a shock of blond hair, and a surprised expression. I would give it baths in a basin and wheel it around the block in a little go-cart, speaking to the other mothers. Stash could take it to openings strapped on his back. I had often seen men doing this in art galleries or at night clubs. Finally, when it grew up, it could tell me how wonderful I was. Stash and I would at last be bonded and we could have a joint checking account and I wouldn't have to be so worried about finances. These weren't such great reasons, but what counted was the unconscious level—the feeling that something was missing from my life and I had finally guessed what it was.

I went out into the bedroom—anyway, the end of our apartment where the bed was. "Listen, Stash," I said. "I've been thinking. You're middle-aged, and I'm not so young, either. It would be a good time to have a baby. We've been kidding about it for a while, but let's be serious." Looking at him, I knew that our baby would be cute, though if it inherited Stash's chest hair and my head hair it would practically be a gorilla. There wouldn't be one hairless inch.

"What are you—drunk?" Stash said. He was lying on the bed, watching a Frankenstein movie on TV, Andrew alongside him. "You can't bring a baby into this world. At least not in the city. Didn't you hear the news before?"

"I was brushing my teeth."

"This forty-nine-year-old widow was walking down the street and all of a sudden a thirty-five-ton crane toppled over and hit her. She was pinned under it for nearly six hours, partially crushed, just like that. That's why you can't have children in New York." Stash looked as if he was ready to kill me. It was hard for him to believe that a person could be so stupid. I knew I irritated Stash in the same way that my younger brother used to irritate me when I was a kid. Roland's foot-tapping used to send me into a rage; I would start to scream at him when he wasn't even aware of what he was doing. Now I knew what it was like to be the source of irritation without being irritated in return. I looked at Stash with the same puzzled, hurt expression that my brother had when I lashed out at him for no good reason.

"I'm taking the dog out," I said. "Come on, Andrew."

Andrew shot up and plunged up and down at my feet. Every time he went out he acted as if he had been locked up in a kennel for a year. His whip tail slashed my legs. Unfortunately, this was the only time he ever paid any attention to me, even though I had been with him since he was a year and a half old. He was Stash's dog. I had worked hard to make him love me. He was wearing a collar I had designed for him—plastic dinosaurs, turtles, and square, varicolored rhinestones, which I had attached to the leather with little grommets. I had done all kinds of things for Andrew. I decorated him, sometimes with baseball caps, sometimes with slogan sweatshirts I cut down from Woolworth's boys' department, and once I had painted additional spots on him with food coloring. Well, Andrew wasn't the brightest of dogs, but he did have a sense of humor and a certain dappled elegance.

It was late at night, and I didn't bother to put him on the leash. He sniffed the stunted trees and the metal signposts with the utmost delicacy, as if he were rooting for truffles. A fishy wind blew off the Hudson. Stash was probably feeling guilty and would be nice to me. Probably I had made the right choice. If I had gone off with Samantha and taken drugs I would have shifted into higher gear, but how long could I keep that up?

"Get over here, Andrew," I said. I wanted to go upstairs. "Hurry up." Of course he wouldn't move. He was deaf when he wanted to be. I gritted my teeth, annoyed. He went on calmly rooting as if I weren't even there. The rotten animal obeyed Stash, but not me.

Finally, he followed. The elevator was broken and we had to walk up seven flights. I'm not in such great shape. Believe me, I'd like to be one of those women with all the muscles, but, frankly, I don't like the idea of doing all that work. Once I took an aerobics class—I thought it would give me more energy—but every day I had to come home after class and sleep for a couple of hours.

When we made it back to the apartment Stash was standing near the window with a funny look on his face. "You wouldn't believe what just happened," he said.

"What?" I said.

"A transvestite and a john came over to the bushes under the window. Well, I don't want transvestites and tricks in our courtyard. So I went to the sink and took the spaghetti pot and dumped the water in it onto them. A direct hit!"

I started to laugh, involuntarily, but I stopped. "Stash," I said.

"Well, I didn't know that there were things in the pot," Stash said. "I really was mad, and I just dumped the whole soapy contents out, and I didn't realize there were some spoons and a bowl in it."

"My Russel Wright dish!" I said. "Stash, how could you do such a thing?"

"What do you mean?" he said. "You were out there with Andrew. Something could have happened to you. I wanted them to get the idea they can't come around here."

"What happened when the water hit them?" I said.

"They just walked away, shaking their heads."

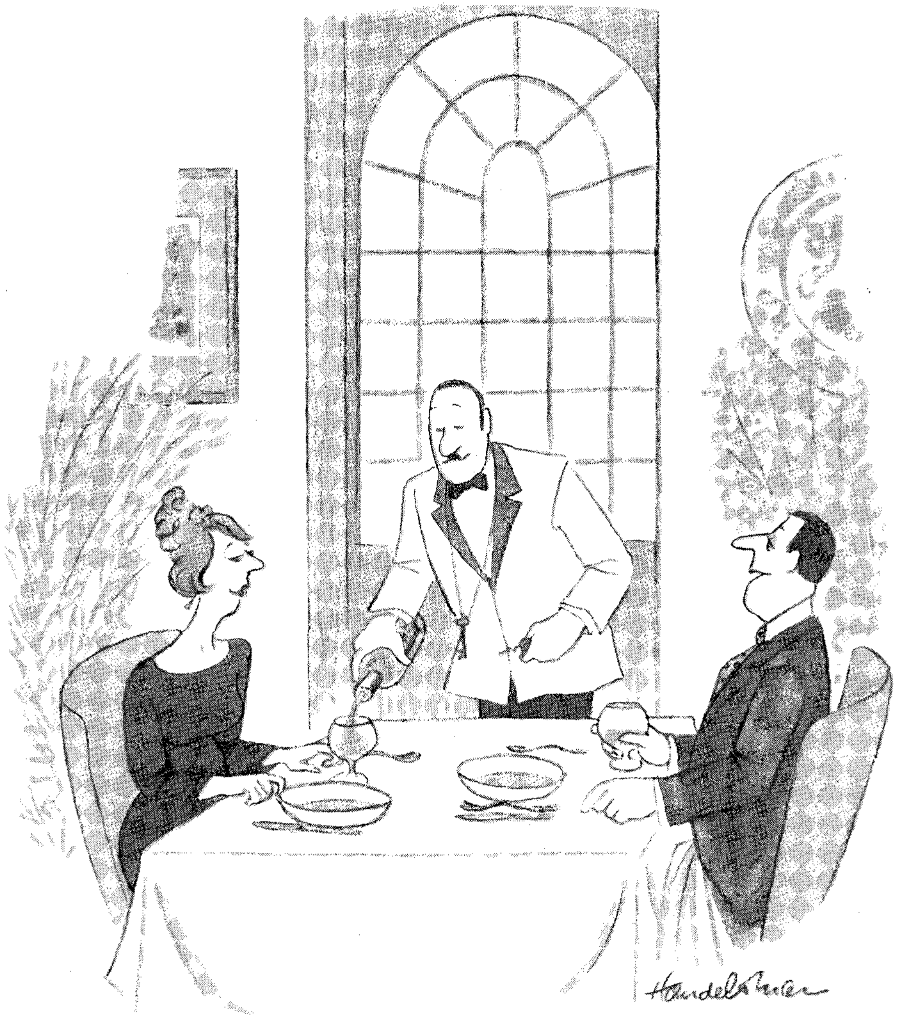
"You could have killed someone," I said. I felt very bad about the transvestite: she was just trying to get along in the world and had ended up covered with soapy, greasy water—spaghetti water—and would probably be freezing cold for the rest of the night.

"The bowl hit the trees, it didn't hit her," Stash said.

"It's not your job to throw water on people," I said. "You should either have yelled something to chase them away or called the guard."

"I did feel sort of demonically possessed when I did it," Stash admitted. "What do you want? I'm only a mindless Neanderthal." I could tell he would have liked to undo it as soon as the water was halfway down, but it was too late—as had been demonstrated in another age by Galileo, who threw some stuff off the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

I suddenly wished I could go back to school and take physics again; I knew that this time I would understand it. The notion of random particles, random events, didn't seem at all difficult to comprehend. The whole business was like understanding traffic patterns, with unplanned crackups and hit-and-run accidents. Somewhere I had read that increasing the rate of collisions between positrons and electrons will result in interesting "events" that physicists can study. Quarks, quirks, leptons, protons, valence electrons, tracers, kryptons, isotopes—who knew what powerful forces were at work? I saw how emotions caused objects to go whizzing about. If I had gotten into the limousine earlier that night I'd be in the same mess only in a different neighborhood; at least in this place I had love, a feeling that came at a person like a Dodg'em car in an amusement park, where the sign says "Proceed at Own Risk." —TAMA JANOWITZ



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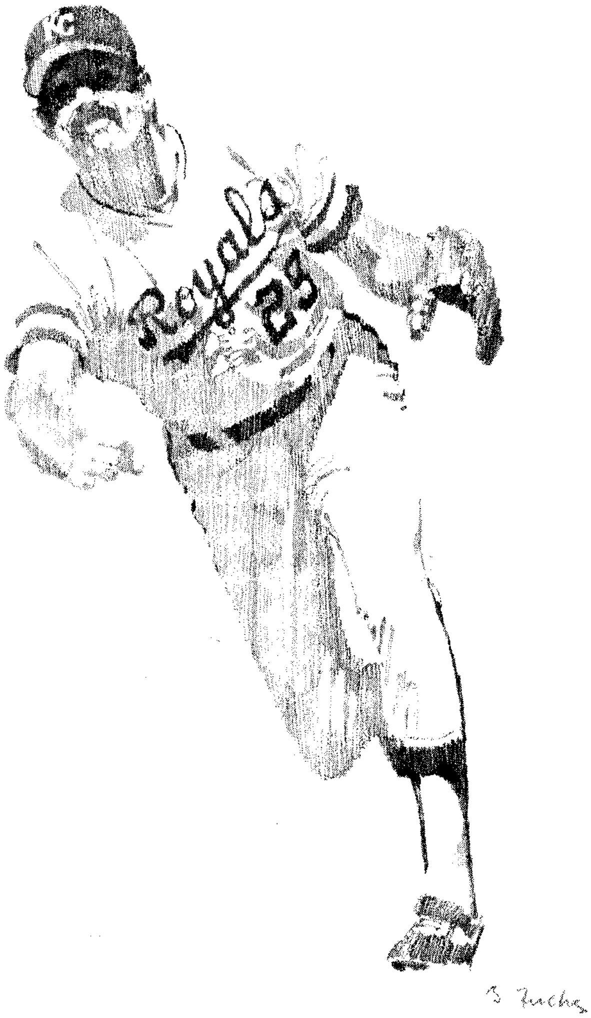
PROFILES

QUIS

TROUBLE in the ninth. The visiting team has just scored, to draw within a run of the home side, and there are base runners at first and third, with one out and the heavy part of the batting order just coming up. Even before the runner crossed the plate, the manager was on his way to the mound, and now he turns toward his bullpen and touches his right arm. The murmurous noises of anxiety in the park give way to applause and the fans' relishing cries of an outcome now almost foreseen as the bullpen car arrives and yields up its famous passenger, the great reliever. He is whiskered and hulking, and his impatient right-handed warmup pitches—seven seeds and a final down-busting curveball—bring gasps and little bursts of laughter in the stands. The No. 3 batter stands in and takes an instantaneous called strike—a fastball under his fists. He lays off the next pitch—a breaking ball, away—then swings hard at the next fastball and ticks it foul to the screen. Another fastball arrives, and he swings late and raises a feeble little pop foul, which is devoured by the first baseman. Two out now. The cleanup hitter, a large left-handed slugger, digs in and takes a ball, takes a strike. He cuts violently at the next delivery, a letter-high fastball, and misses, swinging cleanly through the pitch and then half-stumbling in the box to keep his balance. The first-base and third-base coaches clap their hands reassuringly—hang in there, big guy—but thirty thousand fans are on their feet now, screaming for the K. A slider here would break this batter in half, it seems, but the man on the mound has no such idea. Glowering, he leans in for the sign, stretches and stares, and delivers the inexorable heater—up and out of the strike zone, actually, but the bat has flashed and come around just the same, and the game is over. Ovations and euphoria. Handshakes and high fives in the infield, hugs in the stands. Aw *right*, we did it again!



Dan Quisenberry

Another ninth, in another city. The Kansas City Royals are leading the visiting Yankees, 5–2, and Royals manager Dick Howser has brought in his prime short reliever, Dan Quisenberry, to finish up. Quisenberry is a slim, angular right-hander, with sharp shoulders and a peaceable, almost apologetic mien. He has pinkish-red hair, a brushy ochre mustache, and round pale-blue eyes. Nothing about his looks is as surprising as his pitching delivery, however. He is a true submariner—a man "from down under," in baseball parlance—and every pitch of his is performed with a lurching downward thrust of his arm and body, which he must follow with a little bobbing hop off toward third base in order to recover his balance. At perigee, ball and hand descend to within five or six inches of the mound dirt, but then they rise abruptly; the hand—its fingers now spread apart—finishes up by his left shoulder, while the ball, plateward-bound at a sensible, safe-driving-award clip, reverses its earlier pattern, rising for about three-quarters of its brief trip and then drooping downward and (much of the time) sidewise as it passes the batter at knee level or below. One way or another, the pitch almost always finds part of the strike zone, but most people in the stands—even the home-town regulars in Royals Stadium—are so caught up in the pitcher's eccentricities that they don't always notice this. The oversight is forgivable, since Quisenberry is not a strikeout pitcher. But he doesn't walk batters, either; in his six hundred and thirty-five major-league innings (going into this season), he had surrendered a total of eighty-four bases on balls—one for each seven and a half innings' work, which for him comes out at about one walk every fourth game—and had plunked only two batters with pitched balls. Yet Quisenberry when pitching invites more similes than stats. His ball in flight suggests the kiddie-ride concession at a county fairgrounds—all swoops and swerves but nothing there to make a mother nervous; if you're standing close to it, your first response is a smile. At other times, the trajectory of the pitch looks like an expert trout fisherman's sidearm cast that is meant to slip the fly just under an overhanging clump of alders. The man himself—Quis in mid-delivery—brings visions of a Sunday-picnic hurler who has somehow stepped on his own shoelace while coming out of his windup, or perhaps an eager news photographer who has suddenly dropped to one knee to snap a celebrity debarking from a limousine.

In the Yankee game, Quisenberry dismisses his first batter, the towering Dave Winfield, on a harmless bouncer to short. The next hitter, Dan Pasqua, who bats left-handed, nubs a Quisenberry sinker down toward third base, where the spinning ball worms its way out of George Brett's glove for an infield single. Ron Hassey, another lefty swinger, takes a ball and then jumps on a high delivery—an up pitch: a mistake—and smashes the ball to deep center field, where Willie Wilson pulls it in with his back almost against the fence. Willie Randolph steps up to bat, swings and misses on a sinker, takes two balls, and then whacks a sharp single to center, sending Pasqua scooting around to third. The tying run, in the person of Mike Pagliarulo, comes up to the plate, to the accompaniment of some nervous stirrings in the Kansas City stands. Batting left-handed, he fouls off the first pitch, swings at a sinkerball that slips away from him and off the outer edge of the plate, takes a ball, and then stands immobile while another sinker, again backing at the last instant, catches the inside corner, low, for a called third strike. End of game. The crowd, although happy about the win, does not exactly split the sky in honor of this pitching performance, but in most ways it has been a typical outing for Dan Quisenberry: a couple of hits—one of them a half-hit squibbler to the wrong side of the infield—two solid pokes, one of which went for an out; no walks; no runs (one run would have been almost more like it); and another game safely put away. Quisenberry experienced some uncharacteristic pitching difficulties in the first half of this season—the game just set forth was played on July 23rd—but the official save that went into the record books that evening was his twentieth of the year, which put him ahead of all other American League relief pitchers in that department. It was his third save in four days, in a little string that eventually added up to six saves in six consecutive appearances. Last year, Quisenberry had forty-four saves in all, the most in his league, and figured in sixty per cent of the Royals' winning games; the year before that, he set an all-time record with forty-five saves, although a National League pitcher, Bruce Sutter—then with the Cardinals, now with the Braves—tied that figure in 1984.

Baseball's save rule (to get this out of the way, once and for all) has grown in significance in recent seasons, along with the rise of the short-relief specialist—that is, the man who comes in late in the game, sometimes only to nail down the last out or two (or *not* nail them down, as the case may be)—yet there are very few fans who can say for a certainty what constitutes an official save. The ruling states that the pitcher who is granted an official save when the game is over—it appears as an "(S)" next to his name in the box score—must be the finishing pitcher but not the official winning pitcher. He must furthermore pass one of three additional qualifications:

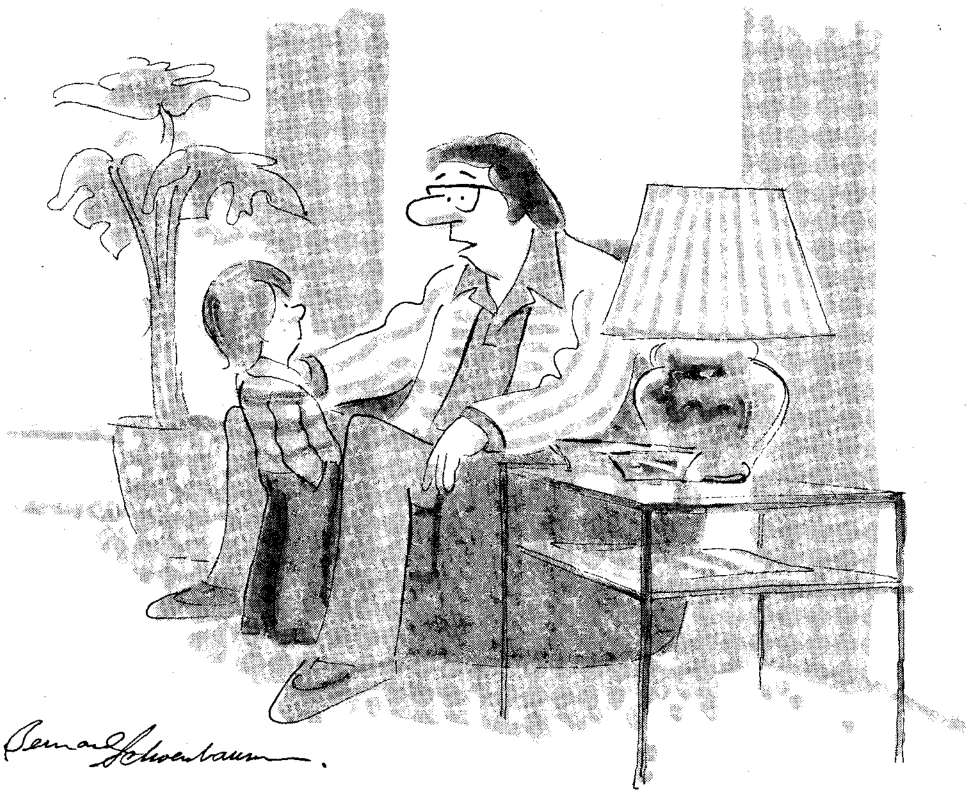
(a) he enters the game with a lead of no more than three runs and pitches at least one inning, or

(b) he enters the game, regardless of the count on an incumbent batter, with the potential tying run on base or at bat or on deck, or

(c) he pitches effectively for at least three innings.

That "effectively" is a judgment call, made by the official scorer, and there is sometimes hot disagreement about it up in the press box. There is also general disagreement about the value of saves as the ultimate yardstick of a relief man's work. Certain pitchers—Quisenberry is among them—almost never come into a game when their club is trailing, and therefore tend to accumulate more saves by the end of the year than some of their rivals. Some variously weighted combination of saves, earned-run average, and games won probably constitutes the fairest means of measurement, but here, as in other parlous areas of the pastime, the final word must be left to the writers and the fans, and to a thousand late-night logomachies.

Since Quisenberry adopted his submarine style, at the beginning of the 1980 season, his second in the majors, he has notched a hundred and seventy-five saves—twenty more than Sutter's total for those five years and forty-five more saves than those accumulated by Goose Gossage, the ex-Yankee and present Padre star, who may be recognized as the model for our classic fireballing bullpen ace in the imaginary inning above. The elegant and obdurate Rollie Fingers, who still performs for the Milwaukee Brewers at the age of thirty-nine, after experiencing some recent serious arm and back difficulties (he sat out the entire season of 1983), has compiled three hundred and twenty-four lifetime saves, the most among all relievers, past or present, but his best five seasons, even when counted non-consecutively, do not bring him within twenty saves of Quisenberry's work in the nineteen-eighties. No one else comes close. By a different measurement—saves plus wins—Quisenberry, with a total of two hundred and eight in this decade, is also well ahead of the pack. Quisenberry himself, a habitually modest man, would argue with some of these figures—with their significance, above all—but we must embarrass him by



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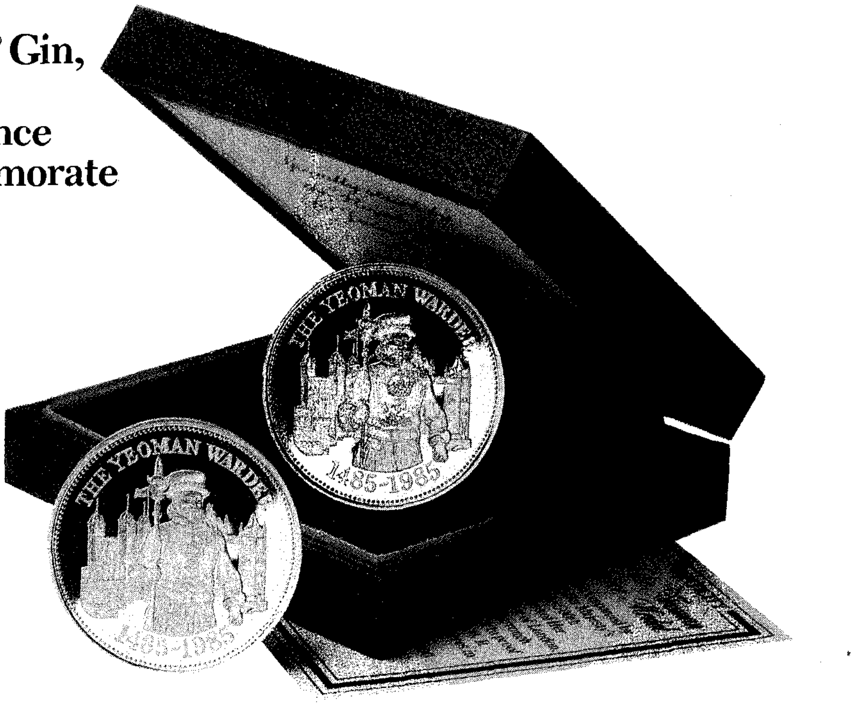

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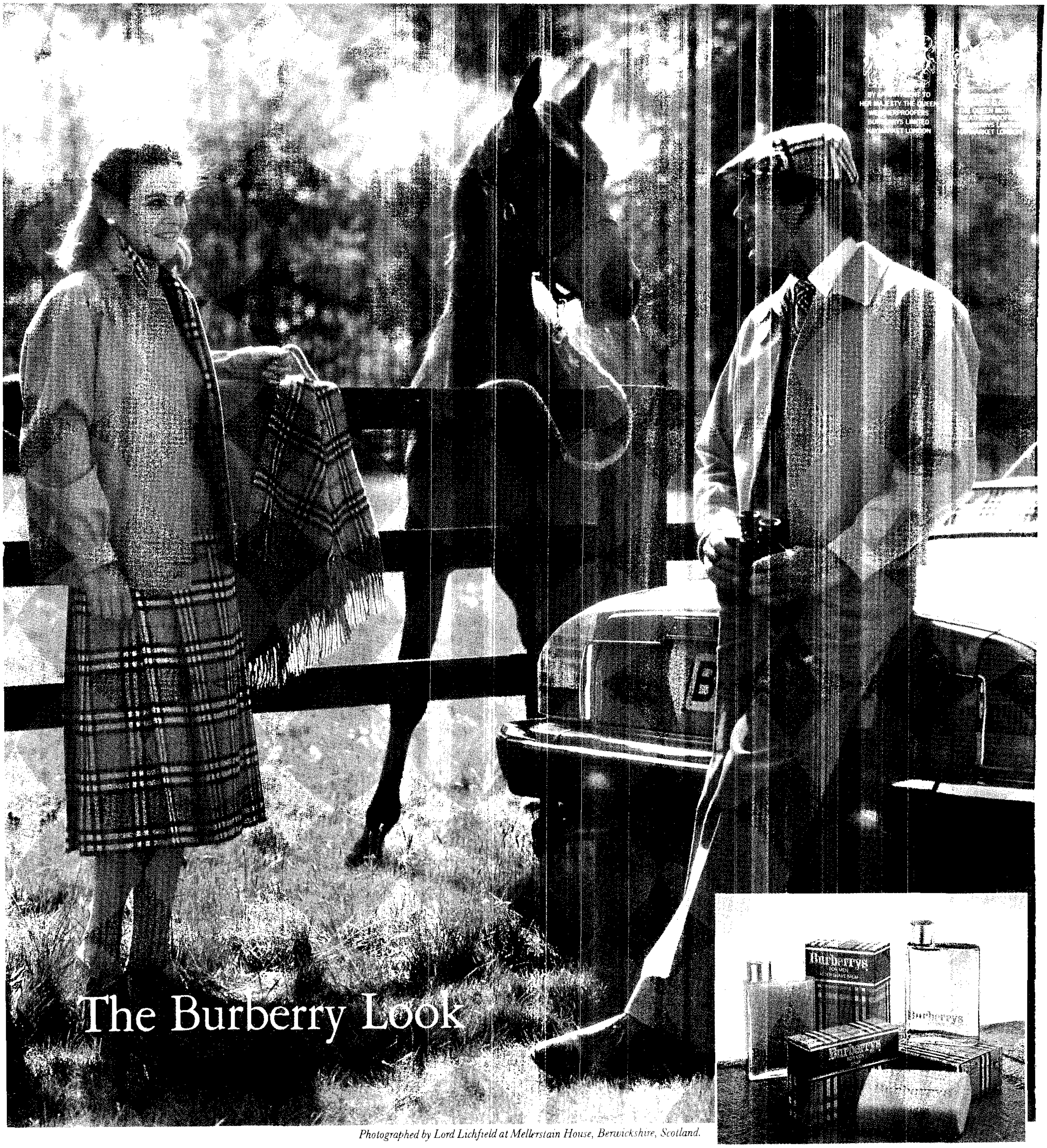
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WIFE
Nº 2
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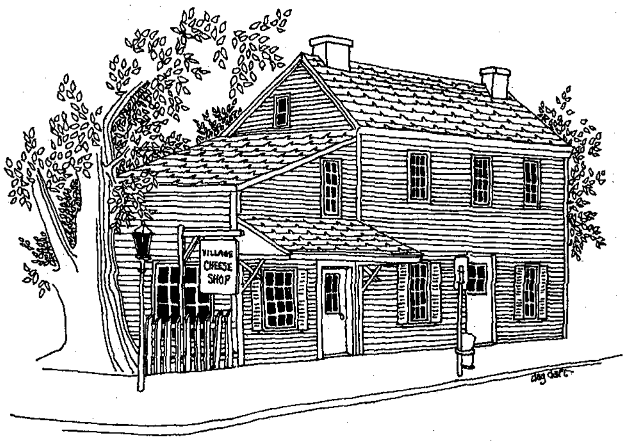
Nº 3

suggesting that he may be on his way to being the most successful practitioner of his odd calling that the game has ever seen.

Prototypes have a burrlike hold on our baseball memories, and most of us, thinking back to great relief pitchers of the past, will first come up with some Gossage-like dominator like Dick Radatz, the monster-tall Red Sox flinger who struck out more than one batter per inning in a short career back in the sixties; or, a decade earlier, the dangerously nearsighted Ryne Duren (his first warmup pitch, preserving an image, was often a ten-foot-high bullet to the backstop), who enjoyed two splendid seasons with the Yankees before flaming out; or perhaps even Al Hrabosky, the bearded, angry-looking performer for the Cardinals, Royals, and Braves over the past decade, who habitually turned his back on the batter between pitches while he muttered imprecations and inspirational messages to himself, and then strode balefully toward the rubber like a Bolshevik entering the Union League Club. There is no shortage of thrilling fastballers among today's short-relief specialists—the Cubs' Lee Smith and the Yankees' Dave Righetti come to mind at once—but over the years the lonely specialty has in fact attracted a whole character actors' guild of differing styles, quirks, looks, and dimensions. In my boyhood, relief pitchers seemed fatherly and calming; they were called "wily" in the papers. Johnny Murphy (*Fordham* Johnny Murphy) sometimes strolled in from the Yankees bullpen (then a shadowed alley between the grandstand and the bleachers in right field) to set things right in the late afternoons, especially if Lefty Gomez had started the game. Hugh Casey, toiling for the Dodgers in the nineteen-forties, ran up a lifetime winning percentage of .718 (fifty-one wins and twenty losses), which has yet to be topped by anybody out of the bullpen. Pitching against the Yankees in the fourth game of the 1941 World Series (I was there, sitting in the Ebbets Field upper deck in deep left field), Casey threw a spitball to Tommy Henrich that struck him out, swinging, to end the game—except that the ball, diving into the dirt, eluded catcher Mickey Owen, allowing Henrich to gain first base. Down a run, the Yankees rallied instantly for a 7–4 victory. A few years later, the ebullient Joe Page had become the celebrated Yankees stopper—the first young, or young-*looking* (he was almost thirty when he found his proper niche in the pastime), relief man in my experience. Jim Konstanty—a stolid, blue-collar sort of pitcher—won sixteen games and saved twenty-two, all in relief, for the Whiz Kid Phillies of 1950, and was the surprise starter in the first game of the World Series that fall; he lasted eight innings, giving up one lone run, but lost to the Yankees' Vic Raschi's two-hitter. Elroy Face, a forkballer, who looked almost dwarflike on the mound at five feet eight and a hundred and fifty pounds, pitched in eight hundred and forty-eight games (mostly for the Pirates) in the fifties and sixties, and accounted for a hundred and ninety-three saves; he was 18–1 in 1959—to this day, it scarcely seems possible—with all the decisions coming in relief. Once you start thinking about them, the relievers, the great extras, begin to come back in a flood: Ron Perranoski, the shining Dodger Stadium favorite, who went sixteen and three, with twenty-one saves and a 1.67 earned-run average, in 1963; Tug McGraw ("You Gotta *Believe!*"), who pitched so stoutly and stood for so much in two unexpected Mets pennants and one glorious Phillies World Championship; Mike Marshall, the chunky, hard-burning right-hander (he had a graduate degree in motion studies, or "kinesiology"), who worked for nine clubs during a fourteen-year career and twice somehow led his league in relief wins, losses, and saves, all in the same year; and Dick Hall, a lesser nova, perhaps, but a stalwart in innumerable significant games for the rising young Orioles of the sixties (he was a Swarthmore graduate who had started as an outfielder with the Pirates, and his cramped, twitchy pitching delivery, somebody once wrote, reminded you of a man feeling under a bed for a lost collar button). Kent Tekulve, the Pittsburgh praying mantis (he went over to the Phillies this spring), saved thirty-one games for the Pirates in 1978 and again in 1979; his skulking, up-from-under mound style much resembles the Quisenberry mode—for reasons we shall get to in a moment. All these, then, and Hoyt Wilhelm, too. A silent, withdrawn man with an odd, twisted tilt to his neck and head, Wilhelm did not win a job in the majors until he was twenty-nine, but then stayed on, with the Giants and eight other clubs, for twenty years. A knuckleballer first, last, and always, he threw the pitch with so little strain to his arm and psyche that he was able to establish lifetime records in five different pitching categories, including most wins in relief (one hundred and twenty-four) and most games pitched (one thousand and seventy—eighty-three more than his nearest rival, Lindy McDaniel, and a hundred and sixty-four more than Cy Young). He went into the Hall of Fame this summer—sailed in, with all seams showing.

It shouldn't be surprising that so many vivid and stout-hearted bullpen performers come flooding forth in this fashion once we pull the cork, but I still think that relief pitchers are slighted or faintly patronized in most fans' and writers' consideration. Ask somebody to pick an all-time or all-decade lineup for his favorite team or for one of the leagues and the chances are that the list will not include a late-inning fireman. Even with the best of the short men, the brevity of their patchwork, Band-Aid labors; their habitual confinement in faraway (and often invisible) compounds during the long early stretches and eventful midpassages of the game; their languorous, cap-over-eyes postures of ennui or lassitude—are they *asleep* out there?—for the first two or three hours of the event; their off-putting predilection for disorder and incipient disaster; the rude intrusiveness of their extroverted pitching mannerisms into the staid game-party; their reckless way of seizing glory, or else horridly throwing away a game nearly in hand, all in the space of a few pitches—all these confirm some permanent lesser status for them: scrubs, invisible weavers, paramedics, handymen. The slur persists, I think, in spite of clear evidence that relief men—the best of them, at least—are among the most highly rewarded and most sought-after stars of contemporary baseball. Five short-relief specialists—the Dodgers' Mike Marshall in 1974, the Yankees' Sparky Lyle in 1977, Bruce Sutter in 1979, Rollie Fingers in 1981, and the Tigers' Willie Hernandez last year (he appeared in eighty games for the World Champions, with thirty-two saves and an earned-run average of 1.92)—have won the Cy Young Award in their leagues, and Fingers and Hernandez also walked off with Most Valuable Player honors in those same years. Multimillion-dollar free-agent signings have moved Gossage from the Yankees to the Padres and Sutter from the Cards to the Braves in the past two seasons, while Bill Caudill (A's to Blue Jays) and Jay Howell (Yankees to A's) were crucial figures in the two most riveting trades of the past winter. Fingers, for his part, was probably the centerpiece of an intricate seventeen-player, three-way trade among the Padres, Cardinals, and Brewers in 1980, while the Yankees, having lost Gossage to the Padres, made the startling and ultimately successful decision to convert their No. 1 starting pitcher, Dave Righetti, into their No. 1 reliever last year—a unique turn of events, which suggests once again how long a shadow the short man now casts across the baseball landscape.

Scouts and players, managers and writers whom I consulted on the matter this summer were nearly unanimous in their selections of the best relief pitchers ever. They placed Fingers at the top of the list and then, in differing order, named Sutter, Gossage, and Sparky Lyle (who retired in 1982 with two hundred and thirty-eight lifetime saves). Almost none of them mentioned Quisenberry, and it seemed peculiar that when I brought up his name nearly everyone said something like "Oh, yes—I guess you'd have to put him in there somewhere, wouldn't you? He's a strange one, but he sure gets the job done." I couldn't tell from this whether it was Quisenberry's gently weird pitching style or his refreshing off-the-field manner (he is quick and comical, and much given to startlingly free-form images and put-ons during interviews) that had caused this persistent oversight, but I knew by now that it would come as no surprise to Quis himself, who has yet to win a Cy Young Award, even though he outpolled Hernandez last year by winning both the Rolaids and the *Sporting News* "Fireman of the Year" awards in the American League, each for the third straight year. If there is anything to my theory that relief pitchers are still a bit patronized in baseball because of their oddity, then here, too, Quisenberry belongs up near the head of the line.



"RELIEF pitchers like to pitch—that's what we all have in common. We're banded together in that small environment, and then the call comes and we're catapulted out into the screaming masses. It feels good to start thinking and getting ready to pitch. Then you run in—past the umpires and the infielders. That's when I feel absolutely the best—the moment when I'm back in there, into things, in a close game. Until that happens, you're not really part of the game. You're not part of anything."

Dan Quisenberry and I were sitting in the March sunshine at Terry Park, the Royals' spring-training camp, in Fort Myers, Florida. It was early in the day, before the morning calisthenics and the first batting-practice pitches, and there was an easy, beginning-of-things taste to the place and the time of day and the part of the year we were in. This was the first of several meetings I had with him during this baseball year—one-inning or two-inning talks, so to speak, almost like his own forays into the game—during which I hoped to get a clearer idea of his difficult profession and, if I was lucky, to become friends with him. I didn't need to worry about the last part, it turned out. Quisenberry's face is open and untroubled, and he speaks in a cheerful, self-deprecating fashion that seems to preclude silences or hesitancies on either side of a conversation. On this day, he was wearing his white, home-uniform pants, royal-blue spikes, and a pale-blue T-shirt. Up close, he seemed bigger than I had expected (he is six feet two and weighs a hundred and eighty pounds). He was thin but not frail, and although he is thirty-two his upper body somehow looked as if it might have grown an inch or two overnight, like a teen-ager's. It was late in the spring preseason, but his naturally pale skin didn't show much of a tan; it was more like a glow, and the hairs on his forearms were an odd, yellow-gold color. There was a dab of chewing

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"Most relief pitchers are pretty aggressive," Quis said a bit later. "They want to get a lot of attention, and you can see some of them getting psyched up out there on the mound. Gossage gets psyched. Al Holland gets psyched. There are guys who—you know, jump around and raise their fists and all. But there's such a thing as a casual aggressiveness, too. Sutter and Rollie Fingers are more calm. They're cool under pressure, and you can see them figuring things out out there."

ONE DOZEN
Judith Shahn

I asked him if he thought Sutter and Fingers were better at their profession than he was, and he said, "Yes, they're the best. They've done it longer. It's nice to have a couple of good years and good stats and all, but the great ones are the ones who get it up year after year after year. But sometimes I see them getting roughed up, too, and suddenly giving up three or four runs in a game, and I think, Boy, *they* can do that, too—it can happen to them, just like it happens to me! Being a relief pitcher is such a roller-coaster sort of thing. You're either a hero or the exact opposite, depending on what just happened. Everybody's coming down on your head, or else you're almost a religious icon if you've won. Neither reaction is totally accurate. If things go wrong, I think you always feel bad. You've failed the starting pitcher and let down your teammates, who have played two hours to get that lead, not to speak of your family and the fans who live and die with you every day. But somehow we can deal with that—which isn't to say there isn't kind of a stab about taking a loss. I think short-relief people are always anxious for the next thing. We know we're always about to get another chance. We'll be back out there the very next day, most times, while the starting pitcher has to wait four or five days before he gets back in there, and the long reliever or fifth starter might have to wait *ten* days. There are different kinds of strain. The starting pitcher has to get the same guys out three or four times in a night, which I don't, but then he doesn't need any mental toughness for the next four days. I think I'd hate that."

I asked him if he ever felt overmatched in a game, or oppressed by the fact that he always had to work in difficulties, a perpetual underdog.

"Well, I was a fan of the Braves and the Orioles when I was growing up, in the early sixties, and after that, of course, I was for the early Mets, like everyone else," he said. "I always liked Tony Cloninger, who wasn't all that good a pitcher. So I guess I identified with underdogs. I still prefer the underdog position, but with my numbers it's harder and harder for me to feel that way. Sometimes I think I *should* be the underdog, because I'm a major-league pitcher with very few resources. I just don't match up physically with the real athletes in the league. I can know these things, but when I'm on the mound I forget all that, and there are some days when I know I'm being effective. Now it's more like playing King of the Hill. I'm not supposed to lose in a save situation, *ever*, and there's a weight that comes with that, with trying to be the best. But there gets to be a kind of an appetite about getting saves. It almost can't be fulfilled—you want that 'S' after your name, you want to maintain that level."

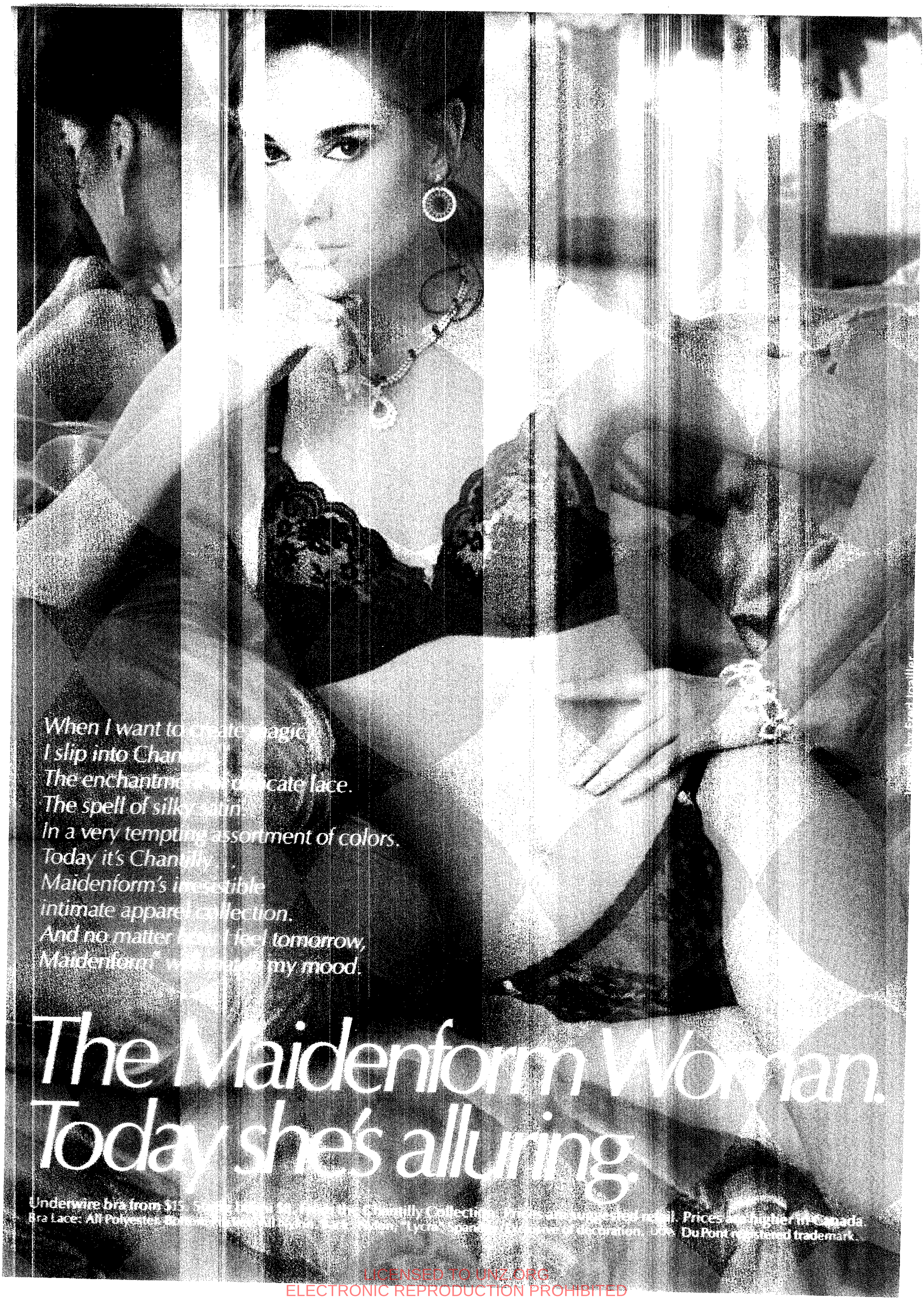
He paused, and laughed a little at his own intensity. "My real ambition, you understand, is to pitch so that I never get into the Sunday stats," he said. He was saying that some numbers are deceiving. Pitchers whose names turn up in the extended league statistics in the Sunday sports sections are those who have acquired a certain number of won or lost decisions along the way—a few at the beginning of the season, a dozen or more by its end. But a relief pitcher like Quisenberry, who comes on the scene very late in each game, almost always when his team is ahead by a run or two, dislikes picking up official credit for a win almost as much as he hates being charged with a loss, for that means that he has permitted the other team to score the tying or go-ahead run while he was out there, thus requiring his own team to rally for the victory.

Some short-relief specialists prefer to come into a game at the beginning of the eighth or ninth inning, instead of a bit later, when there are men on base and more trouble at hand; Goose Gossage, for instance, always liked the full-inning option when he was with the Yankees, and fretted because his last Yankee manager, Billy Martin, did not often oblige him. I asked Quisenberry how he felt about this, and he told me that he had no preference at all. He said it in such an uncharacteristically vehement way that I thought at first I had misunderstood him. There was a gang mower working up and down the outfield lawn near us at that moment, and I repeated the question in a louder voice; just then the machine cut off suddenly and my words came out in a shout, and we laughed together.

"I have no preference," Quis went on, more peaceably. "I think I'm going to pitch every night, and I like the uncertainty of that. It doesn't matter to me if I come in to start an inning or with the bases loaded, and it doesn't matter to me who's up at bat. I don't have any choice, so it doesn't matter. If I had a choice, I'd say bring up your Class A team and I'll pitch to *them.* I also don't like it if my manager or my pitching coach asks me if I want an inning tonight, just to get my work in, or asks me if I'm tired after a lot of appearances in a row and might want the night off. My answer is that I want to be told what to do. I want to pitch when you need me."

It took me a while before I quite saw the elegance and usefulness of this attitude. Relief pitchers, of course, deal almost exclusively with dire straits: it comes with the country. If they start to worry about this, if they think about worst-case or best-case situations or which hitters they'd rather not pitch to in a jam, they have made matters infinitely harder for themselves. Quis had simply turned off that kind of anxiety; it had ceased to exist for him. He is good at this—it is almost as much a part of his repertoire as his sinkerball. "When I'm away from the park or at home, I try not to think about my work at all," he told me on another occasion. "This job would be a killer if you couldn't do that. There's plenty of time for me to worry from the sixth inning on."

ONE finger down, by ancient tradition, is the catcher's signal for a fastball, but whoever is catching Dan Quisenberry knows that one finger means the sinker. Quis doesn't *have* a fastball. For the sinker, he holds the ball with the seams and tries to throw without undue stress or snap; it arrives at about seventy-eight or eighty m.p.h. and, ideally, executes a small hip swerve as it crosses the plate. Quisenberry likes to give the impres-



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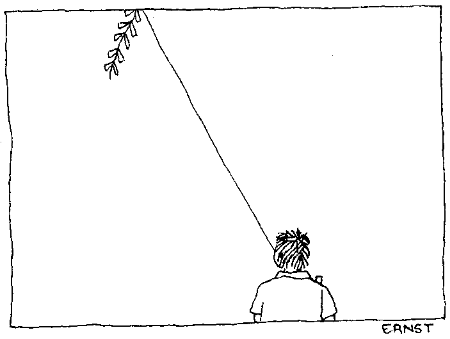
sion that he has nothing much to do with the action of the pitch or its results. "I've always felt that when I throw it something wonderful is going to happen—something good for us," he said to me once. On another day, he suddenly asked, "Have I ever told you about my agreement with the ball?" I said no, and he said, "Well, our deal is that I'm not going to throw you very hard as long as you promise to move around when you get near the plate, because *I want you back*. So if you do your part we'll get to play some more." He watched my reaction to this with considerable relish, and then elaborated in less Oz-like fashion. "I've got good control and some movement, but there are guys around with better sinkers than mine. Greg Minton is one. Jim Acker, who's with Toronto. Bob Stanley. Mine is generally around the plate and low. You can't start it out at the batter's knees, because if you do it's a ball. If you want it inside on a right-hander, you kind of throw it over the middle a little and let it run in—hopefully *down* and in. If it's going to be outside to a left-hander, you're throwing it to the outer half—the outer half of the plate to him, that is—and it's supposed to go down and away. If you want it inside to him, you throw it off the plate, and it's meant to run back over. But of course if the ball doesn't do its job, if it starts dancing all over the place—well, then it's going to get hurt."

Even when it is doing its job, the Quisenberry sinker is apt to have adventures. He gives up something on the order of one hit per inning, and a lot of his outs come on hard-hit balls that seem to be hit right at one of his infielders. "Magical things keep happening behind me," Quis often says, and he points out that the Kansas City second baseman, Frank White, has extraordinary range and hands, and that White's two partners at shortstop in recent years—first U. L. Washington and now Onix Concepcion—are scarcely less talented. The infield at Royals Stadium is AstroTurf, which should be a considerable handicap for a man who throws so many ground balls, but his defense makes up for that, it seems. George Brett, the Royals third baseman, told me that when the team won a pennant in 1980 Quisenberry's infielders ragged him with references to his "30–30–30 Club"—thirty saves, thirty strikeouts, and thirty great plays made behind him. "He's a comfortable guy to bat against," Brett said. "Guys go up there looking to hit the ball. He's like Scott McGregor, of the Orioles. You feel good batting against him, every time, and at the end of the game you realize you've gone oh-for-four—a *comfortable* oh-for-four."

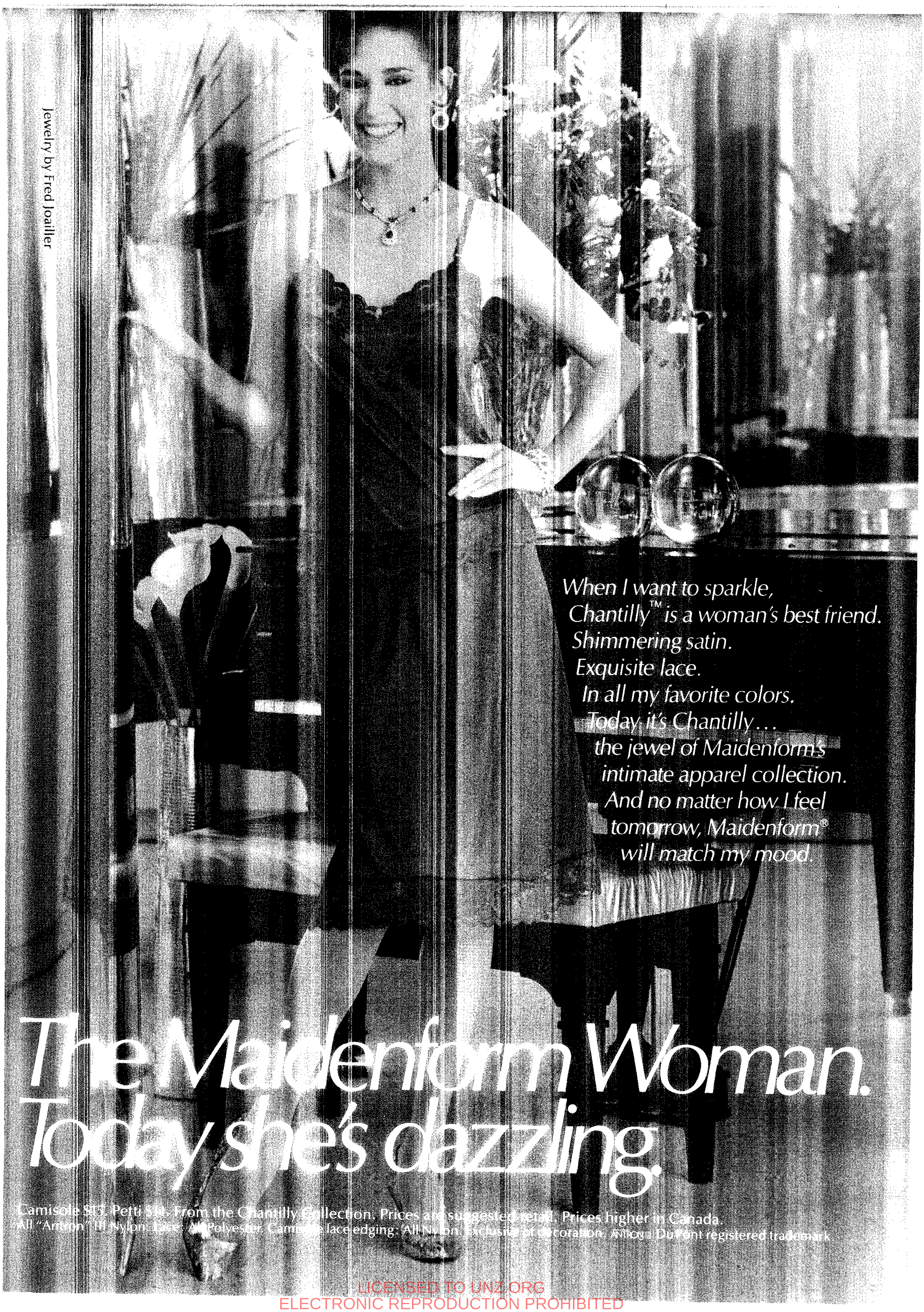
Quisenberry, in any case, has some other pitches, and he has worked incessantly to widen his repertoire. It took him until 1982 to develop an effective breaking ball, and last year he came up with a change-up that he at last felt confident about. He tinkered with a forkball for a time but had to junk it. When the Royals made a barnstorming visit to Japan at the end of the 1981 season, Quisenberry mastered the knuckleball—a nasty shock for American League batters the following summer. But the knuckler doesn't quite work for him anymore, for some reason. "If the knuckleball was my wife, I'd divorce her," Quis said. "She's not consistent, she's not reliable—I just can't depend on her at all. I can throw it great in warmups or playing catch, but in a game now I just use it to show the batters that it's there. If it's done right, it's the most fun pitch to throw in the world. The good knuckleball pitchers throw it just about all the time. With them, it's a stronger relationship. I think I'm just about out of new pitches. I can work on locations and different speeds, but there isn't much more I can think of. I wish I could throw the overhand curveball. Wouldn't *that* be a surprise!"

Back at Terry Park, Quisenberry had told me about his conversion into a submariner, which came about on that very field in the spring of 1980. He had been called up from Omaha in the middle of the previous season, at a time when the Royals were desperate for any kind of a middle-innings relief man who could get people out; he was far from their first choice for the job, but he stuck on, and even accounted for five saves; mostly, he was the set-up man for Al Hrabosky, who was then the club's short-relief honcho. Quisenberry was a standup sidearm pitcher then, with virtually no breaking ball. Jim Frey succeeded Whitey Herzog as the Kansas City skipper the next spring, and early in the training schedule Quisenberry had a very bad outing against the Pirates. After the game, Frey asked him to throw for him on the sidelines, to see what he had. After about fifteen pitches, Frey began saying things like "Are you throwing as hard as you can?" and "Is *that* the way you throw your breaking ball?" and Quis concluded that there might be a quick turnaround just ahead in his career. A day or two later, Frey told him that he'd set up a sidelines appointment for him with Kent Tekulve, the great Pittsburgh submariner, when the Pirates next came down from Bradenton to play.



"I thought he was just going to give me a few pointers," Quisenberry said, "but when the day came Jim said to Tekulve, 'We want this guy to be like you. He throws a little like you already, but basically he doesn't have shit.' So it was a total makeover. Tekulve showed me there were three basics to the motion, which were: sit on your back leg, bend at the waist, and, most important, extend the left leg—my front leg—way beyond the normal point out ahead. He told me to open up about six or eight inches beyond what's normal, coming right at the plate with the leg, and not to put that foot out heel-down at first, which is your natural instinct. This opens your body up a whole lot more, and it lets you stay low and keeps your arm low. If I don't get way out there and do that, I land *here*"—Quis was on his feet now—"with this front leg locked, and I start and end standing up, throwing the old sidearm way. I've always got to fight that. It's a battle for me, in spring training and all through the season, because when the ball comes up, the way it wants to, I've got nothing. Staying down like that is a strange feeling when you first try it, because you're totally off balance and you keep thinking you're going to fall over sideways. If I don't make this little hop at the end of the motion, I *do* fall over.

"Well, I didn't like this at all. Frey and a lot of our coaches were watching, and I was throwing all over the place and bouncing the ball before it got to the plate. Teke kept saying, 'Hey, that's a good pitch, that's the way to throw,' and I'm thinkin', I have no *idea* what I'm doing. But Jim liked it, and two days later he put me

Jewelry by Fred Joailler

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in another game—it was against the Pirates again, but Tekulve wasn't here—and I did real well. I was on my way."

Yes. That summer, Quisenberry, who had never run up more than fifteen saves in a season during his five-year stay in the minors, saved thirty-three games for the pennant-bound Royals, and also went 12–7 in the won-lost accounting, while appearing in a league-leading seventy-five games. He won a game and saved another one against the Yankees in the American League playoffs. He had another win and another save in the club's losing six-game World Series against the Phillies, but in fact pitched poorly in the classic, unexpectedly giving up some walks and being charged with two of the team's losses. It was clear that he was very tired at this point, but by most measurements it had been quite a year.

Other submarine-style pitchers have thrived in the majors, to be sure, though never in great numbers. The list is headed by the unfortunate Carl Mays, a starting pitcher who won two hundred and eight games while in the employ of the Red Sox, Yankees, Reds, and Giants, more than sixty years ago, but is remembered now only as the man who threw the pitch that struck and killed Ray Chapman, of the Indians: the majors' only fatality. Eldon Auker, another starter, won a hundred and thirty games while toiling for the dangerous Tigers of the nineteen-thirties, and subsequent underhanders included Dick Hyde and Ted Abernathy, relievers who both worked for the Washington Senators (although Abernathy's most successful years came when he pitched for the Cubs and then the Reds), and the capable Cecil Upshaw, a nine-year bullpen stalwart with the Braves in the sixties and seventies. I asked Quisenberry once why more people hadn't taken up the submariner's way after he had demonstrated how successful it could be. He said that in fact he had tried to pass along the Tekulve Method to several pitchers—Dick Howser, his present manager, had no objection as long as he wasn't tutoring pitchers on contending teams in the American League West, who would be competing directly against the Royals for a pennant—but none of them had found much success with it. Larry Andersen, now a successful pitcher with the Phillies, experimented with the submarine pitch but then went back to a more upright style, and Dave LaRoche, a much-travelled fourteen-year journeyman left-hander, and John Verhoeven, of the Twins, tried it for a while just before they dropped out of baseball for good. (Verhoeven was a teammate of Quisenberry's back in La Verne College—now La Verne University—in California, in the seventies.) Odell Jones, of Texas, Jeff Jones, of the Oakland A's, and Rich Thompson, of the Indians, came to Quis for lessons, too, but, like the others, they had little success from down under. I asked Dick Howser about this paradox one day, and he said, "Yes, he's tried to help, but most guys can't seem to stay with it for long. What you're leaving out of the equation is Quisenberry's maturity and personality. I can't explain it. Everybody can talk about it and analyze it, but nobody can tell you why some people have that winning attitude and others don't. I've been around some great ones in my time—Sparky Lyle and Gossage and now Quisenberry. They were very different people, but they all had that special thing. They're unselfish. They don't want adulation, but they absolutely relish the situation. They don't have the luxury of making mistakes. And you have to remember that it takes real courage to change yourself over like Quisenberry did, and stay with it until you get it right. If it doesn't work for you, it can be the end of a career."

d. ehrenberg

Quis had a good two innings against the Rangers on my last afternoon at Fort Myers. He retired the side on five pitches in the eighth and gave up a harmless single—a bouncer over the mound—in the ninth to nail down a K.C. win. It was another save, if that mattered. He worked quickly, the way he always does, and the sinker was there, although it wasn't quite on the corners yet. After the game, he seemed boyish and exuberant, exchanging japes and smiles in the clubhouse with Renie Martin, another Kansas City reliever, who is a close friend. (Martin didn't make the final cut, and pitched in Omaha this year.) Quis's blond three-year-old son, David, was in the locker room that afternoon, and several of the tall Royals players came over to talk to the little boy and ask him if his dad had taught him to throw underhand yet. On our way into the clubhouse, Quis had introduced me to his wife, Janie, and their five-year-old daughter, Alysia, and to Janie's parents, Fred and Pat Howard, who were visiting from California—a pack of stage-door johnnies together on the lawn, waiting to drive the leading man home for a swim before supper.

Inside, Quis told me that he would probably pitch one more time in Florida before the regular season began. His expression changed a little. "It's about to start," he said. "We're a week away, and to do what the club wants me to do I'm going to have to be great. Rollie's got to be great, Sutter's got to be great, Gossage's got to be great . . ."

I said that most people didn't work at jobs where greatness was exactly a daily prerequisite, or could be measured.

"Yes, there's a tension that comes with that, and when the season comes that tension will be there all the time. It's starting to happen to me now. I've begun to wonder when that little click will come, when the switch will go on. I don't know where it is—here in the heart or in the brain, or what. I don't know how I turn it on, but somehow it happens every year."

He seemed almost sombre, but in a moment or two he was telling me about the little array of bubble-gum baseball cards that were pinned to the top of his clubhouse cubicle. "There are some special friends here," he said. "Ken Phelps and I were pals, and Mike Armstrong—he's with the Yankees now—used to be in the bullpen here with me. We had these great times together. Bob Stanley is sort of a hero of mine—a peerless sinkerballer. But there are cards of some people I *don't* like all that much. Johnny Grubb over there beat me in that playoff game last fall, and Kirby Puckett's hit a whole bunch of high hoppers off me, for hits. Kirk Gibson took me way deep in '82, and there's one guy here—never mind who—who gets in the ice a lot. You know, you might find him in the training room for a tough game."

I asked if he'd collected baseball cards when he was a boy.

"Sure I collected," he said. "I had about a million. But I never cleaned up my room, so they all got thrown out somewhere along the line. That's life, I guess—or part of it."

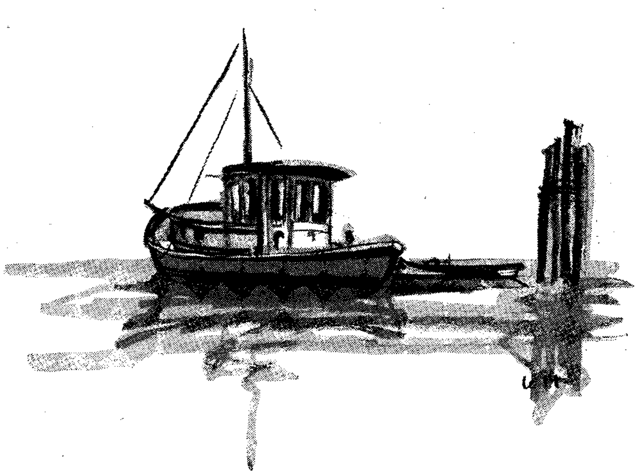
THE new season began in desultory fashion for Quisenberry. On four occasions in April, he failed to hold a lead or a tie score in games he entered, and when I next saw him—early in May, during the Royals' first visit to Yankee Stadium—his record stood at 2–2, with three saves and an earned-run average of 3.45. He seemed not much concerned by these numbers (he has never been a particularly fast starter, down the years), but I knew by now that he would not have complained or looked grumpy even if he *were* upset with himself. He had a middling-poor outing against the Yankees in that stand, but three days later, at home against the Orioles, he was horribly racked, surrendering three runs in the ninth inning, on four hits and a pair of walks, and very nearly blowing a 9–4 Royals lead. By now, he had given up twenty hits and ten earned runs in his last nine and two-thirds innings of work. Things were bad, but not quite at their worst. The worst came the very next day, when the Royals played an exhibition game against their Omaha farm club and Dick Howser brought in Quisenberry to pitch the eighth inning, clearly in hopes that his famous short man could recover his form against a lineup of Class AAA minor-league hitters. Instead, the roof fell in: three singles, a stolen base, and a pair of earned runs, all in one inning. Almost everything he threw was hit, and hit *hard*. Quisenberry, telling me about it later, said that he had felt as if he were in the middle of a pinball machine. "I thought, *Uh*-oh," he said. "I knew it was time to climb down from whatever kind of weird flight I'd been on and catch the next plane back."

He turned things around for a while, starting with a tidy inning against the Yankees his next time out (it was an NBC "Game of the Week" presentation), when Howser brought him on in the ninth, with the Yankees ahead by 11–3. Starting that day, Quisenberry put together a dazzling stretch of work, during which he surrendered one lone run (it was unearned) in eleven appearances; he picked up seven saves in eighteen and a third innings pitched, and his earned-run average shrank from 5.60 to 2.75. He was back on track, or so it seemed. His next game, however—at Comiskey Park, on June 1st—was a nightmare. He faced six White Sox batters in the seventh inning and retired none of them, surrendering five hits and three runs; when Howser took him out of the game at last, it was only the third time in his major-league career that he had failed to finish an inning.

I went out to Kansas City at the end of June, to see the Royals play a weekend series against the division-leading California Angels. The Royals were in fourth place, four and a half games behind the visitors, and I was pretty sure that Quisenberry blamed himself to some degree for their disappointing record to date. Things had gone better for him since the debacle in Chicago, and his earned-run average had been slowly dropping for three weeks, but he had been cuffed about here and there as well. He told me that he felt confused and frustrated by the season's unexpected turn of events, and that at times pitching hadn't been fun for him. "It's too big a part of me for it not to be fun," he said. "There has to be an element of that, or the game will drive you crazy. I've known times before when I could throw everything pretty well and still lose, and I'd feel all right, but if balls are being hit off my forehead or keep bouncing against the outfield wall it's— Well, it gets chaotic."

A week or two before my visit, Royals pitching coach Gary Blaylock had noticed on a game videotape that Quisenberry's left foot wasn't landing far enough out in front and to the left as it came down in mid-delivery; he was blocking himself out a bit, and his sinker wasn't sinking much in consequence. Quis made the correction, and it helped. When Quisenberry told me about this, I pointed out that this was exactly the chronic problem that he had described for me during spring training. "Yes," he said at once, "so why is it always so hard?" He threw his hands up in mock despair. Part of the trouble—most of his early trouble, perhaps—was the money. Quis said that back in April and May he had noticed that he was squeezing the ball on the mound in difficult situations and that he'd often found himself trying to throw the perfect pitch: a ten-foot sinker, a nine-foot breaking ball. He said he'd even tried to throw a ninety-mile-an-hour fastball here and there—insanity for him. "Why would I try anything like that at *this* point in my career?" he said. Others on the club noticed, of course. "He had that one streak when he'd just signed the contract and he seemed uptight, like he was trying to prove to himself and to everybody that he deserved all that money," George Brett told me. "I'd go over to see him, and he'd be stuttering on the mound when we talked. It even seemed as if he'd forgotten where he was supposed to be on some plays, so I'd have to tell him. It wasn't like him at all. Now that's all over with, and he's back to his old loose self. You take a look at him after a game and can't tell if he just got the save or took a loss. He's always the same—you count on that."

Last winter, the Royals front office completed a revolutionary reshaping of its salary structure, which included the offer of extraordinary lifetime contracts to three of the team's established stars: George Brett, Willie Wilson, and Dan Quisenberry. The decision was not the result of any pending salary negotiations with the three (Quisenberry was in the third year of a four-year contract, which paid him about eight hundred thousand dollars per year) but seemed intended, rather, to guarantee their presence in the Kansas City lineup for the remainder of their professional careers, and to free them—the players and the Royals management, and perhaps the fans as well—from the trauma of future high-level contract struggles and the possible loss of any or all of the stars to free agency if an impasse should develop. The three contracts are differently constituted, but in effect they make the men co-investors in major real-estate holdings now belonging to Avron Fogelman, of Mem-



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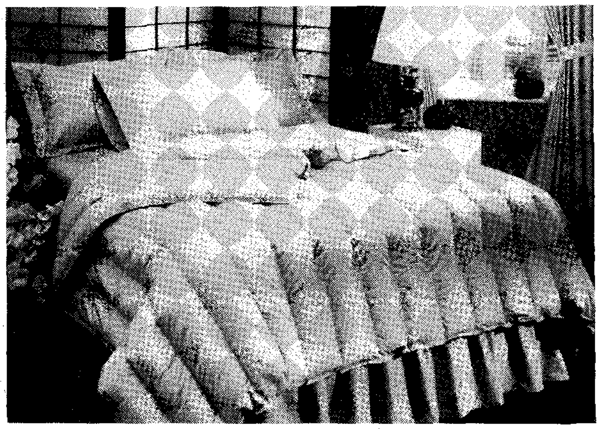

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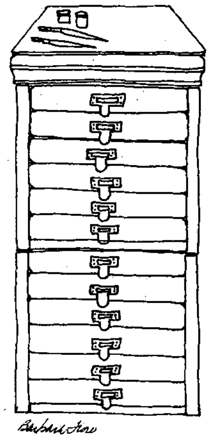
phis, who owns forty-nine per cent of the Royals franchise. Under Quisenberry's plan, he will be paid about six million dollars for the next six seasons' work (including this season), but tax-sheltered real-estate reinvestments in that same time will return him something on the order of forty-five or fifty million dollars over the next forty years. No other team, it should be added, has made any such generous or wide-sweeping arrangement with a group of players who are still in the middle years of existing contracts, but it does not seem impossible that a few foresighted and well-established contending clubs with multimillionaire businessmen owners will someday follow the Kansas City example.



Quisenberry looked uneasy when I suggested that his new contract might have been the immediate cause of his early troubles on the mound, and only later in the season, when I brought up the question again, did he say—quietly and almost in an offhand way—that, yes, the money might have had something to do with it. Plainly, he didn't want to make excuses for himself—most of all an excuse with such impossible proportions and overtones. Paul Splittorff, a recently retired Royals star pitcher, who is a close friend of Quisenberry's (Quis calls him "one of my life heroes"), has no doubts about the matter. "Early this year, Quis said he felt strange about the new contract," he told me. "He kept saying that this money was crazy—how important was what he did in baseball to the scheme of the world, and things like that. I kept telling him that they had come to him with the money, not the other way around, so he shouldn't feel the pressure. But this kind of thing always happens. You're the same kind of player, no matter what they're paying you. If you're a lifetime .280 hitter, that's what you are, and you can't make yourself into a .300 hitter because of the money. It's even tougher on Quis, because if he tries to throw five miles an hour faster—which is inevitable—he's in trouble. Of course he's happy about the money, and surprised, but, being the kind of man he is, it's hurt him, too."

None of these quandaries and surprises were apparent in Quisenberry's demeanor when we met in the spacious Royals clubhouse on Saturday afternoon. The coming game, a night affair, was still hours away, but Quis, who habitually arrives very early at the park, was already in uniform and ready for the next thing. Like other veteran ballplayers I have encountered, he seemed exceptionally contented in his clubhouse; he looked almost dug in, and, watching him there, with his friends and his mail and his keepsakes (there was a child's red fireman's hat, with a red headlight on it, perched on top of his cubicle), I thought of Mole at home in his slippers, in "The Wind in the Willows." Quisenberry is a genial and respected figure in the clubhouse (he is the Royals' player representative: their elected union delegate in the Players Association), and so many overlapping conversations were swirling around his corner of the den that I was glad when he suggested that we walk out to visit his other place of business—the bullpen. There were a couple of other players in view outside as we strolled across the warm ungrass—the home bullpen is in right field at Royals Stadium—but the sunstruck table of the field and the rising tiers of gleaming empty seats encircled us in a silent bowl of light.

"There's Charlie Leibrandt over there, throwing up on the sidelines," Quis said, nodding his head toward one of the Royals playing catch. He watched for my reaction—this is a first-year-Little League baseball joke—and I laughed in spite of myself. "This year's bullpen is starting to develop," he went on. "It's a good group. Each year, the makeup of the pen is a little different, and the feeling changes. Our new man out here is Mike LaCoss"—LaCoss, an experienced National League right-handed pitcher, had been signed as a free agent over the winter—"and we're getting to know him a little. We call him Buffy and Izod, or Izoid, and Buffenstein. I never know where all the nicknames come from. He likes to mix it up—get on guys and have them get on him. He's an expert bridge player, or thinks he is. Then there's Mike Jones, Joe Beckwith, and John Wathan, the catcher—he always sits a little bit apart—and the rest. Joe watches All-Star wrestling, and he likes to show us all the new holds. Renie Martin used to bring pencil and paper, and he'd draw little cartoons of things that happened in each game. Last year was a good crossword bullpen, but we're not so big on that this year for some reason. But we still do the crossword in the paper first thing every day, and then Izod looks at the bridge hand and tells us how Omar Sharif would have played it. The early part of the game is given to the starting pitcher and the other guys on the field, and Jimmie Schaffer—Muggsy (he's our bullpen coach)—sets the tone. We're critical, I mean. If a pitcher in the game gets behind in the count, he says, 'How can you not throw strikes with *that* garbage?' and you know he's saying it about you when you're in the game. There's a total freedom in the bullpen—freedom of speech, freedom of action. One of the great things about baseball is that everything gets out in the open."

I asked if he'd heard from the others in the pen when he was having troubles this year, and he said, "Oh, sure. I was called Firecan and Arson and—well, much better stuff than that, if I could remember it. Silence would be terrible under those circumstances. We get on everybody, except there's sort of a compact about the rookies—you go easier with them. And then of course you don't say much to the next man who's going to come into the game—he's off in his little world, getting ready."

Quisenberry, I'd been told, starts to get ready after the sixth inning or so. He becomes withdrawn and abstracted, preparing for what is to come. Players call this "putting on your game face."

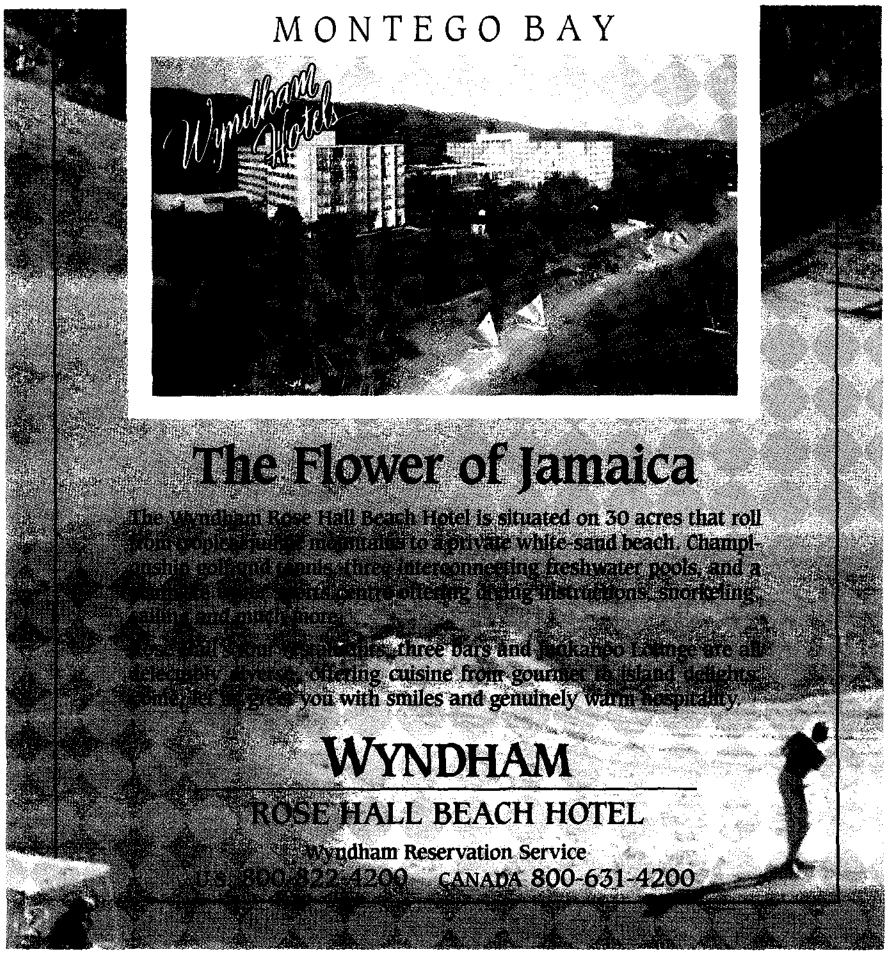
We had reached outer right field by now, and Quis pointed to a spot on the AstroTurf about twenty feet short of the right-field foul pole. "This is where the ball landed when Robin Yount hit a shot against me here once. Clint Hurdle dove for it and missed, and it turned into an inside-the-park home run. Sometimes when you're sitting over here in the pen, you can see a line drive disappear into the right-field corner, with the right fielder chasing it. Then the ball comes flying past you on the ground, going in the other direction, and then here comes the fielder again after it, like a dog after a rabbit. It's a great sight."

He stopped, and began pointing out various places in the empty right-field stands above us. "Two girls from Topeka sit up there, most games," he said. "They drive all the way here for the games, and then drive home again. Up there, there's an old gent we call

Colonel Sanders—he has that look. Then there's a great fan named Joe Hess, who has a long white beard. He's Santa Claus, of course. There's a guy in Army fatigues who comes a lot—I call him Phnom Penh—and there are three or four grandmas who sit together over here: old sweethearts. You get to know the real fans. Some Sunday games, on days when it's real hot, I get out the ground crew's hose and spray the fans, who line up to hang over that incline over the pen. I only do it in the middle of the sixth inning, and the fans who want to cool off come over and crowd around for it. It's a custom, I guess."

We reached the bullpen—a row of orange grandstand seats under an oblong fibre-glass roof and behind a high chain-link fence, with one larger, round, overstuffed black chair in the corner: Muggsy Schaffer's throne. The phone to the dugout was on an adjacent wall. There were a dozen or more little marks scratched on the telephone receiver box, and when I pointed them out Quisenberry said they were left over from the previous season, when the bullpen people had begun keeping track of the number of outstanding fielding plays made by the new Royals first baseman, Steve Balboni—plays that, in their judgment, his predecessor at the position, Willie Aikens, would probably *not* have made. Behind the bullpen chairs were two pitcher's mounds and two home plates set out along a stretch of lush, beautiful grass—the only natural lawn in the park. It is a small irony of contemporary baseball that the Royals' George Toma is considered the best groundskeeper in the business and now has no grass to cultivate except in the bullpens and down some tilted strips of turf that surround the celebrated Royals Stadium fountains, beyond the fences. Quisenberry pointed out Toma's office, which is under the stands, to one side of the bullpen, and then took me into a vast concrete equipment shed stuffed with mowers and rakes and rollers, a couple of John Deere tractors, coils of thick hose, and so forth. Just beyond this was a long, upcurving concrete tunnel, which held more equipment; several cars were parked in the tunnel.

"This is all wonderful," Quis said, "because what you want most in a bullpen is distraction. During a long game, you can walk over here and visit with George. His office is air-conditioned, and sometimes he'll give you a cup of coffee or some of that iced tea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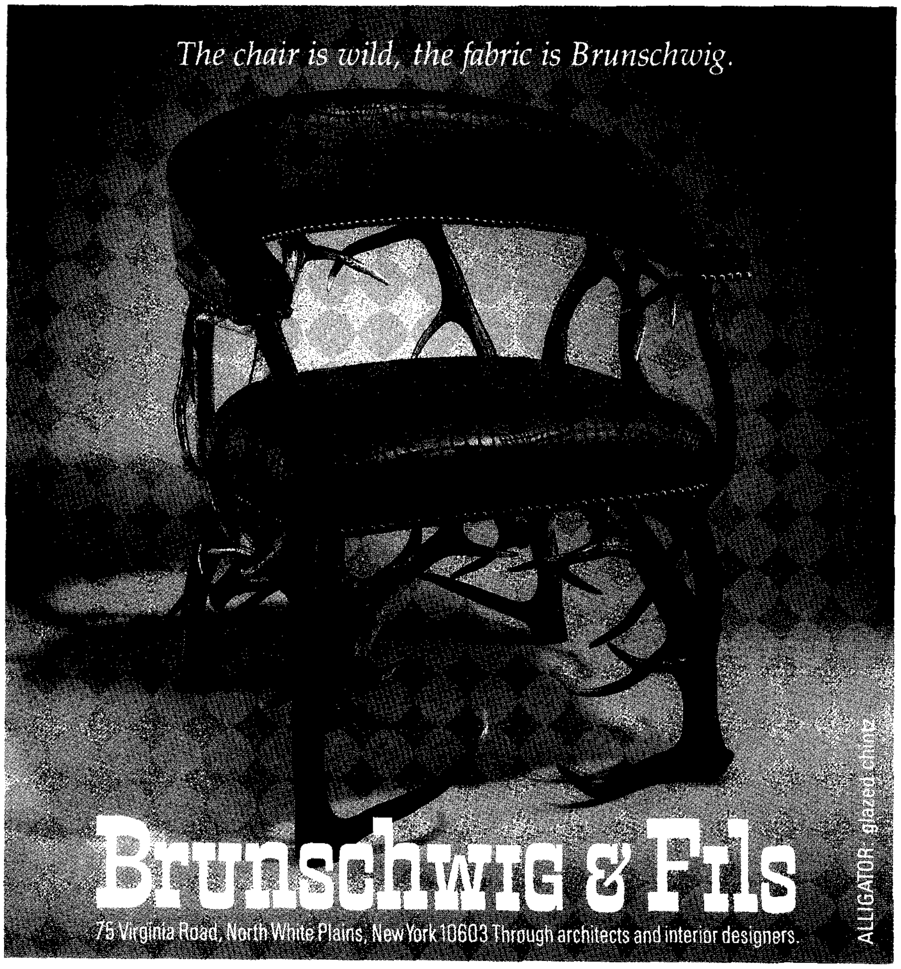
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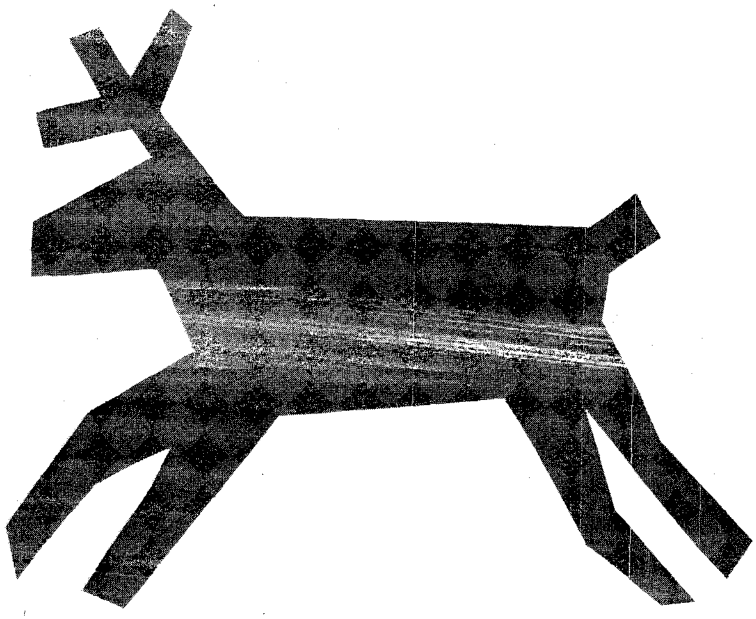

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I asked Quisenberry about the requisites for a good bullpen, and he mentioned distance from the fans ("You don't want to hear *everything* they're saying to you"), some kind of roof for rain protection, a good bathroom, and a screen to keep balls from getting loose on the field when you're warming up. He much prefers enclosed bullpens to the ones that border the outer stretches of the playing field in foul ground. California's bullpen is beyond the fence, and so are the pens in Chicago, Yankee Stadium, and Baltimore; Oakland and Minnesota and Toronto have sideline pens. And so on. Seattle has a sideline pen and no bathroom; the visiting pen there was moved from right field to left field last year, and a player who needs to use the bathroom has to come in between innings, passing both dugouts along the way. (Quis had begun to sound like a *Guide Michelin*, and I began to envision glyphs illustrating the amenities and points of interest for a young pitcher making his first grand tour of the American League.)

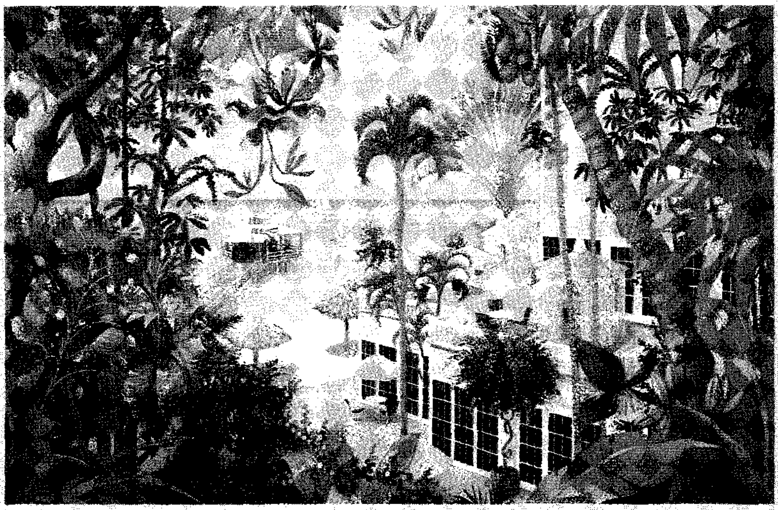
The Royals Stadium bullpen's bathroom is outstanding, Quis said: air-conditioning, heating for cold nights, a door that locks, a sink, and a mirror. The Fenway Park can, by contrast, has no light and no sink, and the door doesn't lock.

I asked about the odd bullpens in Tiger Stadium, which are sunk below ground level in foul territory, with a little screen above them to protect the occupants' heads from foul balls.

"We used to make out that's a submarine," Quis said eagerly. "We'd make those pinging sounds, and if a ball came near us it was a depth charge, and we'd fire our torpedoes. If the ball bounced off the little screen, that was a direct hit, and we'd panic and then ask for damage reports. Mike Armstrong and I used to do some games in Spanish—I just remembered. Broadcasts, I mean. Of course, neither of us could *speak* Spanish, but that didn't stop us. The trouble with bullpens is that they keep changing. The people in them come and go, so you can't always keep things going. Cleveland reversed its home-team and visiting-team pens this year, too. The pens there are down the line, but they do have shelter and plenty of grounds equipment and all. That and the biggest spiders in the league. Now that they've put us on the other side of the field, I don't know if the spiders will be as good this year. I don't know their names yet. It's always wet and damp in Cleveland, and there are lots of mosquitoes, but you can catch the mosquitoes and feed them to the spiders—just toss them into the web. There's almost always a rain delay there, so there's plenty of time for all that." He was laughing.

There are bullpen legends, of course—the bullpen pitchers who have put on groundskeepers' uniforms and joined the crew sweeping down the infield in the middle of a game, and so forth. Jim Colborn was the first Kansas City pitcher to think of that one, years ago. Quisenberry joined the Royals too late to see Colborn throw his no-hitter against the Rangers, back in 1977, but he knows the story. Colborn, a free spirit, was so entranced with his work that day that he became convinced that he would pitch *another* no-hitter on his next outing, and insisted that he wouldn't need anybody in the bullpen that day to back him up. All the relief men obliged him and stayed in the dugout when the game began—except for one cynical veteran, Steve Mingori, who trudged on out as usual. Mingori watched Colborn pitch to three or four batters and then got to his feet and began to wave frantically for more help out there. He was right, it turned out: Colborn got bombed.

DAN and Janie Quisenberry live in a handsome stone Colonial house on a breezy hilltop in the still-rural Leawood section of Kansas City; the house is new and still not much furnished—the family moved in only last



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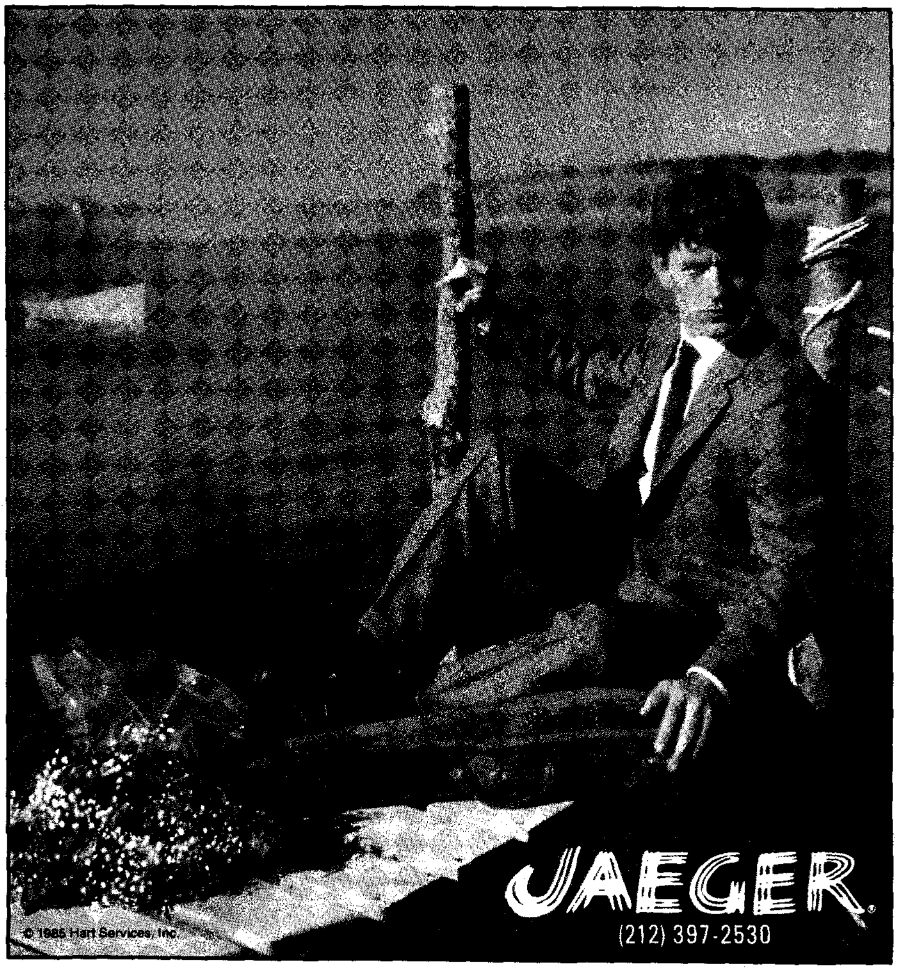
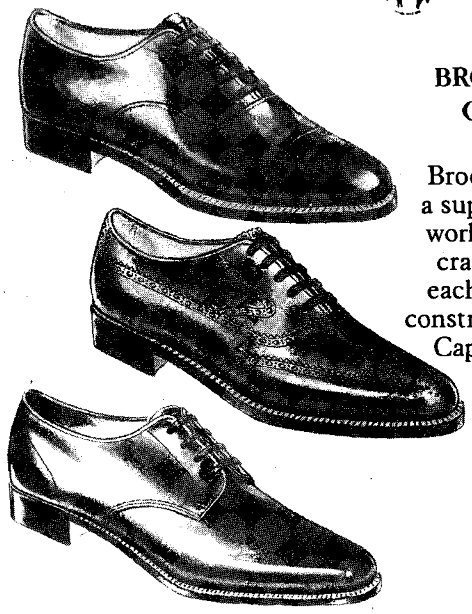


fall—but there is space and light and airiness everywhere, indoors and out, and a sense of beginning permanence. The view down the sloping lawns takes in a couple of other sizable houses in the distance, a stand of old, dark trees, and, closer at hand, a new, major-league jungle gym. Before lunch there one day in June, Alysia did tricycle wheelies on the brick patio for a visiting out-of-town writer while Quis broiled chicken on a Weber grill; David, overstimulated by the occasion, went briefly to pieces and was sent up to his room, but recovered in short order ("I'm better now," he announced from the head of the stairs) and was welcomed back as we sat down to lunch. Dan said a grace while we all held hands around the table.

The Quisenberrys are more fortunate than most baseball couples, for he has stayed with one team ever since he made it to the majors, and now he and Janie know they will be in Kansas City for good. They have made friends there outside of baseball, and belong to the Village Presbyterian Church, in nearby Prairie Village. (Quis has granted himself a dispensation from Sunday services during the season.) They are considerably involved in the Harvesters program, a branch of the national organization that enlists restaurants and groceries and chain stores in the process of distributing food to the urban poor. During my visit, I sensed in both Quis and Janie a strong wish for privacy in these matters, and we returned to baseball.

Earlier on, at my request, Quis had dug out some thick old clip books, and, looking through them, we found a short strip of faded yellow SportsTicker tape: a double row of numbers, followed by the notation "WP QUISENBERRY"—his first major-league victory, in a road game against the Rangers on July 22, 1979. Janie had joined us—she is shy, and calm, with a sunburst smile—and she shook her head at the sight of those first box scores and two-inch, bottom-of-the-column mentions of a red-haired sidearming rookie reliever. "We used to die for a little clip like that," she said, "but now he pitches so much I just can't handle all the cutting and pasting. We always tell ourselves we'll catch up after the season is over." The stories grew more frequent, and headlines began to appear (the Kansas City *Star*: "QUISENBERRY: AH, RELIEF!") as we turned the pages, and then there was a 1979 item about Quis being



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carried off the field in Detroit after being struck on the knee by a line drive off the bat of the Tigers' Ron LeFlore—a ferocious batter who had previously ended the career of the famous knuckleballer Wilbur Wood with a similar shot through the box. "I was listening on the radio," Janie said, "and I remember the announcer saying, 'And Ron LeFlore may have sent another pitcher to an early retirement,' and I turned right around and said, 'But we just *got* here!' " Quis recovered quickly, though, and when 1980 rolled around, the pasted-in headlines and feature stories and box scores began to take up more and more space on the pages of the clip books. Looking at these now, Quis shook his head. "At first, I kept thinking that the batters weren't trying," he said. "They were major-leaguers and I was getting them out, but I thought they'd figure me out once they began to pay attention. They kept saying, 'Wait till we see this guy next year,' and I didn't know if they were right or not."

But by 1980 Quisenberry was a submariner, and the batters found themselves in deeper difficulties. "CAN QUIZ MAINTAIN PACE?" reads a headline in the Kansas City *Times* of June 27, 1980, and a *Sporting News* box from August 9, 1980, shows Quis leading everybody in the league in the Rolaids "Fireman of the Year" standings. He had arrived—even in his own mind—at last. "There was a road trip to Boston and Baltimore and New York after the All-Star break that year, and somewhere along in there I began to think that maybe I wasn't going to be too bad after all—that it wasn't just flash, and I wasn't just fooling them somehow."

It had taken a while, starting back in Waterloo, Iowa, in 1975—the Royals' bottom-level, Class A minor-league club; he moved up to the AA Jacksonville club later that summer, then slid back to Waterloo the next year. After two more years at Jacksonville, he and Janie decided to try winter ball in Mexico; he played for Guasave, on the Mexican west coast, and was traded to Mazatlán (Maury Wills was the manager there) on Christmas Eve of 1977. "It was horrible—a disaster," Quis told me. "We were both sick all the time, and I was about 2–4 for the winter, and my E.R.A. was up in the fives and sixes. I had nothing but a breaking ball, and those were the best hitters I'd ever seen. It was about then that I decided to be a sinkerballer. We'd gone to

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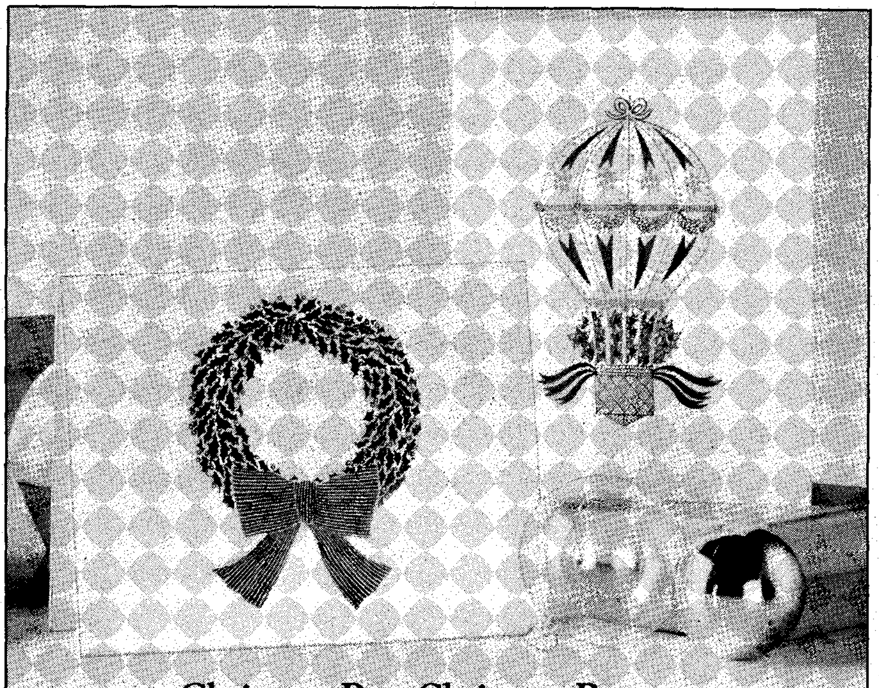

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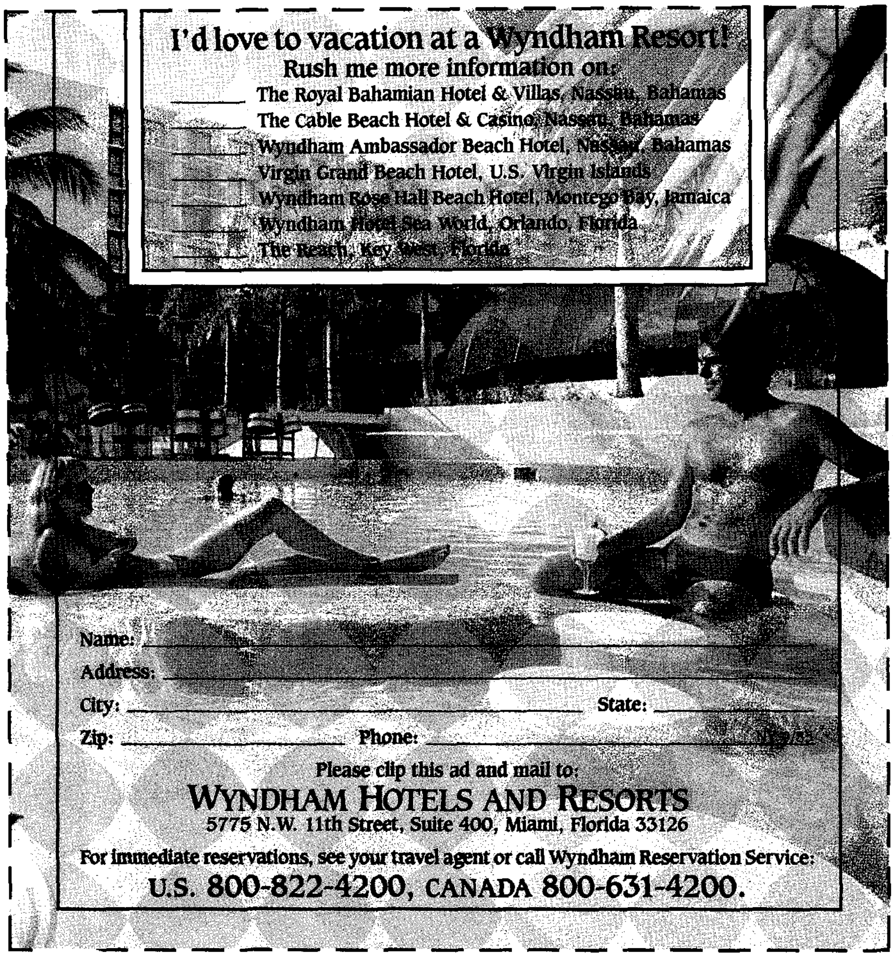
Mexico to see if I couldn't break out of AA ball, but it didn't work—I went right back to Jacksonville and stayed there the whole year." Slowly, things did begin to pick up, though; he had fifteen saves that summer, and in 1979 he made the AAA Omaha club—his last stop before the majors, in July. He had been a sidearmer since college, by the way, and his Waterloo manager, John Sullivan—he is now the bullpen coach for the Toronto Blue Jays—took one look and very quickly moved him into the bullpen. "I thought it was a demotion," Quis told me. "But after a while I noticed I was getting into a lot of games, and I decided it was fun. You never know, you know."

Quis was born in Santa Monica and grew up in Culver City and then Costa Mesa, California. His parents were divorced when he was seven, and his mother remarried and had more children; his older brother, Marty, was a good athlete and a submarine-style pitcher—a better pitcher than he was, Quis insists—who did well in junior-college ball and expected to be picked up in the major-league draft; when it didn't happen, he gave up baseball for good. He became a minister in the Vineyard Christian Fellowship and is now a family counsellor; the two brothers are still very close. Dan grew up thinking mostly about sports, too—he has kept in touch with most of the kids with whom he played street basketball and street football and Little League baseball back in Costa Mesa—and he wanted to become a professional ballplayer but knew almost from the beginning that he didn't have the size and physique for it. "What's happened really *is* a dream," he told me. He followed his brother to Orange Coast College and then moved to La Verne College, where he won thirty-one games over two seasons; he pitched an astounding one hundred and ninety-four innings there in 1975 and, somewhere along the line, shifted over to a sidearm style, to ease the demands on his arm. Then he, too, was skipped over in the draft, in a year when the twenty-four major-league teams selected more than seven hundred young players in that process. "It was a crusher," Quis says. "I'd done some other things in college"—he met Janie at La Verne, where she was an education major—"but I hadn't concentrated on anything except baseball. I didn't care for anything else in the world." His college coach at La Verne, Ben Hines, made some calls, however—to front-office people in

Detroit, Baltimore, and Kansas City—and in time the Royals said they just might have a spot. Quis drove up to Santa Ana and was signed by a Royals scout, Rosey Gilhousen. "The contract was for five hundred dollars and a bag of chew to be named later," Quis recalls. "Well, I think they threw in a bat and a Royals banner, and maybe a sticker for my car. I was on my *way!*"

The basic Quisenberry style is humorous and invariably modest—a throwaway mode that is more central to the man than his eccentric pitching style. Sitting with him, you will hear him describe pitch by pitch the eleventh inning of the second American League Championship Series game last October, which ended with the Tigers scoring two runs against him, on John Grubb's double ("They're on second and first, with two out after they miss a sacrifice to send Parrish to third, and Grubb takes a sinker in, slider in, then a change-up away—that's the one-two count—then I throw a sinker away and cut maybe two inches of the plate, and he hits to center, a little bit to right, and it either short-hops the wall or bounces off it, and the two runs score"), with no trace of evasion or excuse. But when you ask him—as I did after lunch that day at his home—to think of an important game that went better for him, one in which he did his job and got the outs, he will pause only briefly and then come up with a game against the Rangers in midsummer of 1980, in which he also failed at his task, or almost did. "We're leading by a run in the ninth, with one out, but Staub hits a double that hits the chalk on the left-field line and bounces into the stands. Then there's an infield hit, and I walk the next man intentionally. The next hitter—I think his name was Norris: he used to play with Cleveland—really crushes the ball. It's just to my left but it goes right by me, but Frank White scampers over and backhands it and makes sort of a submarine flip to U.L., who throws a seed to first base for a double play. It was a reversal of fortune, and it seemed to mean a lot to the club just then, in that year. I wasn't pitching all that well, but it didn't matter."

I offered the guess that this sort of response, this habitual presentation of himself as an athlete who had succeeded mostly because of repeated and unexpected strokes of pure good luck, might be a way of concealing something. Was it possible that he did not



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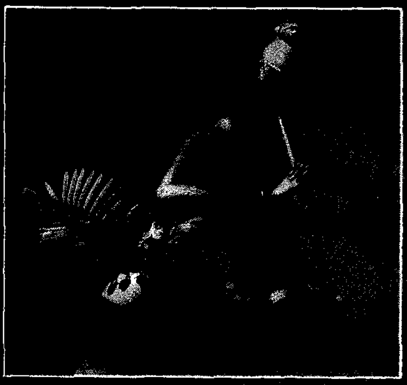

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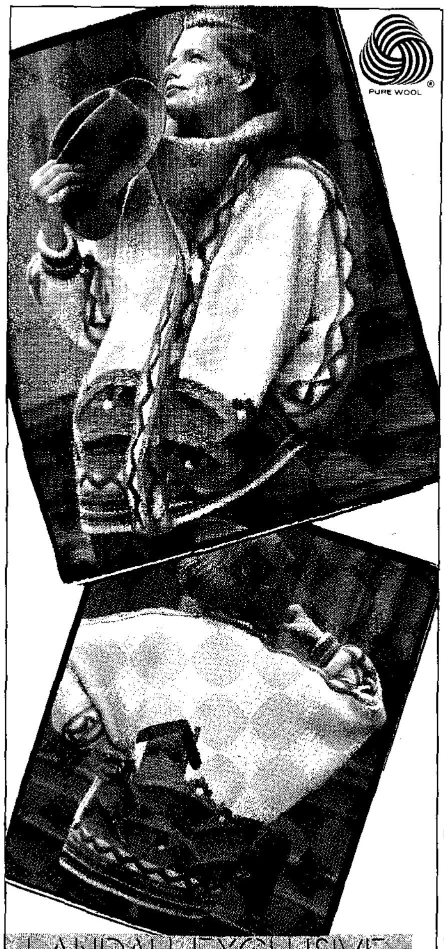

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want to admit his own powerful competitive urges?

"Well, I *used* to be competitive," he said. "I mean, I used to be competitive and show it. When I was a kid, I cried when I lost—I was one of those. In junior college, I lost a game once and when it was over I stuck the nozzle of a shower in my mouth and turned on the water. I was so frustrated I just did that and drank water until I vomited. Another time, I couldn't find the ball I wanted to warm up with, and I threw a whole bag of balls around the locker room looking for it. I couldn't stand things."

I asked him what had happened to that Dan Quisenberry, and he said, "He grew up, I guess. I don't do stuff out on the mound—throw my hands up when I strike out a guy, and all. I don't like to show up the other player. I still like to win, but I don't like excuses. I don't like guys who brag on themselves. I have to talk to the press like everybody else, but I really don't like to talk about myself, to say what percentage of winning games I've been in and all that stuff. I try to stay away from that." He paused, perhaps sensing that he still hadn't quite answered my question. "Yes, I'm competitive," he said. "At this level, everybody is intensely competitive. What I want is to keep that extreme level of concentration but still keep the fun in the game. You have to do that if you're going to succeed over a period of time. You have to relax and let the unconscious part of you do the playing. The dinosaur brain has to take over. But I work at things, too. I'm trying to be very good at baseball and to keep it from being too important in my life. I have to live on that border all the time."

IN baseball circles, Quisenberry's humor is talked about almost as much as his pitching—in fact, the two attributes, or sides of him, often seem to be woven together in the players' and writers' minds: a funny guy who throws funny, too. Here, as well, the man may be slightly and persistently misperceived. He makes occasional appearances on the winter-banquet scene, and the laughter rattles the glassware, but he does not tell jokes or dredge up ancient and improbable baseball anecdotes. He is fresh and playful and surprising, and you are sometimes disarmed by the notion that he is as pleased and startled by what has just come out of him as his listeners are. Asked by one writer for his thoughts about the infamously bumpy diamond in Oakland Coliseum, Quis suggested that the club might try dragging a dead whale across the infield. After he had given up a game-winning pinch-hit single in a 1982 game against the Angels, he was asked if this was not the worst possible way to lose a game. Quis took the reporter's question literally, and came up with a dozen or more worse possibilities: he could have balked a man around the bases; he could have thrown ten wild pitches; a sudden earthquake could have jostled a third-out fly ball out of Amos Otis's glove; and so forth. His line "I have seen the future and it is much like the present, only longer" lingers happily in the mind (I comfort myself with it often, like an Armenian reaching in his pocket for his worry beads), but most of his stuff is transitory and ironical, and is clearly intended to prick holes in the unending and ponderously serious business of the postgame or pregame sports interview. This summer, I heard him asked, once again, whether he thought he had deserved to win a Cy Young Award somewhere down the line, and he said, "David Letterman comes on the air after Johnny Carson. He can't be on first, during prime time, because he's got a gap in his front teeth. Does that mean that Carson is better? I've got a gap in *my* front teeth, but all I worry about is getting plaque"—a quote, all right, but not quite an answer. Sometimes Quis delivers playful or patently ridiculous responses to glum questions and then is amazed to see his lines repeated literally in the papers the next day; earlier this year, he told a visiting writer (a man who evidently did not lift his gaze from his notebook during the interview) that his bad spell in April and May was attributable to the fact that he had lifted weights all winter and become overmuscled. He is not evasive, however, and reporters around the league admire and respect him for never ducking out of the clubhouse after a game, no matter how painful its outcome. To me, the japes and verbal pranks look like a form of self-preservation—a relief from the dreary dailiness and intensity of the relief man's lot. "I'm not trying to turn anybody off," Quis said once, "but I've been talking with the writers for six years now and I'm getting kind of bored with myself, really." His friend Paul Splittorff said to me, "The writers come to him for one-liners and stuff, and he feels he should always come up with something. He thinks he can be funny every day, like he pitches every day. The man is funny, but he's not a natural comedian. There's more there than that."

I got a different glimpse of the Quisenberry sparkle just before a Sunday game at Royals Stadium. It was Autograph Day, and Quis and another Kansas City player, reserve infielder Buddy Biancalana, sat behind a table outside the right-field grandstand and signed autographs in the blazing Missouri sunshine. Not surprisingly, the line leading up to the table was much longer at Quisenberry's end. He was signing little three-by-five black-and-white photographs of himself—there was a thick stack of him by his right hand—but he also signed baseballs, mitts, programs, autograph albums, T-shirts, hats, caps, surgical casts, whatever. He wrote fast, using a felt pen, and he got in the whole name each time: "Dan Quisenberry." He's an old pro and had done this many times before, but it seemed to me that there was something about his comments during the process—a touch, an instant contact—that could not have been learned or practiced.

—To a boy wearing a T-shirt with a "Babe Ruth" logo: "*You're* Babe Ruth?"

—To a woman proffering an open program: "You want me to sign on this Marlboro man? Hmm, I wonder why he looks so tough."

—To a five-year-old boy (as he signed): "Hmm, I wonder how you spell 'Quisenberry.' Got any ideas?"

—After drawing a Quisenberry mustache on a player in a team photograph: "There—see how much better he looks now?"

—To a shy girl whose mother had requested that he sign the card "To Karen": "Hi, what are you doing here?" Karen: "Well—I've heard of you." Quis: "Well, I've heard of you, too—about five seconds ago."

—To a small boy with a butch haircut: "Hi. You in the Marines?"

—To a teen-age girl who requested that he sign the back of her hand: "Well, O.K.—as long as you promise to wash it again someday."

—To a high-school kid who said, "Boy, are you popular," in awed tones: "I'm popular *before* the game."

—A young girl wearing braces accepted an autographed card and said, "This goes in my collection." Quis: "How big is your collection?" Girl: "Well, now I got three."

And so on. When it was time to go, he got up and walked very slowly back to the elevators behind home, where he would make his departure, signing all the way—signing and talking. His cap was off, and he looked very tall in his white uniform, above the crowd of parents and kids and fans that moved with him, encircling him as he went.

QUISENBERRY pitched in two of the three games I saw the Royals play against the Angels out in Kansas City, and picked up a win and a save in the process. In the Friday-night game, an almost interminable fourteen-inning affair, he came on in the twelfth, with the score tied at 3–3, and retired the side without incident. Doug DeCinces led off the top of the thirteenth for the Angels with a slick bunt—a base hit—and moved along to second on Daryl Sconiers' dunked, wrong-field base hit. Ruppert Jones hit a low liner to Frank White, which was almost turned into a double play, but DeCinces came around to score on Bobby Grich's clean single to right center. Then Gary Pettis was safe at first on another half-nubbed infield hopper—the fourth hit of the inning. The bases were loaded and Quisenberry looked to be in the soup, but Dick Schofield, pinch-hitting, rapped a bouncer to White, who threw home to start a catcher-to-first double play that retired the side. Even in an over-eventful, unsuccessful inning like this, I noticed, Quisenberry's work seemed brusque and businesslike. Barely pausing between pitches, he leaned, sank, bobbed, threw, hopped sidewise, got the ball back, and did it all over again. His work was funny-looking and profoundly undramatic, and he went about it like a man sweeping out a kitchen.

The Royals got the run back in their half in thrilling fashion, when Lonnie Smith tripled over the center fielder's head with two out, scoring Jim Sundberg from second base. Reprieved, Quis returned to his kitchen—and instantly gave up a leadoff single to Bob Boone. A sacrifice moved Boone to second, and Quis walked the next man intentionally, thus setting up a double play on an infield grounder by DeCinces, which ended the inning; Quisenberry's last pitch, a sinker, splintered DeCinces' bat. The Royals won the game in the bottom of the fourteenth (a walk, an infield out, and Greg Pryor's pinch-hit single to left), and Quis, a winner in spite of himself, faced the deadline-hungry writers in the clubhouse in characteristic style: "My first inning was smooth, my second was stinky, my third—well, I wanted to make myself sick and throw up out there, but we got out of it somehow. I can't complain about those dink hits in the thirteenth, because I made a real bad pitch to Grich and he hit it for the run. I was lucky. Morale would have hit bottom on this club if we'd lost."

Two days later, before a big Sunday crowd, Quis came in in the top of the ninth to defend Mark Gubicza's 3–0 lead and gave up a leadoff home run to the Angels' Ruppert Jones—a long fly ball that just slipped over the fence in left. Then he retired the side—infield out, fly-ball out, strikeout. The Royals, having taken two out of three games in the set, slipped into third place, only three and a half games behind the Angels, and Quisenberry had his fourteenth save.

I didn't know what to make of it. Quisenberry clearly wasn't pitching very well, but the club was succeeding with him in the crucial short-man role, and no one—Quisenberry least of all—looked concerned, at least in public, about the slovenly, non-imperious nature of his recent work. The season still had a long way to go, to be sure, but something else was happening here, too—happening to me, I mean. Because I had come to know him better and had been so taken with his disarming and sometimes boyish ways—his jokes and his dogged modesty and youthful deep seriousness—he had become an amateur to me: a human, life-size figure in a business full of demigods, inhumanly talented athletes, and egocentric, self-fabricated public personalities. He was clearly at home in this world, yet he also seemed out of place in it, and I had begun to wonder how such a

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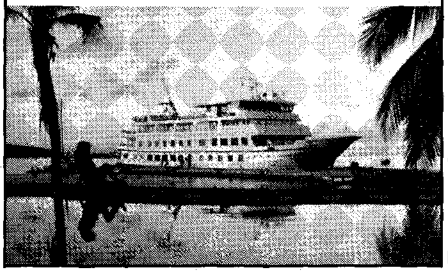

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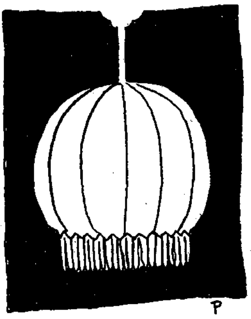
fellow could succeed in a business where failure is so quickly sought out and resolutely punished. How good a pitcher was he, anyway? It was time to go to some others and ask.

Dick Howser (*he is a calm, laid-back manager, with a light voice and a reassuring, small-town-bank-president look to him*): Yes, I'm concerned about him this year, but I'm also concerned when Brett doesn't hit or when Willie Wilson doesn't get on base for us. But I'm not concerned in a big way. I look around the leagues and I see a lot of the top relief pitchers have problems from time to time. You can almost expect it. I still think he's outstanding and he's going to have a good year. With his control—well, you'd better go up there hackin'! I think he knows he has to have a good year in order for us to have a good year. His temperament is deceiving. I think he's been more concerned by these off spells than I've been. I know how intense he is, how competitive. But even if he goes through three or four more bad stretches in a row I'm not going to get fancy and move him into the middle and put somebody else out there to finish up. I've got some confidence in the man. People asked me in the spring if I looked forward to forty or forty-five saves from him again, but that's asking too much. A lot of guys would have a great year with twenty-five saves. We expect Quisenberry to do better than that, but we don't expect forty-five. We're not that crazy.



Bob Boone (*he has been catching in the majors for fourteen years and, at thirty-seven—he will be thirty-eight in November—is among the oldest day-to-day regulars in the game today; he is articulate and intelligent, and still an artist behind the plate*): Watching Quisenberry over the years, I've come to think his greatest attribute is his control. If you're batting against a guy with a super-sinker like that, you think about trying to get ahead in the count, so you can just take that pitch. But all the experienced hitters know by now that you really can't do that—he won't let you—so you say to yourself, "Well, I'm not going to let him get ahead of me," and you start out swinging at something that's his pitch. He's tough. It's a tough pitch to do much with, and the motion is different. It isn't that you try to hit his pitches harder—that happens against a knuckleballer, like Phil Niekro: you're always trying to hit him a mile, which doesn't help. But it's always hard to put the middle of your bat on Quisenberry's sinker, even though you know about where it's going to be. You're likely to hit it foul, so there may be a tendency on the part of some hitters to try to hit it fair, and that takes them out of their normal swing. All this, and he's so durable that he can come at you almost every day. You have to have an amazing arm to be able to do that. The only way to handle him is to get ahead in the game, so you never get to see him.

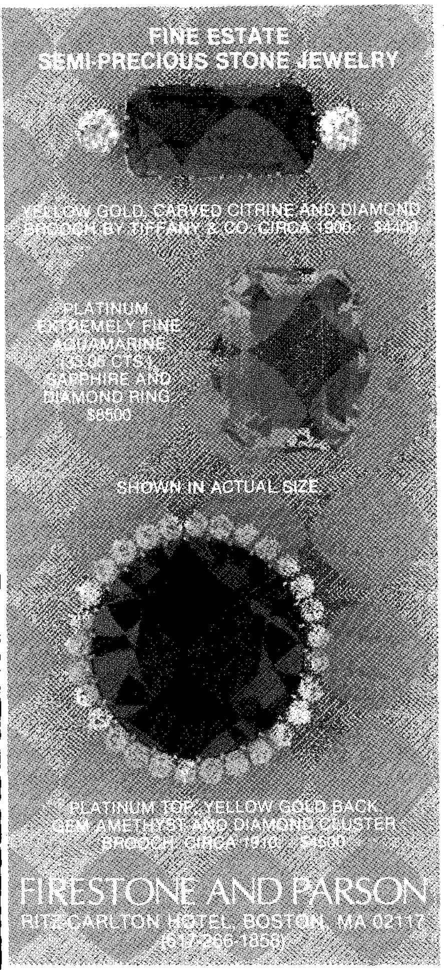
Gary Blaylock (*at fifty-three, he is in his thirty-fifth year of baseball; he pitched for thirteen seasons in the minors and one in the majors—for the Cardinals and the Yankees in 1959; he became the Royals pitching coach last year, after nine years as a minor-league manager and eleven years as a scout*): With that delivery, he has less strain on his arm than most pitchers, because that underneath way is a natural movement for the arm. Anything overhead—what we think of as the natural way to pitch—is unnatural and puts a strain on the arm, so you get injuries. When you get in trouble pitching, the tendency is always to try to throw harder, and that's when you begin to break down mechanically. That happened a little to him, earlier on. But he has the greatest temperament for this game I've ever seen, bar none. I'd heard about it before I came here, and it's true. A relief man can stay sharper than most, because he's out there so much, but it's hard to stay tuned to that game situation through a whole season. Maybe it's impossible.

John Wathan (*he has been catching for the Royals for ten years; now he sees spot duty—he loves to catch Sunday games—and pinch-hits; he has a strong chin and dark, curly hair, and an air of cheerful aggressiveness, the catcher's look*): He'll never get the Cy Young, because he doesn't throw smoke and because of how he talks to people. He talks about his Peggy Lee fastball—you know that song of hers "Is That All There Is?"—and it sticks in people's minds. What's amazing is that he's done what he's done so often—about ninety per cent of the time. Now people come and say, "Hey, what *happened?*"—as if anybody in this business could do it a hundred per cent of the time. He's a steady friend. I love his attitude. He's like the kind of infielder in a game who thinks, Come on, hit the ball to me, when the going is tough out there. That's the guy you want on your side. Plus he's quick-witted. He never has a pat answer. I've heard him asked the same question a hundred times by different writers, and he never answers it twice the same way. You've heard all those quotes of his—the best ones are the ones he steals from me in the bullpen.

GEORGE BRETT (*one of the great hitters of our time; he has been enjoying his best season in many years; he has clear blue eyes, and talks smoothly and without a hitch—just the way he hits*): I don't think anybody in the league thinks he's easy anymore. At first, he looked like a novelty and people were anxious to go up and get to swing at him. But a man like that, for right-handed hitters—well, I'm a left-handed batter and I've never swung against a left-handed pitcher like that in my *life*. So many guys have had problems with him that now they're trying to go to right field against him, or whatever. You see power hitters trying to slash the ball to right. They're going against their own programs. You saw what happened the other night—all those nubbers, and the hardest-hit ball is right at Frank White. That always happens—it's weird. He does have a way of making things interesting out there. We'll have a two-run lead and suddenly they've scored and they're first-and-third, and then he'll strike somebody out or get a lucky line drive to end it, and he'll look at you like he's saying, "Hey, I was just *kidding*." In Baltimore, we had I think a five-run lead going into the bottom of the ninth, and then the first guy comes up: base hit. Lennie Sakata hits Quis real good, and he comes up and I say to the third-base umpire, "Watch this, he's going to hit a line drive into the gap in right center," and the next pitch, there it is: line drive into the gap in right center. Freddie Lynn comes up: line drive to left and another run in, and I think to myself, Oh, gosh—it's going to be one of those games. But pretty soon they have maybe another run and men at second and third and it's two out, and the guy hits a weak pop-up to Balboni and the game is over. It's amazing.

EARL WEAVER (*he came back to manage the Orioles again this summer—his sixteenth year on the job; his winning percentage of .596 is the fifth-best among all managers ever*): He doesn't get the ballots because he ain't overpowering. And I guess a lot of people figure that left-handed hitters are going to get to him sooner or later—only they don't. Like any real good pitcher, he messes with the batters' heads. He's got that knowledge—watching where the bat is on that hitter, taking a little more or a little less off the next pitch. He's always had a good infield to play behind him, but I think he controls those ground balls a little, too. If he throws that sinker to a left-handed hitter, it may be out of the strike zone. Quis [he pronounced it "Queeze"] don't try to go by too many people, up. A good low-ball hitter like Brunansky, say, he still pitches him low—a little below low. That was always the theory—pitch the good low-ball hitter below low and the good high-ball hitter above high, and you'll have success. And he's *had* success. Good attitude and a real good arm.

THE Royals struggled through the early weeks of July, at one point falling to fifth place and at another finding themselves seven and a half games behind the division-leading Angels. Then the combination of George Brett's hitting (he batted .538 for one July week, with eleven runs batted in), the team's always exemplary defense, and some stout work by the Kansas City starting pitchers (the team's set rotation of Bret Saberhagen, Charlie Leibrandt, Mark Gubicza, Bud Black, and Danny Jackson is the youngest and probably the best in the American League) began to make itself felt, and by early August the team had taken a secure hold on second place. In later weeks, the Angels and the Royals looked like a pair of championship stock cars leading the pack in the final laps of a big race, with the second-place Royals machine drafting comfortably on the lead car, inches behind the Angels, and seemingly in a position to pick the part of the track where it would slingshot its way to the fore; this happened, in fact, on Friday, September 6th, when the Royals won a doubleheader from the Brewers and took over first place at last. At this writing, they lead the Angels by two full games. Quisenberry did better and better as the summer went along, stacking up saves in little bunches and whittling away at his earned-run average. By the end of the second week in September, he had thirty-four saves—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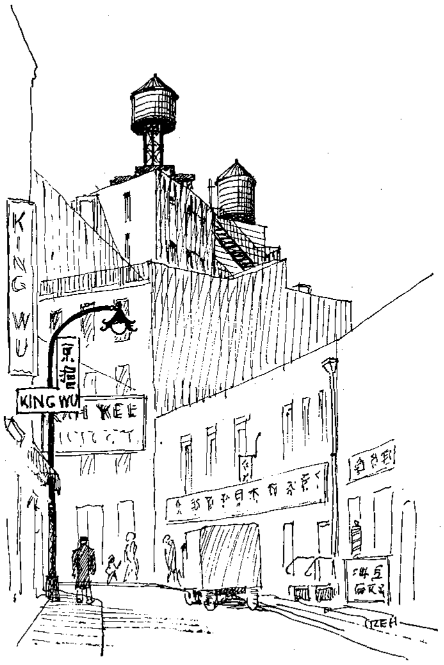
more than anyone else in his league—and his E.R.A. of 2.24 was fifth-best (among all pitchers) in the A.L. Only his won-lost record of 7–8 (he had made the Sunday stats) gave some suggestion of his earlier struggles this year. As usual, he had appeared in more games than any other pitcher, in either league: seventy-five. He had righted himself, after all. Other short relievers have distinguished themselves during the 1985 campaign, to be sure—among them Donnie Moore, of the Angels; the Yankees' Dave Righetti and their young right-hander Brian Fisher, who have repeatedly slammed the door in late innings as their team came rushing up on the Blue Jays in the A.L. East; Tom Henke, an impressive Toronto rookie, with an eye-popping 1.50 E.R.A.; Jeff Reardon, of the Expos, whose thirty-five saves to date are the best in both leagues; and Lee Smith, who has saved twenty-eight games for the Cubs in what has otherwise been a miserable season at Wrigley Field. Bruce Sutter and Willie Hernandez (with twenty-three and twenty-eight saves, respectively) have had disappointing seasons, at least in comparison with their earlier best, and Goose Gossage, at 1.72 and twenty-three saves, has been drydocked of late by a serious knee injury.

Needless to say, I was delighted by the reversal of Quisenberry's fortunes. I caught up with him by telephone several times in midsummer, and when we last talked, early this month, he sounded euphoric. "It's been kind of fun, the way it should be," he said. "I don't have to be so cerebral out there now." He said that he had briefly resumed his romance with the knuckleball, but when Oddibe McDowell, of the Rangers, took him deep on a knuckler, late in August (a home run that cost the Royals a game), he broke off the shady relationship, at least for the present. Earlier in the campaign, he had experienced some other nasty shocks. Perhaps the most painful of all was on July 1st, when Quis came into a game at Royals Stadium against the A's in the middle of the ninth, at a point when the visitors, down by 3–1, had put a pair of men on base with none out, and gave up an enormous three-run, game-winning homer to Dusty Baker—a cannon shot into the A's bullpen—and heard boos from the home fans as he came off the field. ("They ought to trade me for the seven hostages left in Lebanon," Quis said to the writers afterward. "I deserve to be locked up and they don't.") This occasional total public humiliation of a relief pitcher is an established occupational hazard, like the bends, and cannot be wholly avoided, but all through July it was clear to Quisenberry that he was pitching a mite higher than usual, for some reason, and was suffering in consequence. He determined to eliminate any pitch in his repertoire that crossed the plate above the batter's knees, and worked conscientiously at this task for several games; it was the first time he could remember in his career that he had been forced to curb his sinker in this artificial, premeditated fashion. By September, though, all such strictures seemed far behind. "I'm not even thinking about throwing the ball up or down," Quis told me. "I'm taking it for granted everything will be down. There was no particular game when this began to happen—it just came along. Now I can be an airhead again out there."

He was joking, as usual—and was talking again, in any case, about the "dinosaur brain" condition that he hopes for when he is actually at work in a game, out there once more in the midst of hideous difficulties—but, because I knew him a little by now, I tried to resist his appealing and carefree portrait of himself. I prefer to think back to the last extended visit I had with Quisenberry, which was in Baltimore in mid-July, a few days after the All-Star Game break. The Royals were just beginning a month-long schedule of games, on the road and at home, against the dangerous American League East clubs, which would go a long way toward determining the kind of season 1985 would turn out to be for them. I thought I detected an optimistic, let's-get-on-with-it look to the club at this juncture—in fact, I never saw the Royals look down or drawn all summer—but nobody knew yet whether their young pitching would jell, as expected, and whether the recent wild outburst of hitting by George Brett would be sustained and could be converted into a steadier offense by the whole team, and whether the permanent installation of Hal McRae in the designated-hitter slot would solidify the Kansas City attack, and so forth. Most of all, of course, the Royals wondered about Quisenberry. He had come out of two bad patches, as we have seen, but the midseason stats (the All-Star Game is the traditional halfway point in the long season) showed that he was ten saves short of his 1984 total at the same juncture, with an earned-run average of 2.79—up from his 2.08 of mid-1984. Some other figures, put together by Kansas City *Star* reporter Tracy Ringolsby that week, were more disturbing. These were more subtle indicators, but by each set of measurements Quisenberry was well off his lifetime averages. Over the years, left-handed batters had averaged .275 batting against him, but so far this year they were hitting .335; right-handers were hitting .236 instead of their habitual .226. Since he came up, in 1979, Quisenberry had only twice seen his hits-per-innings-pitched ratio exceed one hit per inning: it was 1.05 in 1979 and 1.01 the following year. His lifetime H/IP ratio was an elegant 0.94, but so far in 1985 it stood at 1.2 hits per inning. And, finally, Quisenberry's ratio of ground-ball outs to fly-ball outs—always the crucial indicator for a sinkerball pitcher—had gone from an astounding pre-1985 career figure of 2.297 grounders per fly ball down to (or *up* to, let's say) 1.444. In professional terms, he'd been running a fever, and no one was quite certain when, or if, he would ever get well.



In Baltimore, I asked Paul Splittorff how he assessed his friend's season so far. Splittorff is pale and lean and dapper, with rimless spectacles; at thirty-eight, he looks exactly the same as he did throughout his fifteen-year career as the Royals' prime left-handed starting pitcher.

"With Quis, there are so many little pieces that add up to such a big whole that you're surprised something hasn't gone wrong before this," he said. "It's

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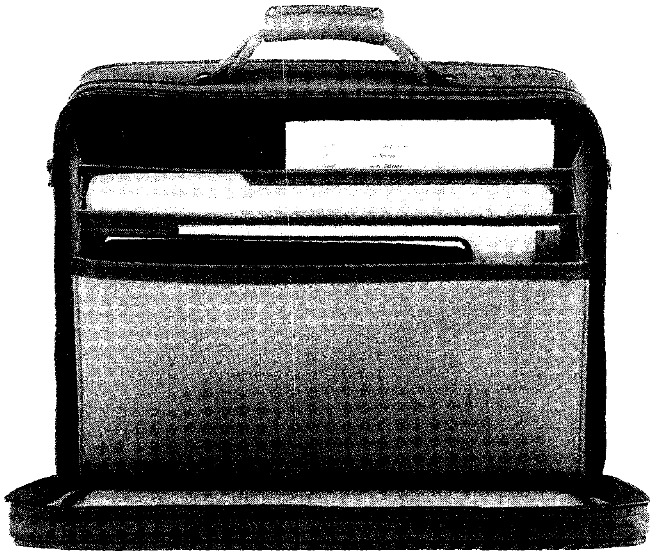

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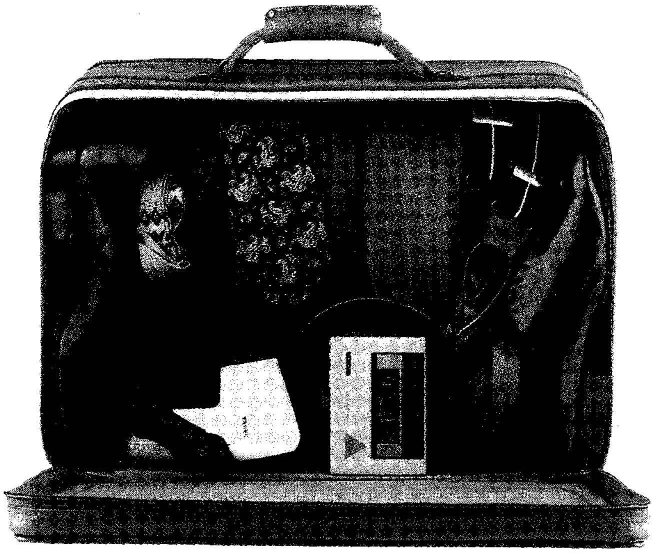

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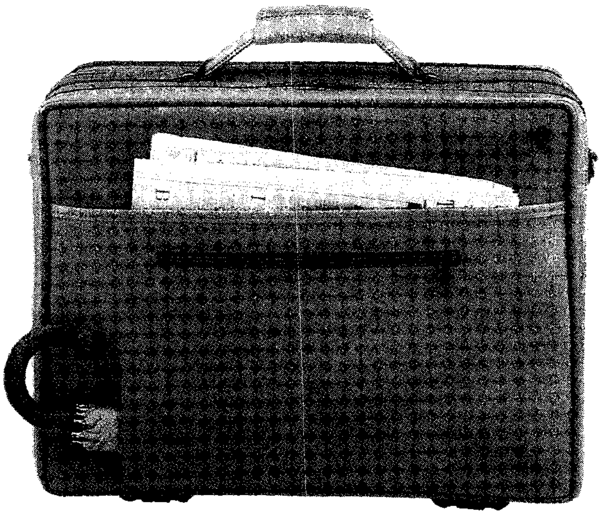

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not just his delivery but the whole thing—the complete man. But he’s got it all figured out—I really think he does. The pressures on him are so tough—you have no idea, because he doesn’t let it show. His job is the toughest on the roster, because this club is going to sink or swim with him. But he never lets that show. I’ve seen him very down after a game—there’s almost a point where you want to go and cry for him—but he doesn’t show it and he never hides. He’s superb that way. He knows he’s got to be in there the next day, and be ready for that, no matter what just happened.”

Splittorff went on to say how much he enjoyed Quisenberry, and told me that if I were a golfer Quis would be no threat: he is a sprayer, with an amazing slice. Then we went back to baseball. “He’s in his sixth year, and this is the first time he’s come under fire from the fans and the media,” Splitt said. “It’s remarkable that he’s gone this far without having a real downslide, and it’s going to be interesting to see how he handles it. It’s going to be a big point in his career. I don’t anticipate any problems for him, no matter how this year turns out. Whatever comes, he’s smart enough to handle it and he has the character he needs to survive.”

Quisenberry didn’t get into the first game of the Orioles series—the Royals lost, 8–3—and the next day I was unexpectedly called back to New York: a turn of events that ended my plans for another weekend with the Royals. I had a couple of hours that morning before I had to catch the Metroliner, however, and Quis and I spent them together. The club was staying at the Cross Keys Inn—an attractive, tree-shaded suburban hostelry on the north side of Baltimore—and Quisenberry and I visited its little shopping center, window-shopping, and then went into a bookstore. Quisenberry’s on-the-road reading this year has included Evan Connell’s biography of General Custer, “Son of the Morning Star;” the Elmore Leonard thriller “Glitz;” and a travel book, “Blue Highways,” by William Least Heat Moon. But here he stopped before the juvenile shelves and then asked me in some detail what books my children had counted on when they were growing up and how much reading aloud there had been. Out in the sunshine again, he suddenly said, “You know, I really love the road. Or maybe I love-hate it. I miss Janie and the kids, but this kind of day—being quiet, for a change, and all the time you get to put in with the guys: going out to meals, the camaraderie . . . It’s a special part of baseball.”

In time, we sat down on a low brick terrace wall, in the dappled shade. Birds were twittering. Quis was wearing freshly pressed jeans and a gray T-shirt (ballplayers on the road are as neat as cadets). He told me which teams and players had given him the most trouble over the years—Ben Oglivie and Cecil Cooper and the Brewers, by a wide margin in all cases—but added that he always looked forward to getting back to Milwaukee to take another crack at them. “There’s also the strange thrill of giving up line drives past your ear that you didn’t really see at all—and knowing somehow they missed you!” he said.

When he went on, it was in a different tone. “It’s been strange,” he said. “Here we are in July, and I’m still telling myself ‘Keep the ball *down*.’ I’ve had to do a lot more work on the side and a lot more thinking. In spring training, Gary Blaylock and I were talking about our young pitchers—we have a lot of them—and about which ones were going to be his main project this year. And then it turns out that *I’m* the project. If I don’t like this, it’s not because I expect to be great all the time—I know better than that. But I enjoy pitching the ball and getting it right. I don’t enjoy getting it wrong, or getting it half wrong or a third wrong. At the very least, I should throw the ball right, night after night.”

He sounded deeply puzzled—more in pain than I’d ever heard him.

“Do you remember that Olympics cross-country skier named Koch—Bill Koch, I think it is?” he went on. I said I did, and Quis said, “Well, in the 1984 Winter Olympics he was one of the big favorites—he’d won a medal eight years before, I think—but when his race came he didn’t do well. He finished eighteenth, or something like that, but when he got interviewed afterward he didn’t seem upset at all. He looked sort of calm and happy, and he said—I don’t remember the words exactly—he said he felt good, because he’d been at his best level in that race. He couldn’t have done better, he said, and he didn’t need a medal, because he

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was satisfied with his effort on that day. I've heard the pitcher Ray Burris say the same kind of thing, and Phil Niekro, too. Live with what you've got that day, they're saying. Well, that's the kind of athlete I hope to be. I don't believe in fate. I'm not an advocate of good luck. I know that players get hot, just like teams get hot, and then there are times when they can't do better than what you're seeing. They can't. All this year means is that I've got to go out and do a job when baseball life is tougher. I don't think I should complain, because that's what most major-league players go through every season, year in and year out. I don't know what's going to happen. Who's to say what the kids of the future will say about me—will I be Mr. Normal and experience a lot of hard days from now on, or will I be a hero again? Janie said the other day that if I'm pitching in the top third of major-league pitchers now instead of the top fifth, the way it's been, those lower numbers would still be considered a good career by most people. And I know that—I know she's right."

He paused and then gave a little shrug.

"This summer—we'll find out about this summer. It would be very weak of me if I couldn't accept a whole year like this. I'm really stuck, though. I'm between a rock and a hard place. I want to have balance—I want to accept failure and accept success, and be human. But at the same time I have these unrealistic goals and ideas on the mound. So part of my fight for balance will never be answered, because I'm expecting perfection."

—Roger Angell

◆

The way to a resumption of the peace process begun at Camp David in 1979 is seen to have been cleared by the withdrawal of Israeli troops from London. This overcomes the Jordanian and Egyptian objections to talks.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

The British are still a little touchy about it, however.

◆

But the diehards were rewarded with concerts as intimate as those in a country pub; the musicians seemed determined to play to the very limits of their abilities, as if the weather were their fault. "Are there enough of us to plain will it dry now?" asked former All-Ireland accordionist Joe Burke, eyes twinkling behind his flowing gray beard.—*Boston Globe.*

Some of which seems to have been in his mouth.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HOLY DAYS—III

DAIRY
APPETIZING
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IN March, for more than three weeks, sheets and pillows lay strewn about on the floor of Moshe and Sheina Konigsberg's house, on President Street, in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn. The contents of drawers lay heaped on beds, and mops, sponges, and dustrags stood battle-ready in every corner. The family, who are Lubavitcher Hasidim (their names and some biographical details have been changed), were getting ready for Passover—or Pesach, as most Hasidim refer to it—the holiday that commemorates the deliverance of the Israelites from their captivity in Egypt, some thirty-three hundred years ago. But the state-of-siege atmosphere in the house had little to do with the larger issues of freedom and redemption associated with the holiday; rather, it was inspired by the Biblical injunction to eat only unleavened bread—as the Israelites did when they departed in haste from Egypt—on the days that commemorate the Exodus, and to be sure that "no leaven shall be found in your houses" and "no leavened bread shall be found with you" (Exodus 12:19 and 13:7). To be sure that no leavened food—defined by Jewish law as any food made from a grain that has come in contact with water for more than eighteen minutes—or leavening agents, like yeast, are lurking in stoves, cupboards, coat pockets, or under rugs, religious Jews have always turned their houses upside down in the weeks before Passover. In the Middle Ages, when Jews were frequently accused of practicing sorcery and were stoned as a result, the Jewish community's preparations for the holiday aroused the deepest suspicions among Gentiles. It was believed that Jews kneaded blood into their unleavened bread and drank blood at the Passover table. To allay such suspicions, the rituals connected with Passover often had to be performed secretly, or abandoned.

Over the years, many Jews who celebrate Passover have slackened in the zealousness of their preparations for the holiday. They may throw out their store of bread, crackers, and breakfast cereal, for example, but leave the whiskey (which is made from grain) where it is. Corner-cutting of this kind has no place in the Hasidic world. In fact, there can be heard in the complaints of Hasidic housewives about the lack of sufficient time to accomplish all the dusting and scouring a not-so-subtle note of pride that the effort they are making to do the impossible is unstinting.

I spoke to Sheina on the telephone several times in the weeks preceding Passover. (Sheina is a divorced mother of five from Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, who in mid-life became a *baalat teshuvah*, a Hebrew term meaning "one who has returned;" she married Moshe—a widower and lifelong Hasid, who also has five children—in 1975.) As the holiday grew nearer, she sounded increasingly frazzled. She had been working from the top of the house down, she said, and by the time I paid her a visit, a few days before the holiday, she had reached the kitchen. Every year, she removed the top of her electric stove and replaced it with a special Passover top. Standing next to the stove, she was explaining to two sombre and scholarly-looking Lubavitcher electricians that she wanted a new plug installed near the stove, so that the process of changing the stove wires would be simplified. There was a certain newfangledness about the scheme that the men obviously distrusted, and they listened to Sheina's instructions with expressions that seemed to say "There's nothing unkosher about this, but our grandmothers certainly didn't need such things." Sheina was wearing old clothes and bedroom slippers, and she had a faded scarf wound around her head. She looked tired. Most of the neighborhood people covered their kitchen counters with plain wooden boards or aluminum foil at Passover, she said, but she covered hers with heavy, Formica-covered boards. She had just finished putting the boards in place when the electricians arrived. Earlier that morning, she had stacked all her pots and pans in special kitchen cupboards and tied the cupboard doors with string to make sure that no one would open them by mistake. The Passover pots and pans, which are stored in the basement the rest of the year, had been carried upstairs and put away in cupboards that had been scrubbed and scrubbed again and lined with new shelf paper. I helped Sheina push a large carton out of the laundry room—a narrow, cluttered space hidden away behind the kitchen. A few errant non-Passover dishes were tucked into the family's year-round ovens, which were not used during Passover week, she said, because, even though they were self-cleaning, some minute crumb of leavened matter might escape incineration.

I asked Sheina if all her neighbors were as scrupulous as she was.

"Everybody has a different idea about how to do things on Passover," she said. "The rule of thumb is, when in doubt, do what your *bubbe* [grandmother] did. Of course, our *bubbes* didn't have self-cleaning ovens. Some people wouldn't hesitate to use them. But we're probably more conservative than a lot of people. Moshe is my *bubbe* in these matters. He worries about the self-cleaning ovens, so we don't use them. We just don't bake anything that week. We don't eat at anybody else's house during Passover, because we realize that these differences exist. And we don't eat things that many quite Orthodox Jews eat."

"For example?"

"Matzoh-ball soup, for example, which involves wetting the matzoh. And all those things that never used to be around but are available now and are supposedly kosher for Passover, like canned tuna or Passover cookies. Some of the rabbis who O.K.'d these foods we might trust, some we might not, but the real issue is that we think the rituals lose their meaning if Passover stops being a time when you do things differently. Somewhere, I'm sure, someone is selling kosher-for-Passover chocolate Easter bunnies."

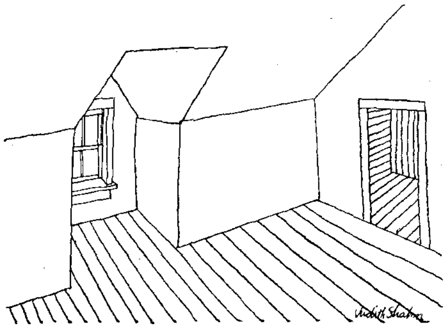
"What about the Passover matzoh in the stores?"

"We don't eat it. The way mass-market production and distribution are, there's no real way of knowing that the flour, or even the boxes themselves, haven't accidentally come into contact with water at some point, or that a little bit of dough hasn't lingered in the machinery for too long. So we have special handmade matzohs, called *shmurah* [guarded] matzohs. People order them in advance from a local bakery set up just for the holiday. When we get our matzohs from them, we know that what we're eating is O.K. We know that the flour has been watched, and that the dough has not been allowed to sit around for more than eighteen minutes in some factory."

With Sheina's help, I telephoned the bakery to ask if they would mind having a visitor. A breathless man on the other end, who sounded as if he were in a big hurry, said, "Sure, sure. Come," and slammed the receiver down with a bang.

A quarter of an hour later, I stepped across the threshold of a small, nondescript storefront on Albany Avenue, about six blocks from the Konigsbergs' house. There was no sign on the outside—nothing that distinguished it from a number of forlorn-looking, decaying storefronts on the same block. Once my eyes had adjusted to the dim light inside, however, I felt like Alice at the bottom of the rabbit hole. The room looked like the inside of a gigantic carton. Every inch of it was covered with thick brown butcher's paper. Several booths, also covered with brown paper, stood against the walls. The room was dark and shadowy. Near the door, in one of the booths, a man was distributing large paper-covered parcels of matzohs to a slowly moving line of silent male customers. In two adjoining rooms, where the matzohs were being made, bakers raced back and forth like jackrabbits. To guarantee that the production process took less than eighteen minutes, it had been streamlined to Mach speed. It was twelve-fifteen, and I'd arrived just in time to see a fresh batch being made. In one of the paper-covered booths, a water-pourer, hidden except for his arm, stuck a pitcher through a hole in the paper and poured water into a flour-filled vat held by another man seated in a chair. The second man kneaded the mixture with lightning-quick gestures, then raced with it into the next room, where twenty women wearing babushkas stood at a long paper-covered table, their hands outthrust. The man handed each of them a wad of dough. Almost as one body, the women rolled the dough and scored it, and before their hands were raised from the table a third man, with a long wooden stick, took the newly formed matzohs away and eased them into a coal-and-wood-fired brick oven. It had taken the women thirty-eight seconds to roll and score the dough. Several other men placed the baked matzohs on a counter. After the briefest of cooling periods, the warm wafers were packed in boxes. Twelve-twenty-four. From start to finish, the matzohs had come in at an amazing nine minutes—well under the limit. One of the bakers—a small, keen-eyed fellow, his face flushed from the heat of the oven—trotted over to me with a freshly baked matzoh and asked if I'd like to taste it. It smelled delicious. As I bit into the slightly blackened wafer, the production line came to a dramatic halt. All eyes fastened on me. I smiled and nodded in a manner that I hoped radiated good will. "Mmmm, ah," I murmured. It tasted like burnt cardboard.

THE day of the first Passover Seder, the meal that begins the eight-day ritual commemoration of the holiday, I arrived in Crown Heights in midafternoon. On the way from the subway to the Konigsbergs' house, I witnessed the following scene: Two black men, one of whom appeared to be a bit high, were walking toward two Hasidic men on the sidewalk. Just before they passed each other the man who was high removed his cap and said mockingly to the Hasidim, "Gooooood *Shabbos.*" It was a Tuesday. The Hasidim looked right through him. They said nothing.



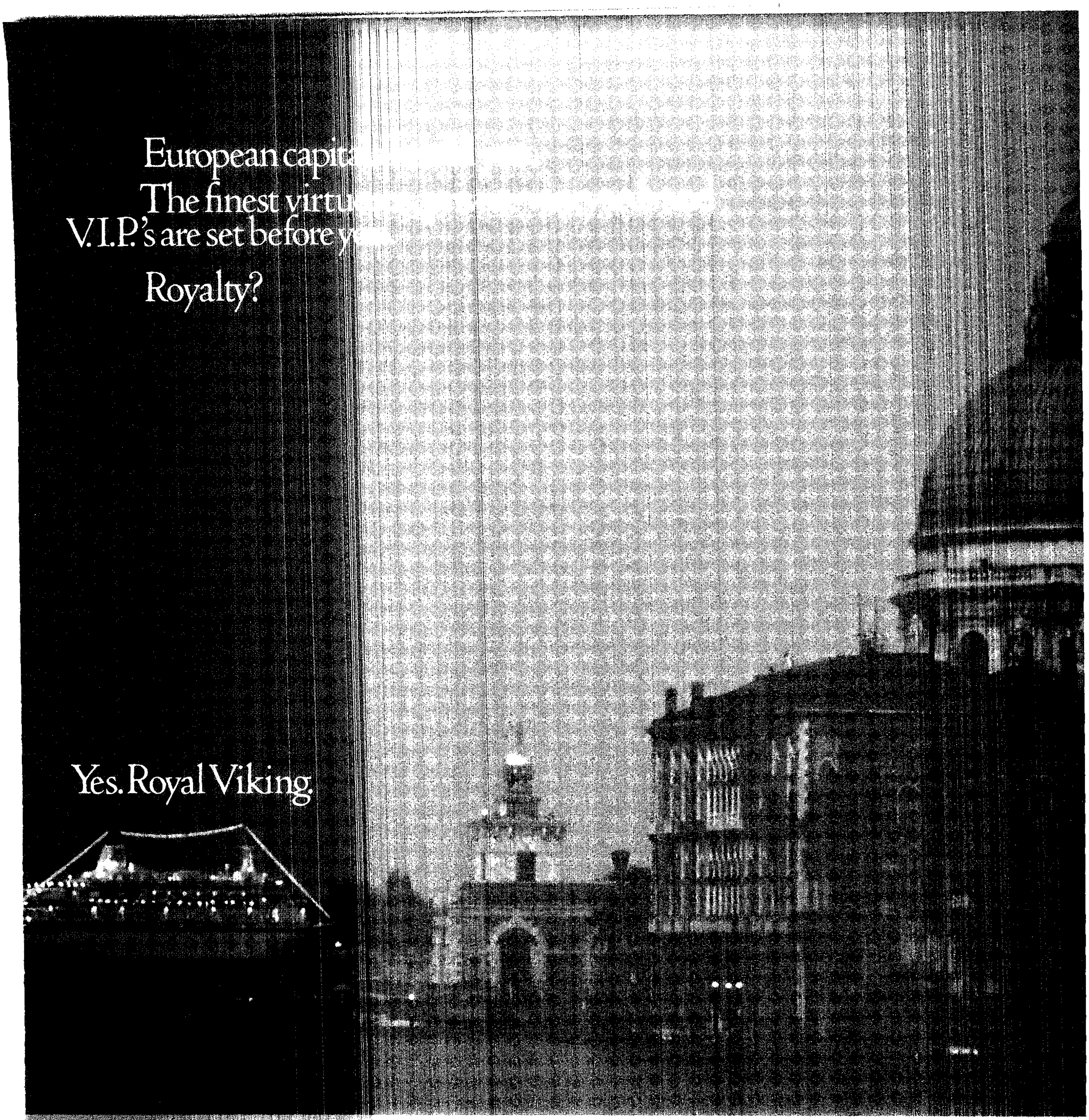
I was walking in the same direction as the black men. After the Hasidim were well out of earshot, the sober man said to his friend, "Why you want to do that? You crazy?"

"I'll tell you why," the other said. "Because I been passing those two muthuhs on this street for five years, and they always look at me like I was a brick wall."

An Orthodox psychiatrist who treats a number of Hasidim (including some Lubavitchers) described to me their peculiar nonresponsive manner in the secular world as a kind of denial mechanism. "All of us practice a certain amount of this as we go about the city," he said. "There's so much going on that's depressing and awful that most of us couldn't function if we didn't edit a lot of it out. The Hasidim do this with secular society as a whole. It's outside their framework, and they just can't—or won't—cope with it." I expressed surprise that Hasidim would ever call upon him for help. "Well, it's still not exactly a common occurrence," he said. "It's just beginning to be realized in that world that emotional illness is not the same thing as moral turpitude or laziness. Hasidim are wary of psychiatry, except when they're in a very bad state. Actually, it was the Lubavitcher rebbe who suggested that I might work with Orthodox patients—and, of course, I'm religious myself, so they probably feel that I'm not going to lead them very far astray."

The fact that psychiatrists have been enlisted to succor Hasidim who suffer in some extreme way answered a question that had been bothering me for some time: Where in the little harmonious kingdom of the Lubavitchers were the sort of outrageous, foolish, touchy, driven, and—dare I say it—mad people with whom, according to Isaac Bashevis Singer and other Yiddish writers, this kingdom has always been teeming? Obviously, they were being packed off to shrinks. "Figments of an overwrought imagination," said one Lubavitcher man when I asked him what he thought about characters of this sort in Singer's stories. "Where are such people? Do you see any?" The rest of us may read Singer with delight and gratitude, but to the Hasidim he is an irreverent teller of secrets.

The night before the Seder, Moshe and Sheina had searched their darkened house from top to bottom for any



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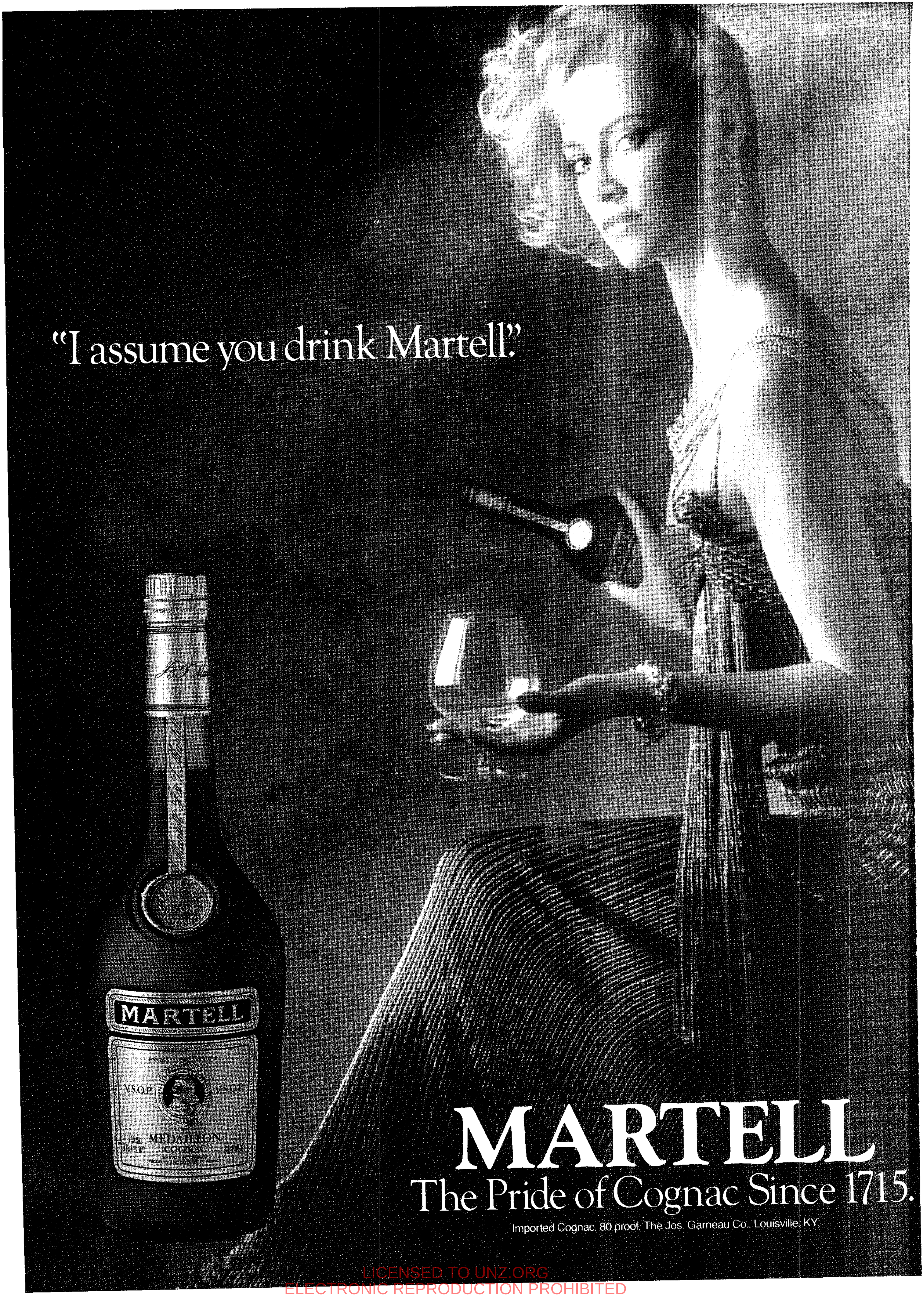
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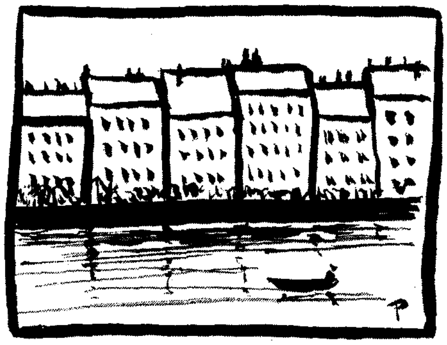
lurking crumbs or bits of leavened food. Armed with a feather, a wooden spoon, and a candle—the equipment used for this ritually ordained hunt—they peered into closets, turned raincoat pockets inside out, used the feather to probe the corners of drawers and bookshelves, and collected their modest findings in the wooden spoon. Whatever they found would be burned the next morning. Since most households have been thoroughly scoured, it is unlikely that anything will be discovered, so bits of bread are customarily hidden throughout the house by someone beforehand to insure that the search will not be in vain. Afterward, a "Statement of Nullification" is made, which absolves the householder from guilt regarding any bit of grain that he did not see and destroy; it is declared "null and ownerless as the dust of the earth." By that time, all the whiskey, canned goods, and packaged foodstuffs that the Konigsbergs owned had been "sold" to a Gentile, as had their year-round dishes, glasses, and silverware. A bill of sale had been drawn up and given to the rov (a rabbi, generally known for his mastery of Talmudic matters, who takes care of the everyday religious needs of the community), and he had turned it over to the former custodian of his apartment building. Jews have been selling their leavened foods at Passover since ancient times, but the custom of selling them contractually began in Central Europe in the sixteenth century. In fact, none of the items sold leave the house; they are stowed away in cupboards. After the holiday, the rov would "buy" Moshe's things back at a slightly higher price. The sale, despite appearances, is not considered a token one, because theoretically the "buyer" may do what he wishes with his property while he owns it.

The Konigsbergs' normally tidy house had entered another dimension of cleanliness. The floors shone, the furniture gleamed, and the wineglasses reflected the light of the newly scrubbed chandelier. An hour before the Seder was to begin, Sheina was surveying the table, stirring things on the new stovetop, and peering critically at the dishes neatly lined up in the refrigerator. Moshe's twenty-year-old daughter, Bassy, humming something lively, carefully placed a Seder plate laden with romaine lettuce, *choroset* (a paste of chopped apples, walnuts, and wine), a hard-boiled egg, a lamb shank bone, and a piece of potato near three cloth-covered pieces of matzoh at the head of the table. Sheina handed her a cup of salt water to put next to the plate. Moshe, his sleeves rolled up, his elbows deep in an enormous bowl of water on the table in the breakfast nook, was carefully washing lettuce. Taking the leaves out one by one, he held each up to the light and examined it scrupulously. He greeted me with a tolerant, if somewhat quizzical, expression. Although he seemed to take my visits for granted, I sensed that he was not pleased that I was remaining an "outsider." He had no doubt begun to think of me as a kind of female Phileas Fogg.

Indeed, I was feeling similarly frustrated—by what I first interpreted as lack of candor but eventually came to see as a more comprehensive mind-set in Moshe. Unlike Sheina, he never liked to discuss the particulars of his life. The self he liked to talk about was a communal self, in keeping with his view of himself as merely one among many—someone whose ego had been submerged to serve a higher goal. Neither private preoccupations nor public accomplishments seemed very important to him. One day, I had asked him about his work. He is a metal engraver. It was as if I had asked him to discuss the pipes that brought the water to his house. Who could be interested in such a dull subject? He grudgingly told me that his employees were all Hasidim but that his customers were not, and that some of them weren't even Jewish. But his work was "just something I do every day but Saturday," and he would not hear of my visiting his shop, which was tucked into an old apartment building on Kingston Avenue, because "there's nothing interesting to see" and it had "nothing to do" with his life as a Hasid. The part of his past that he had talked about on the day we met proved to be the only personal data he felt comfortable discussing. His subsequent attitude toward me was rather like that of an affable ambassador-at-large from the Independent State of Hasidism. He was unfailingly cordial, but his cordiality masked a profound guardedness.



My outsiderness was a factor even in my relationship with Sheina; in a sense, she was always the teacher and I the pupil. I was there, of course, to learn about her world, but it still surprised me that she was so incurious about mine. Somehow, whenever I brought up subjects that had nothing to do with her world (my older son's sweet singing voice, for example), she invariably brought them around so that they did ("Do you teach him Jewish songs?"). Within these boundaries, a modest friendship developed. But even when Moshe and I talked about completely impersonal things my outsiderness coupled with the fact that I was a woman seemed to get in the way of any frank, or even relaxed, discussion. The more Crown Heights families I became acquainted with, however, the more apparent it was that this reticence was not just a personal quirk of Moshe's; the protocols of Hasidic life preclude anything like the easy friendships that exist between men and women in the secular world. Hasidim consider such friendships fraught with sexual possibilities and therefore frown upon them. This creates a great gulf, of course, between masculine and feminine society, which I found fairly disturbing. The young Hasidic men seemed particularly affected by it. On the one hand, they were being raised to adore their mothers; on the other, they were not allowed to transfer any of that affection to girlfriends when they became teen-agers. You might occasionally see one or two glancing furtively at a pretty girl, but they never flirted, and if they were caught looking they would affect a kind of lachrymose, indifferent air. Their studying engaged them mightily, and most of their vanity—and allure—was connected with their scholastic accomplishments, but they did not as a whole look happy. Many of them looked depressed, many more numb. Moshe's sons, Shmuel and Mendel, who were both bachelors in their twenties, almost always drifted off whenever unfamiliar women or girls invaded their domain, and on the only occasion when my curiosity about them got the better of my tact and I asked them one or two questions about their lives, they lobbed the questions right back ("What are your favorite subjects at school?" "So what's a favorite subject?" "Apart from the Rebbe, who are the people you most admire?" "What

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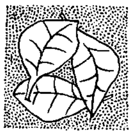
do you mean, admire?") in classic Henny Youngman style.

"I'm looking for bugs," Moshe said now, as he studied the lettuce.

"Bugs?"

"That's right. You never know when one will find its way into the lettuce patch."

I nodded noncommittally, not really understanding, whereupon Moshe allowed himself a small sigh (*Lubavitchers have to do a lot of explaining*) and added, not unkindly, "Bugs aren't kosher. I've found two already. Aha! Here's another." A few moments later, he announced, "Oh, there's Miriam and Yehuda. Hello, hello!" Miriam was Moshe's oldest daughter, and Yehuda was her husband. Both of them were in their late twenties. They had just arrived in New York from Cape Town, where they had been living for the past four years. Six doe-eyed children, aged one through six, trailed in alongside them. Miriam was pregnant. Moshe wiped his arms on a towel and scooped up a giggling little boy and girl. "Hi, Yossi! Hi, Feige!" Both children beamed at their grandfather. He beamed back. Miriam gave him a look of unqualified approval.



"I know what the things on the Seder plate are for, Zeyde [Grandfather]," the little boy said.

"Do you, Yossi? So tell me."

"The meat is for the lamb our people sacrificed in Egypt and ate the night they were freed. The egg, which we dip in salt water, is to remember the sadness of being slaves. The bitter herb is for the suffering of our . . . our . . . the Jewish people in Egypt. The *choroset* is for the bricks they used to make when they were slaves, and the potato is to show that spring is coming."

"That's wonderful, Yossi! Where did you learn all that?"

"Well, Mommy taught me some, and my teacher did, but I also read it here," Yossi said, showing his grandfather a little pamphlet. The pamphlet, which was published by the Lubavitch Student Organization, explained the rudiments of the Passover rituals and also offered a Passover crossword puzzle ("1. On Pesach, God took the Jews out of ________"); a matzoh-ball contest, which was a thinly disguised checklist of things to do for Passover, with prizes offered to all; and a Matzoh Maze.

"Zeyde, why are we speaking English?" Yossi asked Moshe.

"Because that lady over there, who is our guest, doesn't understand Yiddish."

Yossi, who had pale skin and short dark hair, looked at me curiously but said nothing. Lubavitcher children are taught not to make disenfranchised Jews feel embarrassed. Miriam and Yehuda were talking to Sheina in the kitchen. Sheina held a little girl on her hip while she stirred something in a pot; the other children had faded into the corners. They were watchful, well behaved, and quiet. Children here were part of the crowd scene. Nobody fussed over them or worried about whether they were sufficiently amused. A great deal of fuss had been made about their education, of course, and they were obviously well loved and well nourished, but they were not viewed as small adventurers on their way to some special, as yet undisclosed private destiny; they were little Jewish men and women, en route to the same destination as their parents.

"Come and talk to Miriam," Sheina said to me. "She'll tell you about her life in South Africa."

Miriam and I sat down to talk on a quilted velvet couch in the living room. She had her father's dark, luminous, hooded eyes, but her features were more angular than his. She was an intelligent-looking, bespectacled young woman, who spoke (also like her father) in quick, staccato phrases.

I asked her how she and Yehuda had happened to go to Cape Town.

"The Rebbe asked us to go. There's been a large Jewish population in Cape Town for about a hundred years. They're very conservative people—mostly business and professional people. They call themselves Orthodox, but really they're unobservant Orthodox, as a friend of ours once put it. Hardly anybody we met when we got there had any sort of Jewish education, so we tried to create an awareness in the people we talked to of who they were and of what it means, in religious terms, to be a Jew. We weren't there to force anything on anybody but to help them grow."

"How did you know where to go or whom to see?"

"We did what Lubavitchers do in other cities. We went to the university. We found out the names of various Jewish groups and went to speak at their meetings. I spoke to Jewish women's groups. I didn't know at all how people would react to us. I *never* suspected that so many people would be receptive to the idea of changing their lives. I don't mean that we made miracles or anything, but a good number of people that we got to know did start to keep kosher homes and observe the Sabbath, and a few, like Dovid—I think you met him—really changed the course of their lives."

"Apart from your work, how did you like the country? Were you affected by the racial tension there?"

"We loved the country. It's very beautiful. And there was a relaxed way of life there that was very much to our liking. We didn't like the racism. Of course things are not right there. And we were affected on a personal level, because the African maid we had was from one of the homelands and wasn't really supposed to be working in Cape Town. They came to get her twice. It was frightening. Once, they took her away and put her in jail, and we had to be very secretive about smuggling bail money to her and getting her out. Another time, she was standing outside our *shul* and she saw the police coming to get her. She was terrified. My husband told her to hide in his office and lock the door. It was dangerous for both of them."

"Did you get involved in any broader way with the politics there?"

"No. I don't think that Jews should do that, and I didn't have any real answers to the problems there anyway. Liberals always have answers. For them, the solution to any problem is always easy: follow liberal ideology, no matter what bloodshed follows or how little good the bloodshed does. When we got there, we found that many of the South Africans were leery of us at first. Later, we found out that they had seen a lot of hotheaded Americans arrive and make a lot of trouble—especially for the people they had come to help."

"Do you prefer conservative politicians?" I asked.

"Well, as I said, we're really not political people—but we do feel more comfortable with the politics of many conservative politicians. We trust Reagan more than we trusted Carter, because he's not so ready to make concessions to the Russians just to make himself look good. But—I don't know if my father or Sheina told you—we're not going back to Cape Town. I'm going to be teaching in Beis Rivkah, the girls' school here."

"Why aren't you going back?" I asked.

"Cape Town didn't have a *mikvah* [the ritual bath]. So I had to fly to Johannesburg to use the *mikvah* there,

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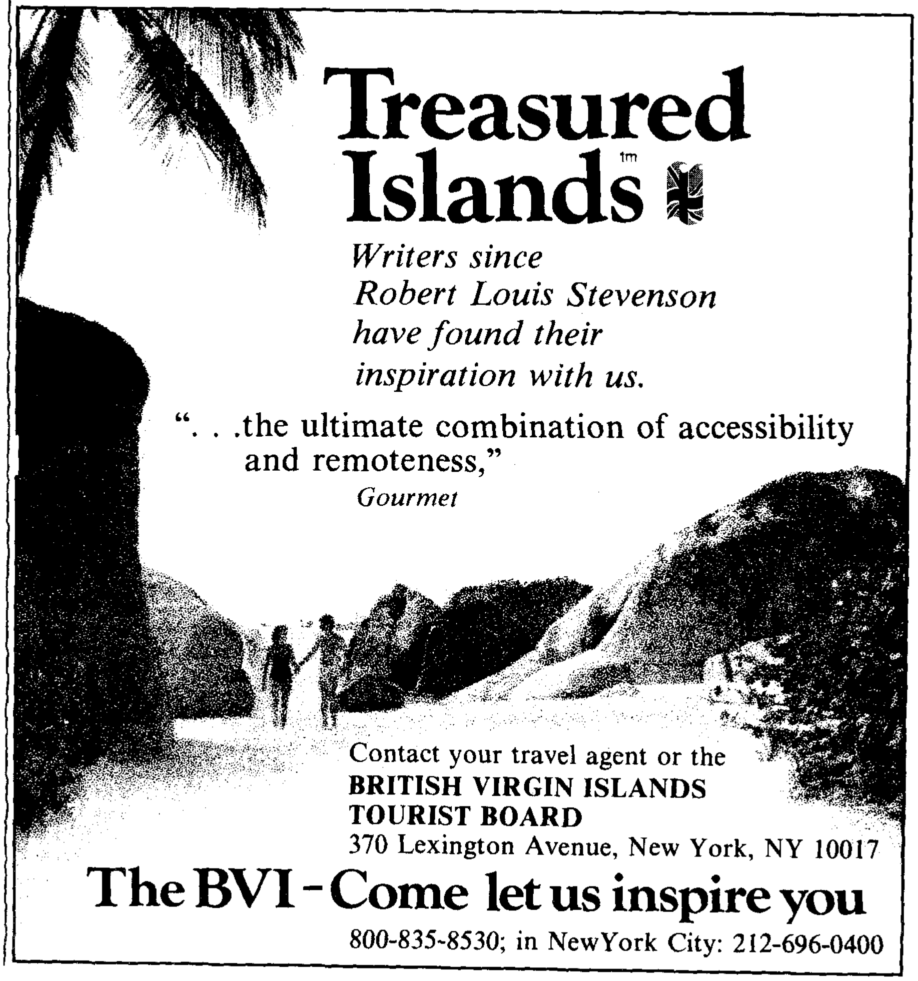

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and I had to stay overnight, too. It's supposed to be a private ritual, but, of course, Yehuda always flew with me, and we stayed with Lubavitcher friends, so it was obvious why we were there, which was embarrassing. It was disruptive to our family, too—disruptive enough so that we decided to come back here."

"Did the Rebbe approve of your decision?"

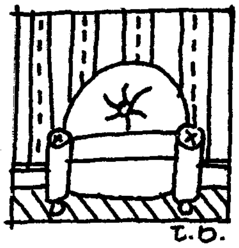
"Yes."

Yossi had been standing near us for some time, looking at me quite intensely. I smiled at him. He bit his lip, then blurted out, "You should learn Yiddish."

"Yes? Why?"

"So you can tell secrets."

He said no more but sidled over to his mother and rummaged in her handbag until he found a small magazine called *The Moshiach Times*. (*Moshiach* is the Yiddish word for Messiah.) The magazine is the "official" organ of the Lubavitcher children's group Tzivos Hashem (the Army of God). The format of the magazine, which is published in Crown Heights seven times a year, is not unlike that of *Ranger Rick* and other children's magazines, but the themes are religious and are generally couched in paramilitary language. Sheina subscribes to the magazine so that any children who come to the house can browse through it, and I had glanced at a few copies on previous visits. The magazine encourages children to work their way up through the ranks of Tzivos Hashem by zealously performing their religious duties. Every issue has a page listing "New Officers"—children who have carried out their religious duties well enough to earn a new rank. There are girl officers as well as boy officers on the list, and children of both sexes are depicted on the cover. The Lubavitchers' rebbe, Rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson, who initiated the children's group, had made it known that he wanted no sexual bias in this quarter, and, according to a story I'd been told, had once admonished the woman who drew the cover illustrations because she hadn't included any girls in one of them. According to the magazine, there were seventy thousand children in the Rebbe's juvenile army. A "Field Report" on the first page of Yossi's issue listed Tzivos Hashem "bases" in twenty-eight states, though most of the new officers appeared to hail from Brooklyn. One article, entitled "Meet the Major," was an interview with the army's highest-ranking officer, Major Moshe Neuberger, a boy who looked to be about nine or ten. Major Neuberger said that he had "joined up with a bunch of friends" and had quickly advanced in the Tzivos Hashem battalion in his summer camp, and that he "worked very hard learning Torah by heart." Other features of the issue were a short tale about the Tzemach Tzedek (the third Lubavitcher rebbe); a comic strip featuring Super Neshama (*neshama* means "soul"), alias Klar Kentowitz; a "Top Secret" mission—to learn extra Torah during the Passover vacation—from "Agent 613;" and a short story, set in Austria in 1957, about a religious boy who saves a train by spotting a fire he would not have noticed if he'd succumbed to the temptation of going to the dining car, like everyone else, to eat its unkosher food.



I asked Miriam if she ever read the classic fairy tales, or any other secular books, to her children. She said she didn't, because she wanted the heroes and villains her children grew up with to be Jewish ones. On the coffee table in front of us was a pile of gaily illustrated books. These were the sorts of stories that she read to her children at bedtime, she said, handing two small books to me. One was entitled "The Double Decker Purple Shul Bus," the other "The Three Little Goats Who Went Shopping for Shabbos." Like *The Moshiach Times*, the books were short on fancifulness and long on prescriptive moralizing. There wasn't the slightest chance that any child reading them would be led up the customary fairy-tale garden path to terror, unease, malice, or plain uncapped fantasy.

While Miriam and I were talking, the rest of the guests had arrived. They included Moshe's mother-in-law, known to all as Bubbe, who lived around the corner; Dovid, the young man from South Africa; and an ex-inmate of the New Jersey prison where Moshe occasionally conducts religious services, and his wife and son, all three of whom were to spend most of the evening gazing at their hosts in awe. Mendel came in, accompanied by a slim young man with a neatly trimmed beard and wearing a well-cut three-piece suit, who looked vaguely familiar. I asked Sheina who he was. She grinned and said, "Don't you know? Look again." I looked. It was Shmuel, transformed into a thin person. He had shed at least thirty pounds since the last time I saw him. As we all assembled around the table, I told him how well he looked, and said I had hardly recognized him.

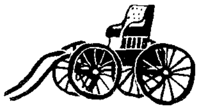
He looked directly at me, for the first time in our acquaintance, and smiled. "I—uh, just changed my eating habits."

"He eats like a rabbit now," Mendel said, clapping his brother affectionately on the shoulder. "No *kugel*, no *cholent*, just rabbit food."

I noticed that the two Iranian girls I had met on my first *Shabbos* visit weren't there, and I asked Sheina about them. She said that they had moved to Pennsylvania, where a relative of theirs lived. They hadn't left a forwarding address and, so far, hadn't written or called to let anyone know what had become of them. Miriam and Bassy brought Bubbe over to meet me. Bubbe was so pale that most of the other pale people in the room seemed ruddy by comparison. She spoke very little English, I was told, but when Bassy explained to her in Yiddish who I was her eyes conveyed interest and curiosity. She looked frail and not especially well, and Miriam and Bassy guided her to her place between them at the table with great solicitude. Sheina had told me that Bubbe's husband died of starvation in Russia during the First World War and that Bubbe somehow found her way to this country with her son and daughter—Moshe's first wife and the mother of his children.

Sheina, too, showed Bubbe great deference, and seemed not at all discomfited by the fact that Moshe's second marriage had not caused any realignment of Bubbe's position in the family. All the *bubbes*' and *zeydes*' places in their families are secure, of course, for although personality conflicts are as common in the Hasidic world as anywhere else, the values of the older and younger members of the family are the same. There is no generation gap. There are no Lubavitcher homes for the elderly. Old people stay with their families until they die, unless they get so sick that they have to be hospitalized. Hasidic children rarely rebel against their parents; they rebel against secular society. The currently fashionable virtues of independence and originality manifested in most adolescent rebellions have no place in this milieu. There is no way of being just a little rebellious, either. If you stray from the fold, you're not offending only your parents, you're offending your entire family, your teachers, your friends, your neighbors, the Rebbe, and God. Few are willing or able to take on that kind of burden. According to several recent surveys made by the American Jewish Committee, a substantial number of American Jews have ceased practicing their religion and have only the most tenuous sense of religious identity. Yet since the nineteen-fifties the Lubavitchers have been doubling their numbers every ten years. This is attributable in part to their high birth rate and their successful proselytizing campaign (typically, the converts are fairly young and fairly well educated, with minimal religious backgrounds), but it also reflects the fact that very few of them leave.

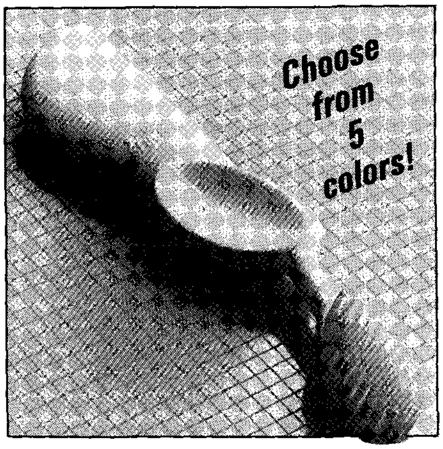
The Seder was the most impressively formal occasion I was to attend at the Konigsbergs'. By and large, most modern American Seders are rather slapdash affairs. The ones I had attended when I was young, which I suspect were more or less typical, were jolly family gatherings that were about as evocative of the perils of the Exodus as "Hogan's Heroes" is of the Second World War. The men donned yarmulkes at the last minute and stumbled over the unfamiliar Hebrew words they were called upon to intone; there were always sympathetic winks for the children from some freethinker among the grownups who was eager to let us know that he thought all this was pretty irrelevant; and there was a consensus that everything should be hurried along, so that people could get down to the serious business of eating and drinking. The Konigsbergs' Seder was slow-moving and stately. The rituals were performed meticulously and reverently, and there was so much discussion of the meaning of exile in the modern world that the meal itself did not begin until eleven o'clock, though we had sat down at eight-thirty. Everyone present agreed that Jews were in a permanent state of exile and would continue to be until the Messiah came, and that all attempts at assimilation were misguided and futile. "Jews can never really become a part of any other society," Miriam said, sipping from a goblet of sweet kosher wine. "Even if they want to forget that they're Jews, society can't forget it."



A perfunctory nod was made in the direction of politics. The Rebbe, who officially supports no candidate or party, is nevertheless known to hold strong views on various issues. The question arose of whether President Carter had been good for the Jews, and most agreed that he had not been, because he had "sold out" the Israelis at Camp David. Menachem Begin, when he was Prime Minister of Israel, used to call on the Rebbe whenever he came to New York, but he never visited again after the Camp David agreement, because, it was said, he had displeased the Rebbe by yielding up what the Lubavitchers' leader believes to be the God-given soil of Sinai. Clearly, giving up the Sinai had not been good for the Jews.

Even the most sophisticated members of the Hasidic world appear to evaluate all politics, all world events, using this single criterion. Unlike various Fundamentalist Christian groups, they steer clear of the larger political fray, regarding it as too hopeless to merit their attention. Their lack of interest in, and even cynicism about, social change is a concomitant of their view of themselves as permanent exiles in a strange land. "No reshuffling of the furniture will ever change things," Rabbi Manis Friedman, one of the Lubavitchers' favorite public speakers, frequently observes. "You have to bring goodness to earth as you find it," he has remarked. "Everything God created on Heaven and earth is exactly as He wanted it to be." In the Lubavitchers' efforts to communicate with Jews of all stripes, this attitude translates into "Let's accept people for what they are" and has enhanced their reputation as tolerant and modern. In local politics, however, it has often meant that they line up with sadly retrograde politicians who can deliver favors in exchange for votes.

When a Lubavitcher landlord who was suspected of renting his federally subsidized low-income apartments exclusively to Jews was confronted, a few years ago, by local officials, he responded that he was "only trying to integrate the neighborhood," which is eighty per cent black. On another occasion, the same landlord and some Lubavitcher colleagues petitioned their congressman, Charles Schumer, to get the Department of Housing and Urban Development to give the community—where some fifteen thousand Lubavitchers live—more federally supported housing units. "But they wouldn't



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agree to put up a 'FOR RENT' sign," an aide to Representative Schumer told me recently. "They wanted to put their own people in the apartments. When H.U.D. made the rule that you could get into these subsidized houses only by lottery, they were furious—though, to be fair, almost all the local community groups opposed the lottery, because they all wanted the people who *they* knew needed the housing to get it."

A report that detailed various alleged abuses on the part of a Lubavitcher anti-poverty and housing organization was issued by Carol Bellamy, the president of the City Council, in 1978. Her investigation was reportedly the result of scores of rent strikes and complaints directed chiefly against one Lubavitcher rabbi, who in effect ran the organization and owned many of the buildings in question. According to an article by Tom Robbins, the editor of the housing-policy magazine *City Limits*, the tenants of the largely four-story and five-story walk-ups all had the same story to tell. The buildings, "located in the midst or at the fringe of the Lubavitcher community, all tenanted by families, most of them Hispanic or black (one building . . . housed mostly older, non-Hasidic Jews), all suffered a . . . cessation of essential services." The article noted that each of the buildings had gone downhill after it was bought by a new owner, and that the owner invariably turned out to be the same Lubavitcher rabbi. In most cases, the cessation of services was a prelude to "offers—and sometimes threats" designed to get the tenants to move out. The buildings, it seemed, had been accepted for some form of government-subsidized renovation. While the Bellamy report gave the tenants some welcome moral support, it carried no legal weight, since the City Council is not a law-enforcement agency. In its concluding paragraph, it called upon "all agencies . . . which act in an oversight capacity . . . to impose sanctions where they are jurisdictionally appropriate." The report was submitted to various local, state, and federal agencies for possible action, but after several years it sank into bureaucratic oblivion. Robbins believes that the reason the allegations in the report were never pursued is that government officials were afraid of incurring the wrath of the Hasidim. Even though the Rebbe does not endorse candidates or parties, the word somehow gets around at election time that a certain candidate is favored, and inevitably the Lubavitcher community's two thousand registered voters all cast their votes for that person. A photograph of a group of eminent Lubavitchers smiling at a certain politician may appear in the newspaper, or, in the days when the Rebbe granted audiences, people would somehow learn that a candidate had been granted an unusually long one, and nothing further needed to be said. However, Gordon Haesloop, a former general counsel at the city's Department of Investigation—one of the agencies that were given the report—disagrees: according to Haesloop, the reason nothing came of the report is that no criminal acts were found. "There were irregularities, and there was some discrimination," he told me in a telephone conversation. "H.U.D. did deny additional funds. Perhaps the situation was that the city was glad to have the buildings rehabilitated. If the city had pressured the Lubavitcher group to provide more services, in all likelihood the landlord would have said, 'That's too expensive. You do it,' and abandoned the buildings."

When I asked Moshe if he knew about the alleged wrongdoing mentioned in the Bellamy report, he said he hadn't been aware of the report and didn't know whether the facts in it were true. "But I'm a hundred per cent sure that *some* people do things a hundred per cent wrong in a Hasidic community," he said. "Just like they do everywhere else. This is not a neighborhood of angels—just a place where most people are trying to live a spiritual life."

In the nineteen-fifties, when middle-class and upper-middle-class blacks began moving into Crown Heights, there was little friction between them and the Hasidim. In the nineteen-sixties, when confrontational politics became popular and the Lubavitchers felt threatened by the growing number of poor blacks in the neighborhood and the increase in crimes committed there, relations between them and the black community reached their nadir. In 1964, a group called the Maccabees was formed. Feeling insufficiently protected by the police, its members took turns patrolling the streets at night in cars that had radio contact with the group's headquarters, which would relay calls for help to the precinct station house. The Lubavitchers called it a street patrol. Others called it a vigilante group. There were several "incidents," in which people suspected of committing a crime were allegedly roughed up by members of the Maccabees before the police arrived. Several years later, partly because police protection had been stepped up and partly because efforts had been made by leaders of the black and Lubavitcher communities to work together to make the neighborhood safe, the group was disbanded. Nowadays, it is the blacks who are apt to complain that they do not have enough police protection, and they accuse the Lubavitchers of wangling more than their fair share of it.

Although the Lubavitchers maintain a passing interest in world events, they are uninvolved in international politics except as it relates to Soviet Jewry or the State of Israel. Over the years, they have waged an intensive campaign to help Jews leave the Soviet Union. One diplomat who has himself worked on behalf of Soviet Jews, noting the Lubavitchers' success in this area, told me, "Somehow, there's a mystique about the Rebbe that moves people to do things, and it's not related to the voting power of the community, which is relatively modest. A lot of people get mad at the Rebbe, because he opposes all confrontational politics, like demonstrations for Soviet Jews. But he opposes them because he thinks that those tactics only harden the resistance of the Soviets. He believes in moving quietly and keeping the pressure on, and his methods seem to work. It's hard to argue with success."

The Lubavitchers have a community in Israel—Kfar Chabad, a village near Tel Aviv—and they support scores of Israeli institutions, such as schools and camps. Soldiers in the field have become accustomed to seeing the Lubavitcher "*mitzvah* tanks" roll up to the front lines. But the Lubavitchers in Israel do not as a group support any political party, and no Lubavitcher representative sits in the Knesset. Israelis tend to consider the Lubavitchers their "good" Hasidim, and the Satmarers, who are vociferously anti-Zionist and oppose most Israeli policies, their "bad" Hasidim. Toward the end of the Konigsbergs' Seder, I asked Moshe if stories I had heard about Satmarer Hasidim attacking *mitzvah* tanks and vandalizing newsstands that carry the *Algemeiner Journal*, a pro-Israel Yiddish weekly whose editor and publisher is a Lubavitcher, were true.

He sighed deeply and looked at his hands. "I don't want to say anything against other Jews, but I'm afraid they are true. There are those who say that in the last days of exile all these bad things—even the Holocaust—are a last step before the Messiah comes."

"The Holocaust?"

"Some people believe that the Holocaust happened when it did and where it did because Germany was where most of the Jews who had abandoned Jewish ways lived."

"Are you saying that that's why all those people died—because they incurred the wrath of God?"

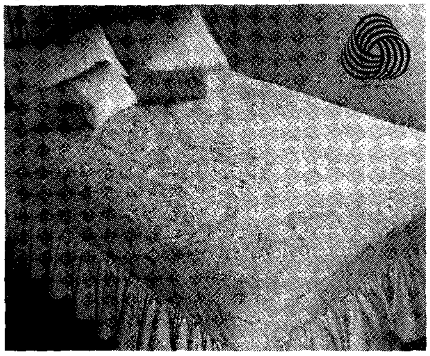
"No. No one knows why they died. I'm just saying that some people believe that all those bad things happened for a reason. We may not know the reason, but there always is one."

PINCHAS KORF, a neighbor of the Konigsbergs on President Street, is a mild-mannered man in his late forties who is known not only as a gifted scholar and teacher but as a kind of Hasid's Hasid. A friend who has known him for most of his life has described him as being "full of heart and wisdom," and has said, "If I were asked who I thought best lived up to Hasidic ideals, I would say Pinky Korf." The Hasidic community has such a lively word-of-mouth network that Rabbi Korf's abilities as a teacher are spoken of with admiration even among some of the young students of the Satmarer community, in Williamsburg. One of them, an eighteen-year-old named David Kohn, asked Rabbi Korf if he would teach him Hasidic philosophy—specifically, the "Tanya," a religious guide written in the late eighteenth century by Schneur Zalman, the first Lubavitcher rebbe. Rabbi Korf agreed to do so, and they met, at Kohn's request, in his father's frame shop, at the corner of Broadway and Union Avenue, in Williamsburg. After that first meeting, which took place in the spring of 1983, the young man telephoned Rabbi Korf and asked if he would mind teaching him at his father's shop again. Rabbi Korf said that he would prefer meeting at the Kohns' house, but the young man said that his parents would allow them to meet only in his father's shop.

Rabbi Korf hesitated. He was worried about his safety in a Satmarer neighborhood, and about calling attention to himself by sitting with his pupil in so public a place. Only a few weeks before, a Lubavitcher Hasid who lived in Williamsburg and had been receiving visits from Satmarer students had been stoned and had received death threats. That week, the *Jewish Press* had carried a story headlined "A FAMILY MOURNS IN WILLIAMSBURG BECAUSE SON BECOMES LUBAVITCH HASID." The story, which described what every Hasid knows—the deep enmity that the Satmarers feel for the Lubavitchers—quoted one Satmarer leader as saying, "It's worse than if he was to join the Moonies." Rabbi Korf also feared exposing his family to the same trials as Mendel Wechter's. Rabbi Wechter, a young Satmarer Hasid, had chosen to study Lubavitcher texts. When it was discovered that Rabbi Wechter and his students were reading Lubavitcher books, his wife was fired from her teaching job at the Satmarer girls' school, and the family began to get threatening phone calls. Eventually, they were forced to leave Williamsburg for Borough Park.

In late May, Rabbi Korf, having been assured by his student that everything would be all right, agreed to meet him in his father's shop, and on the appointed day they sat down to study. A few minutes later, six men burst in, sent David Kohn and his father into the next room, took the telephone off the hook, threw Rabbi Korf down on the floor, cut off his beard, beat him, and threatened to kill him if he ever returned to Williamsburg. A week or so later, a twenty-eight-year-old Satmarer official named Jacob Cohen was arrested and charged with participating in the attack on Rabbi Korf. The Lubavitchers asked the Satmarers to condemn the attack, but the Satmarers did not oblige them. A short while later, the Lubavitchers' *beth din*, or rabbinical court, convened and placed a ban on all Satmarer products. Although the Brooklyn District Attorney was charged with prosecuting the case, Lubavitcher officials, who had in the past played down Satmarer provocations, hired their own lawyers to oversee their interests.

The Satmarer-Lubavitcher feud can



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be traced to purely ideological causes. One of them is that the Lubavitchers have succeeded in capturing the imagination of a large number of young Jews, among them some Satmarers. After years of disfavor, Orthodoxy has begun to grow in America, and the Lubavitcher ranks have swelled with Jews from all walks of life. The Satmarers, unlike the Lubavitchers, do not proselytize, deeply disapprove of proselytizing, and, like most other Hasidic groups, rely on their own high birth rate to perpetuate themselves. Though the number of defectors has never been reckoned to be more than a handful, every loss is considered a grave blow. But a deeper source of enmity between the two groups is their disagreement about the State of Israel. The Satmarers believe that a true Jewish state cannot exist until the arrival of the Messiah, and that the existence of a democratic Jewish state functioning independently of Jewish law is sacrilege. An advertisement that the American Neturei Karta (Keepers of the City), a group affiliated with the Satmarers, placed in the *Times* shortly after Egypt and Israel signed a peace treaty states their position succinctly:

> Neither peace treaties nor payments, neither arms nor politics determine or even influence the attitude of the Jewish people toward the Zionist state which had the audacity to usurp the holy name of Israel. The prophets of old castigated any wrongdoing by the Jewish rulers of that time. What would they have to say about today's Zionist rulers who want to substitute their fraudulent man-made sovereignty for . . . the written and oral Law in Jewish life, who want to break the Divine covenant with the Jewish people and replace it with a prejudiced and blind chauvinism?

Extreme as it may sound, this view of Israel was in fact the view shared by most of the Orthodox rabbis of Europe before the First World War. Allan Nadler, a lecturer in Jewish Studies at McGill University, pointed out several years ago in the periodical *Judaism:*

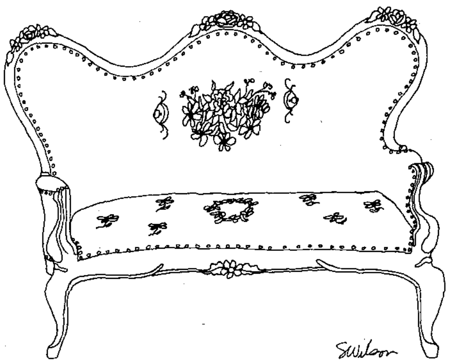
> Most of the leading rabbis of Eastern Europe viewed political Zionism with deep suspicion, if not outright contempt, for this movement was accurately perceived as yet another outcome of the dangerous . . . Jewish enlightenment, or *Haskalah*, whose goal was the radical alteration of traditional Jewish society in Europe. Those rabbis who ended up joining Zionist ranks were almost always relative unknowns in the Rabbinic world and they never represented more than a small minority. . . . The world's acknowledged leading Talmudists were almost without exception bitterly opposed to the Zionist plan to "normalize" the Chosen People, for the Zionist dream represented a rejection of traditional Jewish values, and its realization would mean the total destruction of traditional Jewish life in Europe.

The rabbis' worst fears were realized, of course, not by Zionism but by the Holocaust, which all but destroyed every semblance of traditional Jewish life and every Jewish community as well. In the postwar world, the presence of a Jewish homeland and place of refuge made any notion of anti-Zionism absurd. "Orthodoxy's ideological battle with Zionism was over —almost," Nadler wrote, and continued:

> One lonely but determined Sage of prewar Europe adamantly refused to desist, refused to grant any legitimacy to the successes of the "heresy." That was [the Satmarer rebbe] Joel Teitelbaum, who continued the old Rabbinic war with Jewish Nationalism as if nothing had changed.

Rabbi Teitelbaum died in 1979, but his nephew Moses Teitelbaum, who took over the Satmarer leadership, shows no sign of softening the group's position. When the Belzer grand rebbe, who lives in Israel, came to Brooklyn to visit his followers several years ago, the Belzers were terrorized by the Satmarers. It was even rumored that the venerable leader's life had been threatened, and Mayor Koch was called upon to intervene.

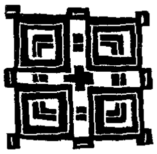
To those unacquainted with the philosophical reasons behind the Satmarers' anti-Zionism—and, indeed, to many of those acquainted with them—the Satmarers' picketing of pro-Zionist rallies, their anti-Zionist demonstrations outside the United Nations, their attacks on pro-Israeli groups, and their terrorizing of Lubavitcher teachers do not look much different from the worst kind of anti-Semitic thuggery. The Lubavitchers probably bear the brunt of the Satmarers' enmity because they are so visible: visibly religious and openly helpful to Israel. They do not, in fact, consider themselves Zionists; they agree with the Satmarers that only the Messiah can rule the Holy Land.



They are pro-Israel because, as Rabbi Yehuda Krinsky, a Lubavitcher spokesman, recently put it, "we are Jews, and Israel is a land of Jews." Rabbi Krinsky, whom I talked with in his office, a modest, cluttered room in the back reaches of the Lubavitchers' main synagogue and headquarters, at 770 Eastern Parkway, said he thought that the Satmarers were as violent as they were because they lived in a philosophical void. "The young people are not taught much Hasidic philosophy," he said. "They do everything by rote. Why do they burn the Israeli flag? Because first they teach their young to hate Zionism, then they teach them to hate Zionists, then they teach them to hate anyone who isn't like them. Our teachings are diametrically opposed to theirs. There is no Lubavitcher-Satmarer feud, as the newspapers are always suggesting. We have no quarrel with them. But dressing like a Hasid and going to *shul* does not make you a Hasid. Piety and adherence to the ways of the Torah do. Hasids don't attack other people. Hasids don't defame other Jews. In fact, according to the Talmud, the second Temple was destroyed because of 'causeless hatred.' For thirty years, Lubavitchers walked as a group among the Jews of Williamsburg on Passover to show our solidarity with other Jews. But in 1977 we were attacked on their streets, so we don't do it anymore. And this hatred did not originate in America. I have a file going back fifty years that documents the Satmarers' penchant for violence." Reaching into a fat folder, Rabbi Krinsky pulled out the yellowed front page of a Yiddish newspaper published in Transylvania on June 28, 1935. The headline referred to Rabbi Teitelbaum's students as "Jewish Hitlers," and the story beneath it described the violent tactics used by Rabbi Teitelbaum to trounce the opposition when he sought to become chief rabbi of the city of Satu-Mare, then the seat of the Satmarer court.

Though the Lubavitchers may not be Zionists per se, their support of aggressive Israeli politics goes a bit farther than they are wont to admit. Allan Nadler noted in his *Judaism* article that during the Yom Kippur war the Lubavitcher rebbe advised the Israeli government to attack the Syrian capital of Damascus. "The advice was presented not as his individual opinion, which is what it was, but as his considered religious ruling—an expression of *Da'as Torah*, the sacred view of halakhic [legal] Judaism," Nadler wrote. "Since 1973, the Lubavitcher Rebbe has been a vocal proponent of West-Bank annexation. He has also condemned the Camp David Agreement and advised Israel to recapture the Sinai, for he insists that the Torah absolutely forbids the Jews to relinquish so much as one inch of the Holy Land to 'idolators.' "

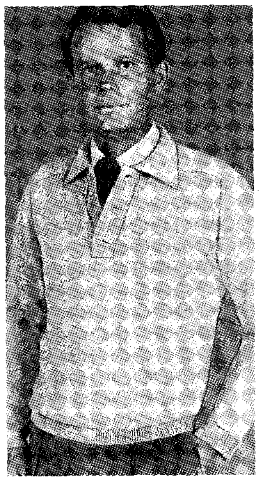
The Satmarers, however, regard all manifestations of Israel's defense policy as contrary to their deepest beliefs. At Rabbi Joel Teitelbaum's rallies, at which a huge American flag usually covered the wall behind the dais, the Satmarer leader frequently denounced the Zionist platform, and particularly Israeli militarism, in the strongest terms. The only appropriate method of international statecraft, he believed, was *Shtadlanut*—the form of diplomacy employed by Jewish lobbyists at the royal courts of Europe during the Middle Ages, and for centuries the *only* form of diplomacy available to those who represented Jewish interests. Bribery, pleading, placation, and appeasement were the tools of these Jewish diplomats—never confrontation. As Nadler wrote, "the entire Zionist platform, especially the defense policy of the Jewish State, constitutes a radical departure from the philosophy and methods of *Shtadlanut*." Rabbi Teitelbaum also dismissed as unworkable all plans for permanent peace in the Middle East and regularly decried those who devised them. He had a plan of his own, and it was remarkably simple: "If the Zionists were only to give up, there would be no more sorrows in Israel. . . . For . . . they would undoubtedly remove the wrath of God and all of these hardships would vanish." Another bizarre theory of the Satmarer rebbe's was that Zionism was the root cause of modern anti-Semitism and of the Second World War. The idea was that the Zionists deliberately whipped up Nazi anti-Semitism in order to force the Jews of Europe to concede the need for a Jewish state. Teitelbaum further suggested—in terms that were indistinguishable from the rhetoric of the worst Jew-baiters—that there was an international Zionist group that conspired during the war to make sure that none of the free-world countries would accept refugees, so that fleeing Jews would have no possible haven but the Zionist state.



One of the few people in the Hasidic world who have suggested that the Satmarers and the Lubavitchers ought to consider a rapprochement is Mendel Wechter, the Satmarer scholar who was forced to leave Williamsburg when his neighbors learned that he was studying and teaching Lubavitcher texts. Rabbi Wechter tried to point out to those who would listen that since both groups actually shared the same religious view of Zionism, there was no real basis for the Satmarers' animosity. His efforts seemed only to rub salt in a raw wound. The Satmarers blamed him for putting "dangerous" thoughts in their children's heads and encouraging students like David Kohn to lose their way. After Rabbi Korf was attacked, a Satmarer spokesman said that he saw the attack as "the result of a war being waged over the minds of young children and men—it's mind control and cultism at its worst."

Even after Rabbi Wechter, who now considered himself a Lubavitcher, had moved to Borough Park, he continued to be an irritant to some Satmarers. But most of his friends assumed that the distance he had put between himself and Williamsburg would cause his foes to forget him. Then, three weeks after the attack on Rabbi Korf, a blue van drove up to Rabbi Wechter's house at 6:10 A.M., just as he was leaving for morning prayers. Five masked men jumped out and shoved him in the van, drove him about a mile, and released him, but not before shearing off his beard and removing all his clothes except his underwear. In the fracas, his ankle was broken, and he had to be taken to a hospital, where he was treated for lacerations of the back and face as well as for the broken ankle. The Satmarers denied that anyone in their community had had anything to do with the attack, and one of their spokesmen said he hoped that the attackers would be brought to justice. The following week, a four-column advertisement appeared in the *Jewish Press* further dissociating the Satmarers from this event and accusing the Lubavitchers of having "heaped shame on all Jews [by] going to the non-Jewish media" (the local papers had carried stories about both attacks) and "blowing these incidents out of proportion."

Most Lubavitchers scoffed at the Satmarers' denials. Rabbi Krinsky was certain that Rabbi Wechter's attackers were Satmarers because, he said, the men who cut off Rabbi Korf's beard had warned their victim that Rabbi



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Wechter was next. Krinsky told a reporter from the *Jewish Press* that there was a Satmarer "hit list" and that he knew who was on it. A pretrial conference on the Korf case was held in Brooklyn Criminal Court in late June, but further disputation was postponed, because the lawyers had not finished preparing their cases. The day of the conference would have been fairly uneventful had not a group of Satmarers attacked a *Daily News* photographer and damaged his camera. A few days later, an "Open Letter to the Satmar Community" appeared in the *Jewish Press*, signed by Mendel Shemtov, a Lubavitcher businessman. It accused the Satmarers of not acting on a promise to punish anyone who had participated in the acts of violence against fellow-Jews. *Der Yid*, the Satmarer organ, had carried a story the previous week in which a Satmarer leader said that the "severest measures will be taken against anyone who commits such harmful acts." He also declared, "It will not be tolerated that people commit criminal acts on their own. . . . If we find out that those who commit these acts are from our community we will expel them." Echoing the skepticism of most Lubavitchers about this statement, Mr. Shemtov challenged the Satmarers to keep their promise. He pointed out that Jacob Cohen, one of their number, had already been "indicted and charged with three counts, punishable by imprisonment," although in fact Cohen had not yet been convicted. "The victim of the first beard-shearing clearly identified [Cohen] as his assailant," he wrote. "If the Satmar leadership is seriously concerned, as they claim to be, with finding those responsible for such acts as they too label disgraceful, then they have the Halachic and moral duty to have this individual summoned before their Rabbinic Court and dealt with accordingly." There the matter rested for a while, except that letters kept pouring into the office of the *Jewish Press* from advocates of both sides. After several weeks of publishing the letters, the paper printed the following notice on its front page: "In the interest of Shalom-Peace, *The Jewish Press* will refrain from publishing any further letters about the Satmar-Lubavitch quarrel. We received many letters on this dispute and to publish them would only fan the fires of hate."

Before the trial of Jacob Cohen finally took place, a year later, David Kohn, Rabbi Korf's young Satmarer student, signed an affidavit saying that Cohen had not been present during the attack, and in court he again denied having seen the defendant on that day. When he gave his testimony, he looked extremely uncomfortable and stared at his lap a lot. The Lubavitchers claimed after the trial that they had good reason to believe that the young man himself had been threatened, and also that he had been told that since it wasn't a religious court it didn't matter if he lied. Though Pinchas Korf was absolutely sure that Jacob Cohen had been the leader of his assailants, and had identified him in a lineup, Cohen was acquitted.

THE Lubavitch Women's Organization, Neshei U'Bnos Chabad, is holding its annual convention on a spring weekend. Some thirty-five hundred women from the fifty states and a goodly number from abroad have come to Crown Heights to see each other and to hear various speakers, including the Rebbe, address themselves to the theme "Reaching Above and Beyond." Speeches, kaffeeklatsches, and meetings are scheduled from Friday through Monday, but the Rebbe's talk, on Sunday evening, is considered the highlight of the convention.

By late Friday afternoon, swarms of women fill the streets of Crown Heights. The men, who usually dominate the streets in the pre-Sabbath dusk, are nowhere to be seen. Small battalions of synthetically coiffed women in regulation Hasidic garb—knee-and-elbow-hiding conservative dresses and suits—hurry to the homes where they have been billeted for the weekend. Although there are few families that have not opened their homes to the visitors, a large percentage of the convention's population appears to have found its way to the Konigsberg house and is preparing to light Sabbath candles when I arrive. The table, resplendent with two candelabra, a dozen tiny oil lamps, and brown napkins folded in wineglasses, looks like the cover of *The Jewish Woman's Outlook*, one of the magazines Sheina subscribes to. Hasty introductions are made all around, the candles are lit, and Sheina escorts her guests over to the synagogue for evening prayers.

At the synagogue, the left side of the women's gallery has been set aside for visitors. Two large signs printed with the words "RESERVED FOR OUT-OF-TOWN GUESTS" have been taped to the black Plexiglas partition, further obscuring the dim view of the downstairs proceedings. By Lubavitcher standards, the visitors' area is almost pleasant; the out-of-towners are a bit less avid than the home crowd, and there is not so much shoving. By normal standards, the gallery is packed. All seats and all the floor space are occupied, and about a third of the women are standing on the backs of the pews. The women from out of town are quite distinctive-looking. In front of me is a group that, according to Sheina, comes from somewhere in the West. They are thinner than most of the other women, stand very straight, and wear small, jaunty straw hats. There is also a Russian contingent—recent émigrés. They wear outdated clothes, are fairly stout, and look a bit bewildered. Many of the women are reading from prayer books. Others are straining to catch a glimpse of the Rebbe, either by squinting through the Plexiglas screen or by bending down and peering through the space between the screen and the rim of the balcony. The Rebbe is ensconced in the right-hand front corner of the hall, praying by himself, while somebody else leads the service. He seems to be totally absorbed in his prayer book, oblivious of the thousands of men who chant and sway behind him, their voices rising in a powerful arrhythmic hum.

As we walk back to the house after evening prayers, Sheina is greeted every few steps by friends and acquaintances. Everyone seems to relish saying "Good *Shabbos*," which is spoken with the kind of lilt and emphasis usually reserved in the secular world for "Happy Birthday."

RMacMillan

When the guests have assembled around the Konigsbergs' dining table, Moshe pours the ritual wine into the *kiddush* cup, and another Sabbath meal begins. Among the guests are two young women and an older woman from Toronto. The young women have recently become *baalot teshuvah*, and the older woman, a svelte blond divorcée in her fifties, is the mother of one of them. She is not religious, and she looks uncomfortable, as she will throughout the weekend. Also present are the pretty Israeli-born owner of a chic Manhattan cosmetics business and her ten-year-old daughter, and an attractive, good-humored Montreal woman and her daughter and son. Moshe does not appear to be discomfited by the little seraglio that peers down the long table at him. Mendel does, and he addresses himself mostly to the boy from Montreal, who is seated next to him. Shmuel and Bassy are eating with other families. While we all down robust portions of gefilte fish and chicken soup, several of the Canadian guests compare notes on the number of times they or Hasidim they know have been stopped by guards at the United States border and subjected to elaborate questioning and car searches. The woman from Montreal says that the last time she set out to drive across the border she left all her jewelry at home and dressed in the plainest clothes she owned, so that she would look as colorless and unobtrusive as possible: "But my husband wore his hat and long coat and he couldn't leave his beard behind, so of course they stopped us and turned the car inside out, and delayed us for quite a long time."

"You think that they harass you because you're Jews?" I asked.

"Well, yes. You'll be in a line of cars going across, and you just know that you will not make it without being stopped. It happens every time. It's a kind of petty form of anti-Semitism, and of course you really can't prove it. But there's nothing new about that kind of thing. Minor bureaucrats have always jumped at the opportunity to harass Jews."

Her son, a cherubic-looking fifteen-year-old with the merest fringe of a beard, added, "I got fed up once, and I said to a guard, 'Do you hate the Jewish people? Why do you do this? I'm going to write to the government and complain.' He just shrugged and pretended not to know what I was talking about, but he stopped bothering me."

After dispatching a gargantuan third course of baked chicken, spinach soufflé, noodle pudding, and warm fruit compote, Moshe sat back in his chair and sang a sweet, wordless Lubavitcher melody, and then he and Mendel sang a gayer song, about how nice it was when Jews all sat down together at the table.

Someone mentioned the Jacobo Timerman book about Israel, which had appeared not long before, and asked Moshe what he thought of it.

Moshe's answer came from between clenched teeth: "It had no reality for me. The man hadn't been there long enough to begin to understand what it means to try to keep that country safe. Even his opinions about Argentina were invented."

"You don't believe that the Argentines vilified and tortured him because he was a Jew?" I said.

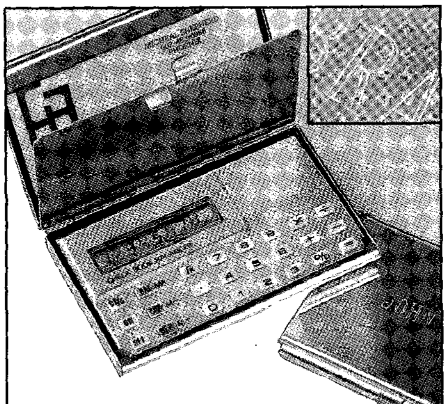
"No, I don't believe it."

Mendel said, with an ironic smile, "We have boys here in the community from all walks of life in Argentina—farmers' boys, teachers' boys, industrialists' boys—and all of them say that there is no anti-Semitism there."

"But how can you acknowledge that a benign country like Canada might have anti-Semitic acts taking place on its border and deny that a country like Argentina, where as many as thirty thousand people have disappeared, could have some anti-Semites in its secret police?"

Moshe shook his head vehemently. "You don't understand. Sure, the police curse at their enemies and call them all kinds of names. If the enemies are Jews, they'll call them dumb Yids, or whatever. But those are just names. The point is, I don't believe that man, whatever he says, because he is sympathetic to the Communists. The poor Russian Jews have been living with Communism for a long time. They know what it's like to be in a place where morality and truth really mean nothing. All of us have relatives or friends who have been persecuted by the Russians. They've been arrested, sent to work camps, even killed, simply for existing as Jews. Communists are godless people! Their words are meaningless!"

This was the only time I ever saw Moshe stirred to anger. He was shouting, and his face had turned red with rage. Sheina put her arm on his and said, "Shh, shh, don't get so excited," and he calmed down. But he continued



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to look at me fixedly, as if to say, "I won't say any more, for the sake of Sabbath calm, but be sure that this is a matter of considerable importance to me." Not long before this discussion, I had read Timerman's book about his experiences in Argentina. The details of his incarceration had seemed harrowingly authentic to me, and I found it astonishing that one obvious reality, the suffering of Russian Jews, could utterly annihilate another, the suffering of Jacobo Timerman and many like him. Did it matter to Moshe that Timerman had emphatically denied any Communist sympathies? Or that fuzzy political accusations had brought about the disappearance of thousands of innocent people? The bright light that the Hasidim trained on their communal and inner life seemed to dim considerably when it was turned on the outside world—a circumstance that appeared to strain the quality of mercy hereabouts.

THE Konigsbergs' Sabbath breakfast was an uncharacteristically Spartan, come-when-you-will meal, consisting chiefly of tea and pastry. Guests in various states of modest dishabille wandered in and out of the breakfast nook with cups of tea, prayer books, and commentaries on Jewish history. There was a whiff here of the languors of a novitiate, and another of the let's-all-be-jolly-together chumminess of a pajama party. When Sheina called everybody in to lunch, several of the women trooped directly from the breakfast table to the dining-room table.

The lunch was copious—mostly cold meats and fish but including one hot dish, a bowl of *cholent*. Five new guests, all women, were present: two friends, a stockbroker from Manhattan and a social worker from California; a young girl studying at Macon Chana, the school for *baalot teshuvah* that the Lubavitchers run in Crown Heights, and her mother, a small, plainly dressed woman of about sixty; and a regal, dark-skinned beauty who was a sportswear designer and the daughter of a Sephardic rabbi. The stockbroker had recently moved to Crown Heights, where she'd been spending weekends for a long time. "It was easier not having to constantly make the transition back and forth between the two worlds," she told me. "I would return to the city after spending *Shabbos* here each weekend, and one day I just said, 'I like where I came from better.' And I used to *love* Manhattan."

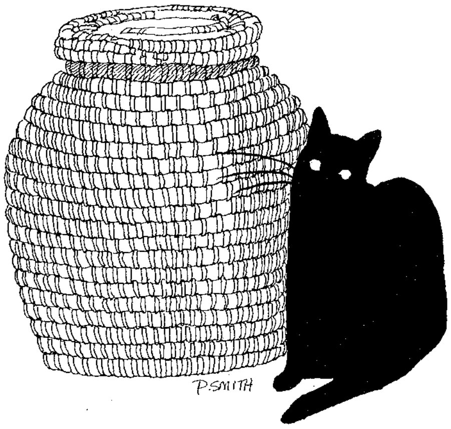
"How did your colleagues feel about your move?" I asked.

"Angry—and sort of rejected," she said. "I work mostly with men, and I guess they liked to think of me as just one of the boys. I played on the softball team. We socialized together. When I said that I couldn't do those things anymore, they said they couldn't understand it. Really, they didn't want to try. One afternoon, one of the men in my office started screaming at me, in front of everyone. He said, 'How can you be doing this to yourself? You're such an intelligent rational woman! Don't you know it's all a lot of hokum? How can you ally yourself with a bunch of badly educated fanatics?' He went on in that vein, screaming at the top of his lungs."

"What did you do?"

"I just waited until he was finished. I amazed myself. I have a terrible temper. But I saw that he had no real idea of what a religious life meant and that he was threatened by it. So all I said was 'Sometime, when I'm in a position to, I'll invite you out to Crown Heights for a *Shabbos*.' "

"I'll bet he can't wait for that," said Lizzie, the social worker from California, laughing. She was a lively-looking young woman, with short curly hair. "It's really amazing how much hostility we encounter—particularly from Jews. Our Gentile friends are curious; Jews feel threatened by us. I know all about Jewish antagonism to Jewish things. The only reason *I'm* here is that I went with some buddies in California to goad a Lubavitcher rabbi who was speaking at my college. You know, in California everybody's pretty arrogant. We think we have the best of everything—nature, health, material comforts. So my friends and I tried to debunk the rabbi's ideals. But, in the first place, he wasn't goadable, and, in the second, the life he led sounded good to me. I didn't return to see him right away, but eventually I went back, and here I am. I work in a hospital here now, and I'm learning more all the time about *Yiddishkeit* [Jewishness]."



"How do you think the women in this community who have always been religious regard you?" I asked.

"Ah, the frummies!" she said, casting a conspiratorial look at her friend. (*Frum* is the Yiddish word for "observant.") "Well, that depends on who it is we're talking about. Most of the people in this community are fantastically warm and kind, whether they are F.F.B.s—*frum* from birth—or not. But there is definitely a bit of tension between some of the frummies and the B.T.s—*baalot teshuvah*. Many frummies look down on us a little, I think, because we've been in the fleshpots of the world so long, and because we've supposedly got all these useless facts about heroic couplets and Mozart and the Chrysler Building, say, at our fingertips but we're often ignorant of things they learned in kindergarten—like Hebrew, or what holiday is for what, or what the reasons are for the rituals. On the other hand, the B.T.s may sometimes feel a bit superior to the frummies. We *are* better educated—at least in secular subjects—and we *do* tend to see the outside world from a less narrow perspective. I'm thirty, and naturally they've tried to match me up with men in the community, with *disastrous* results!" She giggled and cast another glance at her friend, then added, "The fact that many of the B.T.s have jobs that are not within the traditional spectrum also causes some anxiety around here."

"It's hard, sometimes, to straddle both worlds," said the sportswear designer. "The values of the two are so different. Most of my nonreligious friends are as uninterested in the details of my religious life as the people around here are in my professional life—or, for that matter, in anything I ever learned about nonreligious subjects."

"Well, I don't think women should *have* to have careers. It's enough to bring up your family, lead a *frum* life, and, if you want to, teach," said the young student at Macon Chana. Her voice had a strong defensive edge.

"What if a woman is born with, say, musical or artistic talent? Should she try to develop it?" I asked no one in particular.

"Not if it's going to interfere with religious ways," the young girl snapped back at once, with considerable heat. "My mother and I knew a woman who used to give concerts. She was a fine pianist. But when she became religious she learned she either had to stop giving concerts or put a screen up, so that she wouldn't be seen by the men, so she just stopped giving concerts."

"And wasn't that a shame!" cried her mother, who spoke with a thick Yiddish accent. "Why should God be against a woman playing beautiful music?" She glanced briefly at me and raised her eyebrows. I raised mine in a small gesture of solidarity. "He can't be! And men can play in front of women. Why? I was in a concentration camp. If Jews can survive that and still go on to play beautiful music, who can say that they shouldn't?" The woman shook her head and looked around the room for some sign of agreement from the other guests. In vain. Most of the women stared at their plates. The rest seemed startled, and gazed unhappily at the woman, the way good children stare at the class cutup. (Where had I seen this happen before? A group of women politely disapproving of someone whom they considered out of step—someone very like this woman? It was a memory from childhood. I was visiting my favorite aunt, in Connecticut, during a spring vacation. An elderly religious lady who had come to tea saw fit to berate my aunt and the other women there for abandoning their Jewish ways, and they had all looked at her with the same polite forbearance, the same disapproval.)

"Women can't perform in front of men, because it might arouse the men, Mom. That's just the way men are," her daughter said, looking embarrassed.

The mother allowed herself a short, barking laugh, and then, peering intently at the innocent, pudgy face of her daughter, she said, "You know so much. How do you know what men are or aren't? You don't know. Landowska was some kind of temptress? She drove the men in the audience crazy? I'm sure she'd have been surprised to hear it."

Lizzie came to the daughter's defense. "I guess the idea is that a man can play in front of women because women are more spiritual. Anyway, those are the laws, so we go along with them. If people don't want to go along with them, they don't have to, but I guess the idea is that we didn't make the laws, God did. We're supposed to accept them all, even if we don't have a good rationale for every one."

At seven o'clock on Sunday evening, the conventioneers assembled at the synagogue to listen to the Rebbe speak. Lubavitcher women are invited to sit downstairs in the men's section three times a year: just before Rosh Hashanah; on Beis Rivkah's graduation day; and on the final day of the women's convention. On all three occasions, the Rebbe makes a special address to the women, and the men sit upstairs.

If I'd had any illusions about the comfort and spaciousness of the men's section, they were quickly dispelled. I arrived seconds before the Rebbe was scheduled to speak. Standing in the doorway with about twenty other latecomers, I couldn't spy even the smallest of spaces that we could squeeze into. But I underestimated the skills of the crowd. Several mighty shoves carried all the stragglers inside, and much determined jostling got us to the back wall, where I was securely pinioned between several plump middle-aged matrons and an imperturbable older woman, who held her sleeping granddaughter in her arms. Minutes before I arrived at the synagogue, I'd been caught in a sudden downpour. All the latecomers were drenched, and our damp clothes made things uncomfortable for our neighbors, who, unable to retreat even an inch, perforce became human blotters.

An excited murmur arose as the Rebbe entered the room through a side door and strode in his vigorous way up to the dais. He spoke for an hour and a half, in Yiddish, without notes—mostly about keeping the faith. Once again, tiny transistor radios with earphones had been provided at the door for those who didn't understand Yiddish. Toward the end of the speech, he brought up a subject that had been discussed in passing all weekend—a petition that he, like many clerics, was circulating which urged all public schools to begin their day with a moment of silence. He was quick to point out that he was not advocating any kind of prayer—only that time be made available at the start of each day for "every schoolchild, regardless of religion," to think about the Creator, so that the rest of the day would be imbued with the spirit of those thoughts. Children thus fortified, the Rebbe said, would not want to harm one another or commit any of the unlawful, violent acts that plagued mod-

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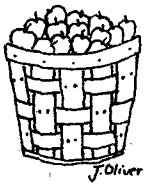
ern secular schools. He was utterly convinced that the spiritual space made by a moment of silence would be filled, ipso facto, by a spirit of goodness.

As I listened with one ear to the halting efforts of the translator over the little radio and with the other to the Rebbe's singsong Yiddish, I fell under a kind of spell. A chorus of voices, echoing from my childhood to the present, trumpeted the news that a state-imposed pause in the school day was a bad idea, and, indeed, from any rational point of view I found the idea of the petition repugnant. "All fundamentalists are alike," a friend had recently remarked. "They're never satisfied with having their own religious views—they have to impose them on everyone else." But somehow this seemed like an inadequate representation of the Rebbe's message. He expressed his belief in the curative power of goodness so plainly and passionately that it could be felt in every corner of the room. For a few moments, my disapproval of the petition, and my skepticism, evaporated. To my amazement, I found myself wishing that things could be as the Rebbe wished them to be.



WHILE most Jewish holidays are related to historical events, Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, which are observed at the start of the Jewish month of Tishrei (Hebrew months are known by the names they acquired during the Babylonian exile), and usually fall between mid-September and early October, are purely religious. They are sometimes called the Days of Awe—awesome because all men's actions for the past year are supposedly judged on those days. They celebrate God's supremacy in the universe and are considered especially holy. For a month before Rosh Hashanah, the *shofar*, or ram's horn, is sounded at every weekday morning service to remind the congregants that a period of deepened soul-searching is approaching. Symbolically, the *shofar* proclaims God's sovereignty in the same way that a fanfare proclaims the sovereignty of a newly crowned king; it is also supposed to remind Jews of the day that the Law was given at Mt. Sinai, when a *shofar* was sounded "exceedingly strong."

Rosh Hashanah, the Day of Judgment, is actually a two-day holiday; Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, is a one-day holiday and a day of fasting. Both holidays emphasize God's role as judge of all human actions. According to Jewish tradition, Rosh Hashanah ("head of the year") marks the beginning of a ten-day period in which God decides "who will live and who will die; who will be serene and who will be disturbed; who will be poor and who will be rich; who will be troubled and who will be exalted." But God's final judgment is reserved for Yom Kippur, and in the interim those who feel that they have transgressed, and are penitent, are offered the opportunity to cleanse their souls. According to the Talmud, three books are opened by God on Rosh Hashanah: the book of the wicked, the book of the righteous, and the book of those in between. The righteous are promised a good future life, the wicked are condemned to death, and judgment on those in between is deferred until Yom Kippur, when God makes the final decision about their fate. The metaphor of open and closed gates is frequently associated with the two holidays: on Rosh Hashanah the gates are opened, on Yom Kippur they are closed.

On the first day of Rosh Hashanah, the crowd at 770—as the Lubavitchers refer to their synagogue—was the largest I had yet seen. The women's section was like a living organism composed of hundreds of heads, arms, legs, hats, scarves, prayer books, and shawls. Sheina and I had planned to meet there, but I could see it was unlikely that we would find each other, and I soon gave up trying. There were some non-Hasidic-looking women in the crowd outside the building, who stared in disbelief at the mob flowing through the door and seemed to be daunted by the solid wall of humanity which apparently blocked all access to the synagogue. Not I. Like an old hand, I relaxed my body, took a step toward the doorway, and let myself be swept along by the crowd and hoisted by helping hands to a tiny beachhead on the back of a pew.

With two thousand women pressed against one another like straws in a broom, you would imagine that a stranger—No. 2001—would slip in more or less unnoticed. Not in this crowd. All the women in sight gazed at me curiously and looked at each other with quizzical expressions, as if to say, "Who can this be?" Before five minutes had elapsed, two people had appointed themselves my guardians. One of them, an elegant older woman with pale-green eyes, handed me a prayer book that she produced from a plastic bag. It was written in Hebrew. I whispered that I couldn't read it. She unhesitatingly climbed down from the back of the pew (she was about sixty-five and performed this feat with some difficulty), disappeared into the throng, and returned a few minutes later, a triumphant smile on her lips, with a Hebrew-English prayer book. Despite the English text, as the service went along I often lost my place and fell out of step with the rest of the congregation. I was never lost for long, however, because my other guardian, a small curly-haired blond girl of ten or eleven, had appointed herself my text-finder. All I had to do was look up for a fraction of a second, and she would lift my finger, turn a page if necessary, and put it down on the right phrase. This happened many times in the course of the four-and-a-half-hour service.

In the late morning, the Rebbe blew the *shofar* in the prescribed long-blast and short-blast manner. About halfway through the ritual, he seemed to falter. In the midst of his difficulties, a baby started to cry, and the sound drowned out the weak sound of the *shofar*. It was a painful moment. There were many furrowed brows, and the entire congregation seemed to be straining to help its aged leader (he is more than eighty years old and had a serious heart attack in 1978) get on with his task. Perhaps he sensed their concern, because the last notes he blew were pure and clear.

Eight days later, on the eve of Yom Kippur, at a storefront on the corner of Albany Avenue and Eastern Parkway, hundreds of roosters and hens in cages clucked mournfully. They had good reason to sound mournful. Eventually, all of them would be bought by Lubavitcher men and women for the *kapparot* ("atonements") ceremony—a variant of sacrificial Temple rites which seems to have originated among the Jews of Babylonia. The ceremony begins with the celebrant reading selections from the Book of Psalms and the Book of Job, and involves waving a fowl over one's head three times (a rooster for a man, a hen for a woman, both for a pregnant woman) while chanting the words "This is my substitute, my vicarious offering, my atonement; this cock [or hen] shall meet death, but I shall find a long and pleasant life of peace." Afterward, the fowl is slaughtered. The birds that were slaughtered that day by the Lubavitchers would be given to local school cafeterias.

Sheina performed the ceremony at home. Mendel had brought her a hen in a box, so she wouldn't have to face the scene at the storefront, which she had little stomach for. Standing in her spotless living room, she took the struggling hen carefully in both hands, performed the ceremony, then hastily thrust the bird at Mendel, who took it back to the storefront. At four o'clock that morning, Moshe had performed the same rite at the storefront, and later, at the synagogue, he took part in a flogging ritual. Thirty-nine largely symbolic lashes were administered to his prostrate body by a fellow-congregant. Moshe and Mendel left well before sundown for the prison in New Jersey, where they were to conduct Yom Kippur services. Shmuel was spending the holiday with his second-oldest sister, Chanah, who lived in Virginia with her husband and their four children, and Bassy was with Bubbe. Religious Jews do not travel on Yom Kippur, and the thought of any other Jew doing so makes them uncomfortable, so I had asked Sheina if it would be all right for me to spend the night at her house. She said that she'd be grateful if I did. She was going to be alone except for a young female guest from Montreal and a male visitor from Israel, and Moshe had been a little concerned about the propriety of her being alone in the house with a strange man and a young girl. This male stranger, who was about seventy years old, hardly ever materialized, however, and, in fact, slammed his upstairs-bedroom door shut whenever he heard anyone come in the front door. He appeared to have found some secret route from the synagogue to his room, and never seemed to use the bathroom. He and I encountered one another only once—late that night. Sheina and the young woman had gone to bed. I was reading on the sofa. The front door opened, and the man, stooped and sallow and wearing his wide-brimmed hat, had got about halfway up the stairs before he noticed me. For some reason, my presence seemed to unnerve him. Flattening himself against the bannister, he stared at me in confusion. I greeted him in as reassuring a tone as I could muster, but he did not return my greeting and fled up the stairs as if he had seen a ghost.

Everybody fasts on Yom Kippur because of the Biblical injunction to "afflict your souls" on the holiday. There are five "afflictions" mentioned by Jewish sages—abstaining from eating, drinking, lovemaking, washing or anointing the body in any way, and wearing leather shoes (leather being deemed especially comfortable). Numerological mysteries are associated with these negative precepts, as they are in much Jewish theosophy. It has been pointed out, for example, that the five afflictions correspond to the five books of the Torah, which are meant to be accepted that day without "the curtain of our physical pleasures;" to the five times the soul is mentioned in the Yom Kippur Torah reading; to the five senses, which man can use for evil or good; to the five times the Temple high priest immersed himself on this holiday; and to the five services held during the day.

On Yom Kippur morning, the synagogue reached a new zenith of crowdedness. For all the solemnity of the holiday, the congregation's spirits appeared to be extraordinarily high. People practically tripped over each other in their haste to get to the synagogue, where most of them would remain for the duration of the all-day service. As the day wore on and energy levels dropped from lack of food and drink, the communal zeitgeist became, if anything, more charged. The singing grew louder and more animated, and the Rebbe, on his feet for much of the time, bore no trace of the fragility that had been in evidence on Rosh Hashanah. He led the singing with rhythmic arm jabs and often clapped his hands. At several points in the service, he was required to prostrate himself. Each time, he rose with astonishing alacrity.

Like everyone else, I remained glued to the same spot all day, except for a brief mid-afternoon adjournment. After the first few hours, various members of the congregation—a woman in the front row who kept brushing invisible crumbs off her mother's shoulder, one in my own row who kept her head buried in her hands, a bright-eyed young man who rocked back and forth so violently when he prayed that he annoyed all the men around him—began to seem like old friends. As time passed and scores of prayers evoking the evils and splendors of the world were read, a kind of survivors-on-a-ship-that-has-passed-through-dangerous-seas atmosphere developed, along with a mood of weary benevolence. By early evening, the congregation was almost

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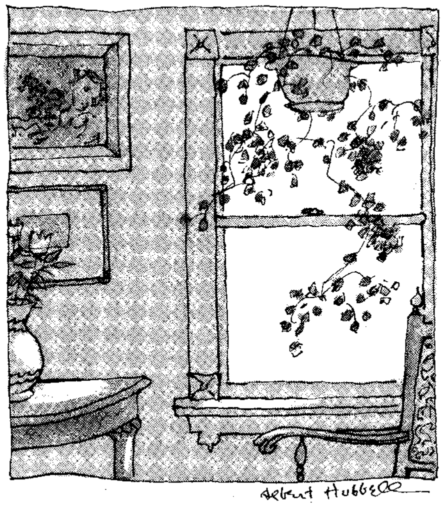
breathing in and out in unison. Many of the prayers—especially those that expressed awe at the intricacies of the world—seemed like formalized versions of sentiments I had held all my life; some of the nourishment my ancestors took from these selfsame waters must have seeped through the dam of secularization. Others struck no sympathetic chord. Like everybody else there, I felt grateful for the possibility of transcendence in ordinary life, but, unlike the others, I could not fathom, for example, how God in Heaven could have less tolerance for the frailty of His children than most earthly mortals had for the frailty of their own. But if my rational self kept its distance from the flow of the day, another part of me drifted along with it. For the first time, I understood why the Hasidim did not mind sacrificing their identities to their communal world: that world *was* their identity, and in the synagogue that day the congregation was so identified with God, His people, and the Torah that, like the Kabbalistic image of a supernal man/woman larger than the universe, it seemed to expand to fill all imaginable space.

Toward the end of the day, Sheina managed to squeeze into a seat next to me. Fresh waves of people had begun to arrive and seemed determined to find places. The pews trembled under the additional weight. These late arrivals included mothers who had been at home with small children all day (they brought the children along), older people who had gone home to rest for a while, and those who, like Sheina, had slipped away to small neighborhood synagogues. But everybody wanted to be with the Rebbe when the gates closed. Fifteen thousand people could not, of course, fit into the synagogue—or could they? Nobody seemed to be missing. Most of the congregation had been here since ten o'clock in the morning. It was now seven-thirty in the evening. Downstairs, the men were so tightly packed that you couldn't make out any of them from the neck down. Like the women, they had become one body with thousands of heads. Upstairs, there was near-pandemonium. Several women actually toppled from the pews. Territorial rights to a particular square inch of bench were hotly disputed. Neither candy nor juice (children are exempted from fasting) effectively hushed the small, tired children, whose mothers beat their breasts with their right fists as they asked forgiveness for a long list of sins, including "lewdness," "desecrating the Divine Name," "immorality," and "impudence"—transgressions that seemed almost ludicrously inapplicable to most of the people present. During a lull in the service, I mentioned this to Sheina. She shook her head, impatiently disclaiming her own innocence. "Nobody can deny having been guilty of *something* on that list," she said. "Who hasn't been guilty of 'causeless hatred,' or 'a begrudging eye,' or 'obduracy'? Besides, you're asking forgiveness not just for yourself but for the whole Jewish nation. Not every Jew is in *shul* today, you know." Sheina's answer called to mind the story of the pious man who told Maimonides that he was unwilling to utter the long list of sins at the Yom Kippur service because he knew he wasn't guilty of them and it was wrong to lie to God. Maimonides' reply was that if the man knew "the gravity of the service of God . . . and to what extent the service of God is required," then he would understand that not a day passed in which he had not, to a degree, committed all of the enumerated sins.

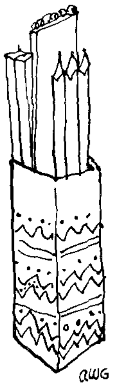
The crowd was so dense that my back had begun to hurt from all the elbows, knees, and prayer books pushing against it. To my right, a purple-faced Valkyrie loudly berated a terrified-looking newcomer for blocking her view. A final song was sung, with ear-shattering gusto, to the tune of "Napoleon's March."

Suddenly, in the middle of one last prayer, the children stopped fidgeting and there was absolute silence. All eyes were fixed on the Rebbe, who was watching one of his followers prepare to blow the *shofar*. After the sounding of the ram's horn, the prayer was completed, and Yom Kippur was brought to a close. After this, the regular evening service was held, some additional prayers were recited, and then the doors opened and everybody stepped out into the darkness of the everyday world.



WHEN the young stockbroker I met at Sheina's lunch the weekend of the women's convention had described the peculiar feeling she had when she returned to Manhattan from Crown Heights I knew just what she meant. Each time I left the neighborhood, I felt extremely disoriented. Though the subway ride back to Manhattan meant a return to normalcy for me, that "normalcy" naturally included a great deal of confusion, indecision, and curious turns—all of which contributed to my conviction that my life was simply a gigantic puzzle that in all likelihood would never be completed. Needless to say, that was not the way the Lubavitchers felt about their lives, and I envied them their sureness and the sheer weight it gave them. I had, of course, my family, my friends, my work, and the various pleasures that came my way, but spiritually I felt as if I floated weightlessly in the universe. The Hasidim had a world without time, eternal life, and the extraordinary sense that everything they did counted. Travelling in the other direction, though, was even more disorienting. To the Konigsbergs and everyone else I encountered in Crown Heights, I was first and foremost a benighted secular Jew; any cultural breadth or knowledge of the world that I could lay claim to counted for nothing. My worldliness was like a heavy suitcase full of clothes that were inappropriate for any occasion.

This was brought home to me in quite a literal way one afternoon when, having spent a large part of the day with my children at the zoo, I hurriedly caught the subway to Crown Heights, where I had an appointment with a Lubavitcher official, and realized halfway there that I was wearing jeans. No Orthodox woman wears pants; according to Jewish law, it is forbidden to dress like a man. Heretofore, I had always worn a dress or a skirt on my visits to the neighborhood. It seemed the polite and expedient thing to do. That day, however, I'd been in a tremendous rush and forgotten to change. I knew that the man I had an appointment with would be uncomfortable with a woman in Levi's. I glanced at my watch. It was too late to do anything about it. My appointment was in five minutes. He'd just have to put up with it, I thought, as I stepped out of the subway and into the bright afternoon light. But when I entered the building where the man's office was, a clutch of Hasidim gathered around the entranceway stared at me with such consternation that I weakened and bolted. Cursing under my breath, I found a telephone, called the man I was supposed to meet and told him that I'd been delayed, and changed our appointment to later that evening. Then I went home, changed clothes, and returned in a few hours. It probably should be said that I am not the sort of person who wears jeans to a fancy restaurant or a cocktail party. Then why was I so angry about such a trivial matter? Did my jeans represent something more, perhaps? Had the cumulative effect of repeatedly leaving my own world utterly behind finally caught up with me? It had. The question, of course, was not "What does God care if I wear jeans?" but "Can anyone who finds crucial sustenance in the secular world function within the framework of the Hasidic world?" I felt that there must be people who had grappled with this question and might be willing to talk to me, and eventually I found some.



On a chilly Sunday morning several months after Yom Kippur, I arrived at a large meeting room in the basement of a synagogue on Manhattan's upper East Side. I had come to hear Rabbi Zalman Schachter talk to a group of fifty people about "Exploring Jewish Spirituality." I was interested in Rabbi Schachter because he had once been a Lubavitcher but had left the group in the late sixties and now ran a fellowship in Philadelphia called B'nai Or (Children of Light), which was a center for what some people referred to as "new-age Hasidism." Rabbi Schachter, who was on sabbatical from a teaching job in the Department of Religion at Temple University, is considered by many to be the avatar of a burgeoning Jewish spiritual movement that bypasses the traditional synagogue, liturgy, and rabbinate and instead stresses heightened spirituality, an egalitarian liturgy, a more linguistically relevant service, and a strong spirit of communality. Many of the movement's acolytes are former sojourners in the bazaars of Eastern mysticism; others are attracted to the anti-secular, anti-rationalist spirit of the movement; and still others, disaffected by their traditional Orthodox upbringing, are attracted to the vitality of the relaxed, largely leaderless Jewish study groups—reportedly numbering in the thousands—that the movement has spawned.

I found Rabbi Schachter and a guitarist assistant standing in the middle of two concentric circles of people of diverse ages, one circle moving slowly clockwise and the other counterclockwise. The Rabbi, a portly, kindly-looking man, was dressed in a loose black cotton shirt over a white turtleneck, baggy black cotton pants, leather sandals over socks, and a quite un-yarmulke-like woven black beanie. He had a gray beard of medium length, but the skin between his sideburns and beard was clean-shaven, and this slight but significant departure from the full-bearded Hasidic style gave his face a somewhat Oriental appearance. The two moving circles faced each other; a woman standing next to me in the outer one, which I had been invited by Rabbi Schachter to join, told me that the Rabbi, whom she referred to as Zalman, had directed the two circles of people to "get in touch" with each other by staring into each other's eyes as they moved along. Rabbi Schachter had conducted seminars like this one all around the country, but it was clear that this particular exercise was difficult for this particular crowd of spiritual pilgrims, New Yorkers being trained almost from birth to avoid eye contact with strangers at any cost. The group tried many other exercises, some mental, some physical. Traditional prayers were rephrased and reiterated en masse; breathing exercises were combined with prayer; expressive body movements to accompany prayers were encouraged; and the circles broke up into small groups to discuss their reactions to what they were doing. (My group's reaction: "Interesting." "Silly." "He wants prayer to be organic." "My wife's probably enjoying this." "Is this est?")

After lunch, the Rabbi answered questions, and then gave an oddly endearing talk. "We must try to demonstrate that people don't have to spend all their time with irrelevancies, like trying to appease that grouchy old man up there," he said. "Rabbinical schools are teaching only with a rearview mirror. They don't teach young men and women how to live in the world today. They should leave

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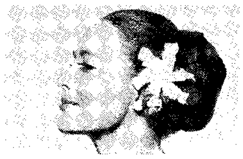
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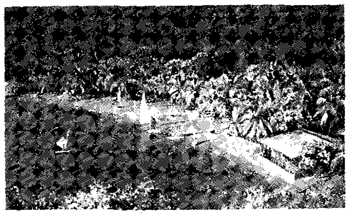

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theology alone and teach about the living God as opposed to a God modelled after an Eastern potentate. We should learn how to keep our religion without separating ourselves from the rest of the world or each other. The denominations, for example, are as defunct as the dodo. The Orthodox are embattled with the Hasidim, the Conservative Jews with the Reform Jews, and there's no dialogue between any of them. I *talk* to my peers, some of whom are Gentiles. I compare notes. I learn things. When was the last time the Klausenberger rebbe talked to the Bobover rebbe, or the Satmarer rebbe talked to the Lubavitcher rebbe? How come they're not trying to help the world be at peace?"

At one point in his remarks, which were peppered with modern slang and four-letter words, Rabbi Schachter paid tribute to the Lubavitchers for the spiritual training they had given him. "For a young Jew interested in a contemplative life, they offered a lot," he said. He recalled how, as a young man, he had hung on the previous rebbe's every utterance, and how, when the old man became paralyzed and could barely be heard in *shul*, he and his fellow-students would lean forward and mouth each word that he said. He didn't want to disavow that part of his past, he said, but as an illustration of the difference between his own orientation and theirs he cited an analogy, suggested by the psychoanalyst and Catholic convert Karl Stern, between the Freudian developmental stages—oral, anal, phallic, latent, and genital—and the spiritual development of religious people, especially those who have returned to their faith. In the oral stage, the acolyte "buys the whole package, hook, line, and sinker, and those who are arrested at this stage are people who remain suckers their whole lives." Next comes the anal stage, during which the rules become paramount—the restraints and strictures are in the foreground. Memorizing the rules takes up a lot of time, said Rabbi Schachter, and "some people in the spiritual supermarket never get out of that aisle." In the phallic stage, the obsession is with symbolism—everything seems to stand for something else, and secret messages and signs are discovered everywhere. Newly religious people very often get bogged down in this stage, he said, because they are like children with trading cards, entranced by all the secrets they can find in religious texts, and comparing notes on them. The next stage is latency, in which "the group" takes on primary importance, and the overriding emotion is "I'll do anything for my gang." The last stage, parallel to the Freudian genital phase, has arrived when someone feels truly intimate with God. Many conventionally religious people never achieve this intimacy, the Rabbi said, because they are stuck in an infantile way in one of the earlier stages. Somehow, he said, organized theology has become a conspiracy to keep people from changing, and from looking within. When Alan Watts, the popularizer of Eastern mysticism and a former Episcopal priest, was asked why he had given up the Church, he replied that he hadn't given it up but had simply graduated. In the same way, Rabbi Schachter said, he had graduated from the Lubavitchers.

Later that evening, I found myself remembering how awkwardly and self-consciously the group had attempted to make the process of praying "organic." It was impossible not to compare the scene with its equivalent in Crown Heights, where the congregation, led by the Rebbe, had seemed almost like one living body. Was that how the congregants had felt? It was impossible to know. But I tried to imagine the assorted doctors, lawyers, students, and spiritual high rollers present at Rabbi Schachter's seminar conjoined in a similiar way, and could not.

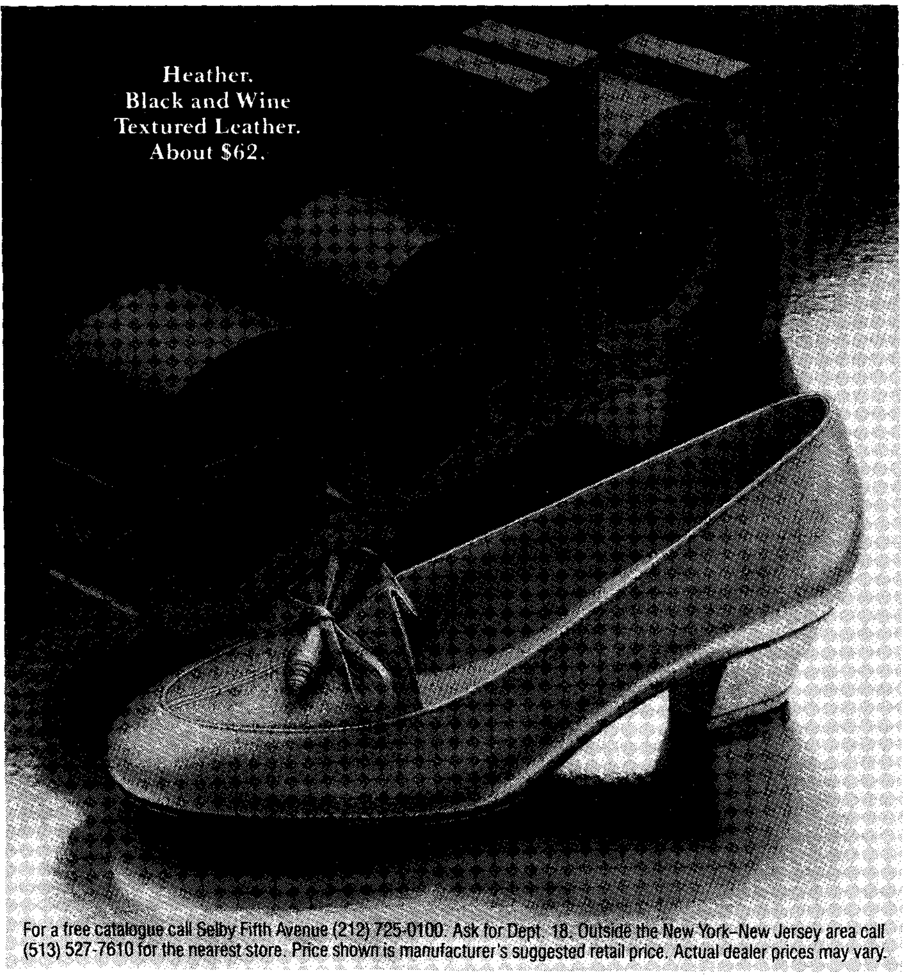
SHLOMO ASHKINAZY is a thirty-six-year-old social worker and *baal teshuvah* who lives in Manhattan but has spent long hours studying in the Crown Heights community and in Israel. He is small and soft-spoken, has a neatly trimmed chestnut-colored beard and milky blue eyes, and radiates a spirit of indefatigable determination. In the course of a long conversation we had in his office, on East Twenty-third Street, one afternoon, he said he believed that the Torah-based model of society in Crown Heights was about as close to ideal as any that could exist on earth, despite the fact that there was no real place for him in that world. Mr. Ashkinazy is the clinical director of the Institute for the Protection of Lesbian and Gay Youth, Inc., an educational and counselling agency, and is himself a homosexual. He says that some of the rabbis he has studied with in Crown Heights have told him that he is the first homosexual they have ever met. He has no doubt that they are telling the truth. The official Orthodox view of homosexuality is unequivocal: it is forbidden. In a Crown Heights bookstore, I bought a book by Rabbi S. Suchard, published in 1981, and entitled "Make Your Marriage Work," whose final page pretty well summarizes the Orthodox position:

> Homosexuality is a vexing problem. What stand in society do homosexuals have? Are they an accepted norm or should they be ostracized from society? Especially in America, "gay" movements are gaining momentum. They feel they have nothing to hide and must be accepted as a norm in society. There are inherent questions about such individuals. How safe are children with homosexuals? Can they make deviants of otherwise normal people? Should these people be allowed into a classroom?

Rabbi Suchard acknowledges that there are "divergent opinions" about these matters and seems to hesitate on the brink of doubt himself when he observes, "Some say if a person has such tendencies, why should he be branded as an outcast? He was born that way." He quickly dismisses this view, however. Citing Scripture (Leviticus 18:22—"A man may not live with another man, as he would with a woman. It is an abomination"), he says confidently:

> The Torah is strictly against such an act, and this then is the norm. It means that people who openly proclaim their homosexuality must be treated as deviants from society and the *Halachah*. They are not to be trusted with children and are not a legitimate social group who are entitled to their own gay rights. They are either sinners or sick people; if sinners, they must be punished, and if sick, they must be given medical or psychiatric treatment. Our dilemma as to what is right and what is wrong is solved. All that remains is to explain the correct point of view and deal with the problem on that basis.

Although Mr. Ashkinazy has personally found tolerant, and even understanding, mentors in Crown Heights, his position is somewhat anomalous. He is a politically sophisticated, college-educated outsider who approached the Lubavitchers as a man who wanted "to learn and to grow." They consider him a man in transition. He tells those who he feels can deal with it that he is gay, and avoids the issue with those who he feels can't deal with it. He accepts the idea that the *mitzvot*—the six hundred and thirteen commandments derived from Scripture—are there to be followed, but when he is accused of picking and choosing which he will follow and which he won't he takes the position that, as is the case with every other



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Jew, there are some precepts that he is simply not going to be able to fulfill.

For homosexuals in the Crown Heights community, the picture is quite different. Mr. Ashkinazy knows this because he has counselled a number of the young men and has met some older homosexual women from the community. "Some of them have forced themselves to lead the lives expected of them," he told me. "They lead outwardly normal married lives, have lots of children, and really try to push their homosexuality away. Sometimes they manage to subdue their feelings and control themselves for fifteen or twenty years, and then they become depressed and break down. I know one man who used to be extremely outgoing and reasonable and has become neurotic and depressed since he got married. No one wants to be around him. Others lead secret homosexual lives but try to keep up appearances. It's a tremendous strain."

"Some people believe that the separation of the sexes in so many areas of life, and the extraordinary amount of time the men spend together in the Hasidic world, must foster a kind of homoerotic atmosphere," I said.

"That hasn't been my observation," he replied. "The separation of the sexes seems to stir the imagination of most men and intensify their interest in women, and, curiously, while it is true that the men scrub each other's backs in the *mikvah*, study together all the time, dance together constantly, and, in the European manner, are always kissing each other, this overt physicality, for some homosexual men, sublimates the need for a stronger kind. But, you know, for Lubavitchers the most important issue is 'Where can I grow most in religious terms, and where can I learn most?'—and the answer usually is 'Right there in the community.' The homosexual men who have opted to stay and try to play by the rules have just not been able to imagine leading the religious life they want to in the outside world. But others—perhaps a greater number—feel that there is no way for them to remain. They can't discuss their so-called problem with their families. They can't discuss it with their friends. Just last week, a young man from Crown Heights called me for help. He was awfully depressed. He's being treated for the depression with medicine, and that's a good idea for the moment, but it's not going to solve things for him."

"How did he learn about this place?" I asked.

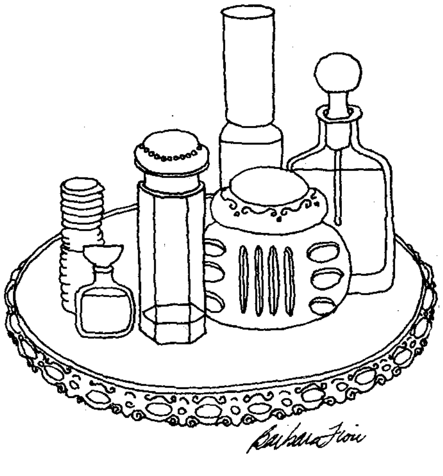
"From the *Village Voice*. We ran an ad in the paper."

I expressed surprise that the *Voice* would circulate in Crown Heights. He laughed. "It gets read. It's sort of the *Playboy* of the New York Hasidic community. Mostly, they just make fun of it. It confirms the boys' ideas of how preposterous the secular world is."

As he was seeing me out of his office, Mr. Ashkinazy said he believed that things would eventually change for homosexuals in Hasidic communities. He cited the rejection of polygamy as an example of how a custom that was once thought to be unalterable had outlived its tenability.

"But of course I'm an optimist," he added. "I've been politically active in the gay movement for years, and I've seen changes that no one thought possible ten years ago—changes in laws, changes in attitudes. I don't think a religious Jew ought to be isolated. Just studying isn't enough. A community is needed, and no one else comes close, in my opinion, to creating the kind of community that the Lubavitchers have. But when I even suggest to people who have suffered so much in that world that there's bound to be more understanding eventually, most of them say 'Impossible!' That's why they leave. I wish they didn't feel that they had to."

WHEN Kalman Dubov was a boy growing up in a small Lubavitcher community in Borough Park, he had a secret: he used to sneak off to the local public library to read novels. He never talked about the books he read, because no one he knew would have read any of them or approved of his reading them, but his sessions at the library were an important part of his life. None of the books he read were scandalous; when he was quite young, he read the Hardy Boys books. Later on, there was Dickens and Arthur Conan Doyle. He knew no one who had even been inside a secular library, and did not dare tell anyone how much he enjoyed his extracurricular reading. Mr. Dubov, who is thirty-four now, eventually was ordained a rabbi, but he left the Lubavitcher community, because he wanted to "live more like other men." He lives in Sacramento, California, where he is studying at the McGeorge School of Law of the University of the Pacific.



"I can't say precisely when I decided to leave the Lubavitchers," he said to me in a recent telephone interview. "But I think that I was always a little uncomfortable with Hasidic life. I come from a family that has been Lubavitch for four generations, and I'm the oldest of thirteen children, but I was always a bit of a loner. I kept my doubts entirely to myself, though every once in a while they would surface and get me in trouble. My parents wanted to marry me off when I was eighteen, but I refused. They were terribly disappointed. Then one day in school when I ought to have been reading Talmud, I was caught reading one of the Sherlock Holmes mysteries. The book I was supposed to be reading was on top of the desk, and I had the Conan Doyle on my lap, half inside the desk. Actually, I'd been reading it all week in class. I just couldn't put it down. Well, the teacher noticed that I'd been staring at my lap for hours, and he came over to see what was going on and found the book. He was stunned. He didn't know what to say. First, he put it on top of his desk. Then he put it in his desk drawer. Then he took it out and kept looking at it. He kept shaking his head and looking at me. He didn't punish me—he talked to my parents. Nothing really came of it, except that the teacher and my parents gave me odd looks for a while. Then I went to Paris for two years, to study with a very holy, very tyrannical man. He knew absolutely nothing about the real world. I hated it. After that, I came back and went to Newark, where the older boys' yeshiva was before it moved to Morristown. Finally, I came to the last stage of pre-ordination study, which then took place at 770, in the main hall. It was an awful place to study—cavernous, cold. But it wasn't just the physical coldness of the place that got me depressed. I felt that I wasn't accomplishing anything—that I was doing everything by rote. I felt congested, miserable. I didn't participate. I couldn't stand the method of study, which is meandering and unstructured. I couldn't stand the fact that what I was being taught was totally unrelated to the history of the rest of the world. I felt trapped. Well, then I decided to do something that by Lubavitcher standards was inconceivable. I started taking judo and karate lessons. I was twenty-one by that time, and I'd never really done anything with my body. I'd always done everything with my mind. I guess I just wanted to do something physical. Anyway, I loved it, and eventually I became friends with the manager of the karate school. He was a nonreligious Jew—the first I'd ever really got to know—who was taking his M.A. in history at City College. I helped him with his studies, and he helped me by introducing me to his friends and giving me small glimpses of what the secular world was like. I liked it a lot. I liked his friends. I liked his friends' girlfriends. I loved the lack of constraint in their world. I wanted to be reading the books he was reading."

"Is that when you left?"

"No. I wanted to, but I thought that I should get my ordination first. I also realized that if I wanted to go on to college I'd have to take the high-school-equivalency test. Many of the boys didn't bother with their high-school degrees. They knew that they didn't really need them, and nobody presses you about it; religious studies are what count. But I took it and did well, and then I tried to get into some non-Lubavitcher yeshivas that seemed to offer a somewhat broader education than the Lubavitcher ones, but they were suspicious of me—probably because I was doing everything on my own, without the help or stamp of approval from my parents or teachers—and they wouldn't let me in. They told me to go back where I belonged. I didn't tell anybody that I was doing this, but somehow my father must have found out, because he spoke to the head of the Lubavitcher schools, a tough customer if there ever was one, and told him that I should be prevented from getting ordination."

"But you were ordained anyway?"

"Yes. I went to Israel for a year, and my parents tried to arrange another marriage there. But I didn't want it, and they got mad again. Then I came home and studied hard and took the tests for my ordination. My father wasn't really pleased with my ordination. There were no handshakes or hugs. Nothing. It kind of hurt."

"What did you do then?"

"Well, I knew that I wanted to go to college, but a certificate of ordination does not get you into college without transcripts, and *there* was the rub. They don't want anyone going to college except a select few who they think are totally reliable, so they had this policy of not releasing transcripts. Period. They just wouldn't give them up. This nearly drove me crazy for two years, but I finally got them—don't ask me how. Then came the problem of where to go. I had once overheard someone say that Long Island University accepted rabbinical transcripts for their master's program—lots of schools don't—so I went to the Department of Guidance and Counselling there and explained my situation, and I was accepted. I applied for a student loan, and I got one. It was like a dream. That was in 1976, and I was twenty-four. I started attending classes. I loved it. I was terrified at first—it was all so strange. They asked me to write a paper. I'd never written a paper in my life."

"How did your family feel about your being there?"

A long sigh. "Well, I was still living at home, because I couldn't afford to live anywhere else. I just didn't talk about it. But at the end of my first day my father said, 'Where were you today?' I said, 'I was at Long Island University. I'm studying for a master's degree in education.' He said, 'You're going to continue doing this?' I said, 'Yes.' He said nothing, turned around, and left the room. He hasn't spoken to me since."

"Did your mother feel the same way?"

"My mother thought I would fail. But I didn't. I got three A's and a B-plus that first semester. I was quite proud of myself. When she found out that I was doing so well, she was obviously disappointed. That summer, she said to me, 'You can have your choice: either leave college or stop eating with your family and stop associating with your brothers and sisters.' When it became clear that I was not going to stop going to school, I was no longer allowed to join my family at the table, and if my mother was leaving me alone in the house she actually put the bread and fruit and canned goods in a carton and tried to hide it. I know

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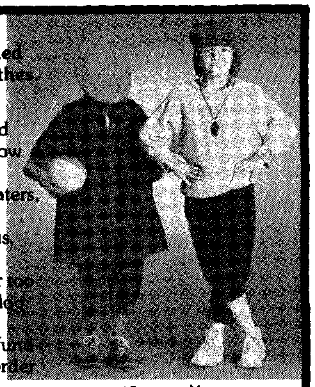

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it sounds hard to believe, but that's what she did."

"How did you eat?"

"By then, I had a fellowship, but I still didn't have very much money. I ate poorly. I lived on slices of pizza and knishes from the kosher pizza parlors. I became hypoglycemic. They told me that I needed a high-protein diet. I didn't know what to do. I solved my problem by becoming a volunteer in the social-services department of Brooklyn Hospital. If you worked there, you could eat in their cafeteria, which had cheap food that was pretty good. The food wasn't kosher, of course, and it didn't feel right eating non-kosher food, but I decided that it was either that or get sick, so I ate it."

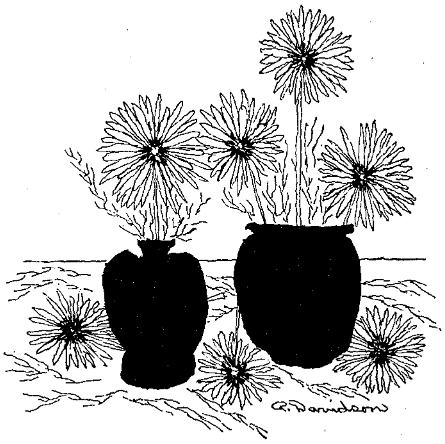
Kalman Dubov eventually received two degrees from Long Island University—one in education and the other in sociology. He went on to become a chaplain in the Navy and served in Rhode Island, the Philippines, and Bethesda, Maryland. While he was in the Philippines, he fell in love with a Gentile girl. She was converted, they married, and they now have a two-year-old son. For a while, Mr. Dubov served as a Reform rabbi in Longview, Texas. Later, he moved to Reno, where he was the rabbi of a Conservative synagogue, but he did not feel comfortable with the values of many of his congregants there. I asked him if he had thought about whether he would send his child to a religious or a secular school. He said he'd leave that decision up to the boy. His family has never become reconciled to any of the changes in his life. I asked if he ever missed Crown Heights.

"I miss the depth and fervor of the true Hasids," he said. "I miss the religious emotionality. I miss the dancing and singing. It was awe-inspiring to be among so many people all giving up their egos. But I feel that as a rabbi I have enough to do to create some warmth and normality. I am not going to worry about the Messiah."

IN the late spring, Shmuel announced his engagement to a young Lubavitcher girl from upstate New York. Shortly afterward, he married and moved around the corner with his new wife. A few months later, Bassy told me that she was getting married, too. She had known her fiancé's sister at camp, and his parents had known her family for years. His name was Aaron Hoffman. Aaron's uncle had telephoned her father to ask if she might be interested in his nephew, and she was. Very. Aaron was well known in the community as a brilliant young scholar, blessed with so prodigious a memory that, along with only a handful of other men, he was entrusted with the task of providing written translations of the Rebbe's talks. Before the advent of the tape recorder, handwritten transcriptions and translations of the Lubavitcher leader's talks were the sole means of retaining them for posterity. Tape recorders and videotapes have diminished the role of the scribes, but they have not made the task of translating the talks less difficult, and on the Sabbath and the numerous holidays when both writing and tape recording are proscribed it is only the excellent memories of this small circle of men that make it possible to preserve the Rebbe's talks. To be asked to translate the Rebbe's words was an honor, and Aaron's job, though unpaid, was regarded as a great plum. (After his marriage, when he moved out of his family's house and incurred the obligations of a husband, a small salary would be given to him.) As Bassy glowingly described her future husband, I gathered that Aaron himself was also considered a plum. I asked Bassy if she'd mind telling me a bit about her courtship.

"No problem. After his uncle called, Aaron called. We went to Brighton Beach, even though it was a bit chilly, and just walked along the sidewalk near the water and talked. We walked a lot together. We went to Manhattan. We walked around Rockefeller Center, and we went to the Hotel Pierre cocktail lounge. After a couple of times together, we knew that this was it. It just seemed right. He's very handsome. He has dark, serious eyes, and he's twenty-six."

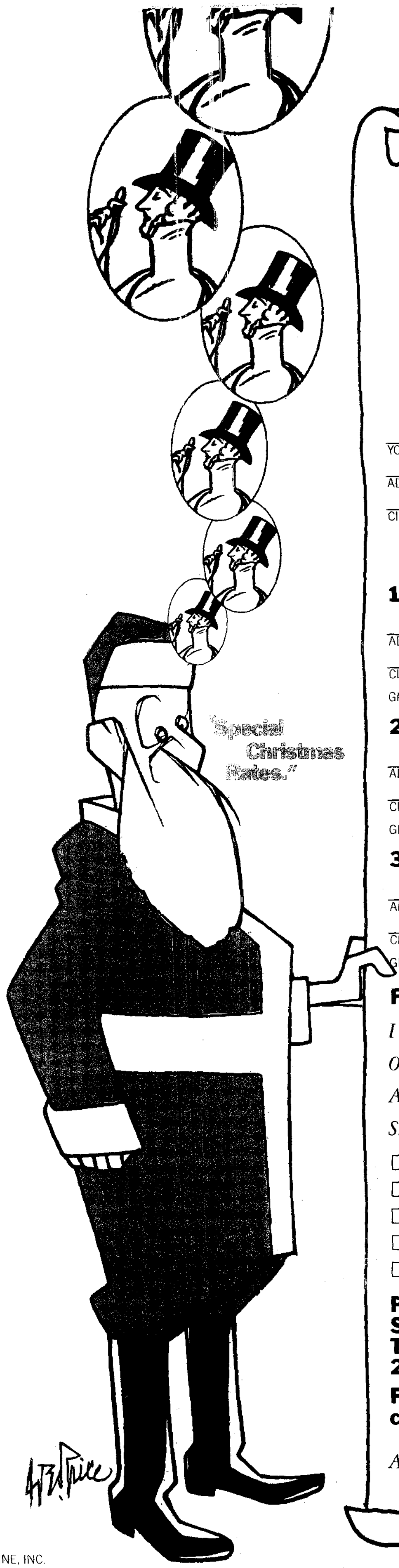
I wanted to ask Bassy if she had any idea of what life with a man was going to be like. I knew she didn't. I knew she would tell me that she did. It seemed silly to ask. I confined myself to two narrow questions: Did Sheina or anyone else prepare her in any special way for marriage? Did anybody talk to her about sex?



Bassy closed a barrette that had sprung open in her long, chestnut-colored hair. "A rabbi teaches the boys," she said. "A woman teaches the girls. A bunch of girls who are getting married go to this woman, and—uh, she tells us what to expect. She's quite frank. But what's the problem? I've been around men all my life. I mean, I have brothers. My friends have brothers. It's not exactly as if I'm meeting a man for the first time in my life."

THE day of Bassy's wedding had arrived. Even though it was winter, the wedding ceremony would take place outdoors—under a *chupah*, or wedding canopy, outside 770. The reception was being held at the huge Brooklyn Jewish Center, a few blocks away on Eastern Parkway. Shmuel's wedding reception had been held there, too, and so had Miriam's, and Chanah's, and those of most other young Lubavitcher couples. At certain times of the year, Sheina had once told me, it was not unusual for her to attend wedding receptions at the Center two or three times a week.

The wedding was scheduled for six, but, as was the case with most Lubavitcher events, no one seriously believed that it would take place on time; at a quarter to six, guests were still ambling into the Center, greeting friends and nibbling hors d'oeuvres, confident that there was time to spare. For most of the evening, the men and the women—including Aaron and Bassy—would sit in separate places: the women in a large mirrored ballroom festooned with pink, blue, and white balloons, and the men in a smaller room (sans balloons) upstairs. But in this prelude to the evening men and women strolled around the ballroom together. Every stratum of the Lubavitcher community was represented, from the butcher to the rov; indeed, most of the community seemed to be there. An elaborate pre-dinner smorgasbord, arrayed on a thirty-two-foot buffet table, included three or four kinds of cold fish, two fruit fantasies with lovebirds on top, five chicken-liver platters, numerous savory hot dishes, and several cornucopias of raw vegetables. The chef, the caterer, and the overseer for the Center were all Lubavitchers. The orchestra was non-Lubavitcher, but only because the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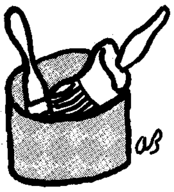
usual Lubavitcher ensemble, the Eli Lipsker Orchestra, was engaged elsewhere that evening. Bassy, wearing a white satin dress with a many-layered scalloped hem, was seated on a thronelike white wicker chair, flanked by Bubbe, Sheina (who was wearing new, rimless glasses and looked elegant in a pearl-gray dress), and Aaron's mother, a slim, sleek "blonde." Bassy looked like a flower. A photographer assembled the two families and snapped their pictures in various combinations and poses. He worked with alacrity, but several people in both families—Moshe, for one—looked as if they'd rather be somewhere else. There was a leather-covered Book of Psalms on Bassy's lap. Both she and Aaron had been reading the Psalms today, as is the custom, and she glanced at the book from time to time, like someone with a school assignment to finish. Several girlfriends came up to greet her and then tripped over to the dance floor, and, together with four or five more friends, two old ladies, and a handful of five- and six-year-old girls, formed a circle and began to dance. Soon other circles formed in the mirrored room, and before long nearly all the women were dancing. The room was aflutter with Albert Nipons. A somewhat less stylish, more matter-of-factly dressed group did not join the dancers; most of its members turned out to be either colleagues or the wives of colleagues of Aaron Hoffman's father, who is a writer for a Jewish newspaper. The husbands in this largely European, non-Hasidic group lingered with their wives long after most of the other men had repaired to the men's reception room upstairs, where another band was playing.

One of the women in the newspaper group struck up a conversation with me. She told me that though she was not Hasidic, she was religious. She had been in a concentration camp during the war, she said, and the Hasidic inmates bore up better than other people. She had endured terrible hardships, like giving away her daughter to a Gentile for safekeeping for the duration of the war, and having to clean the camp latrines with toothbrushes every day, but even when she felt most despairing her faith kept her going. Looking at the dancers, she said, "Sometimes all my life after the war seems like a dream, and I'm afraid I'll wake up and find myself back at the camp."

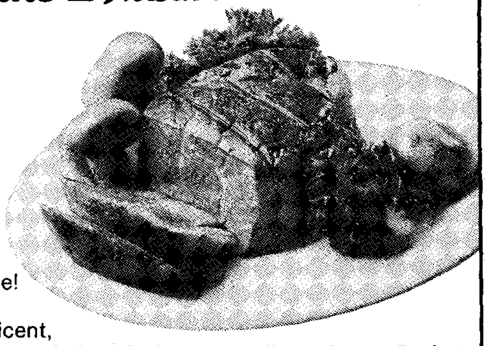


It was six-thirty. No one seemed to have noticed that the wedding ceremony was supposed to have taken place half an hour earlier. The orchestra was playing "The Impossible Dream," from "Man of La Mancha." There was sweat on Bassy's brow. Bubbe's wig was slightly askew, and she seemed exhausted—she looked a lot frailer than the last time I'd seen her. The bandleader looked toward the door and immediately began to lead the musicians in a beautiful, melancholy melody, "The Alter Rebbe's Nigun"—a song that was written by the first Lubavitcher rebbe and is traditionally played during the prewedding ritual in which the groom covers the bride's face with a veil (a custom associated with Isaac's meeting with Rebecca). Aaron, his eyes closed, was slowly led into the room by his father and Shmuel. The rest of the men followed in a slow-moving procession. When the cortège reached Bassy, Aaron opened his eyes, gazed at her intently, then dropped a white cloth over her face. Then Moshe exclaimed, in Hebrew, "O, sister! May you be the mother of thousands of myriads!"—a phrase from Genesis. After Aaron covered Bassy's face, he closed his eyes again and was led out of the room, through the Center's marble entranceway, down the front steps, and along Eastern Parkway to 770, where the *chupah*, a gold-fringed, blue velvet canopy supported by four stout poles, awaited him. Hasidim marry under the stars, because the stars are associated with God's promise to Abraham to "multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven." The bridegroom's escorts carried candles, and in the dark night the candlelight added a soft burnish to the already irresistibly charming, old-fashioned scene in front of the synagogue. According to one mystical tradition, the men carry candles as symbolic reminders of the lightning that appeared when Israel (the bride) accepted God (the bridegroom) at Mt. Sinai.

Several hundred people had assembled on the sidewalk near the wedding canopy. The deceased grandparents of the bride and groom, unseen, were believed to be among the guests. It was a cold night, and those who had forgotten to put on their coats before they left the Center were shivering. It was difficult to see much of what was happening under the canopy, but most of the people were able to catch a glimpse of the bride as she and her father and stepmother and the bridegroom's family circled the bridegroom seven times. Many interpretations have been given to this ritual, the most widely held being that it is performed to protect the husband from evil spirits that seek to harm him and deny the couple a fruitful marriage. Seven is considered a particularly holy number; seven blessings are said during the wedding ceremony and after the wedding feast, and for seven nights after the wedding ceremony relatives and friends give lavish dinner parties for the newlyweds. The custom serves a practical purpose, distracting the couple from the ineluctable Halachic fact that after their wedding night together they are not allowed to touch each other for eleven days. Not more than four days before the wedding, the bride is expected to immerse herself in the ritual bath (provided, of course, that she is not menstruating). To help young brides understand the minutiae of the strict laws governing married sexual life, scores of books have been published. The books take nothing for granted. In Moishe Sternbuch's "Laws of Jewish Family Life," for example, it is suggested that a girl should be "sure" of the location of her private parts before she examines herself. If the bride has had the misfortune to miscalculate the arrival of her period and is menstruating at the time of her wedding, then (Rabbi Sternbuch again) "two 'guardians' are needed." The Rabbi explains:

> The custom is to have a young boy with the groom and a young girl with the bride. They should be children of about nine years old (the age by which a child talks freely in public). Some hold that they can be even younger, six years old (when a child is able to describe what he sees). Where there are no younger children, one can be lenient and take older ones. This is for the night, but during the day time, although they are still forbidden to be completely alone together, one child—either a boy or a girl—is sufficient.

In sharp contrast to the various ancient customs observed during the ceremony, including the reading of the marriage contract in Aramaic, there were photographers' lights bathing the wedding party in a harsh glare, and a microphone projecting the celebrants' voices far from the *chupah*. The groom's family was having the event videotaped. As the ceremony went on, the younger children, who had witnessed such scenes many times, began to giggle, run around, and even shout a bit. No one took much notice of the



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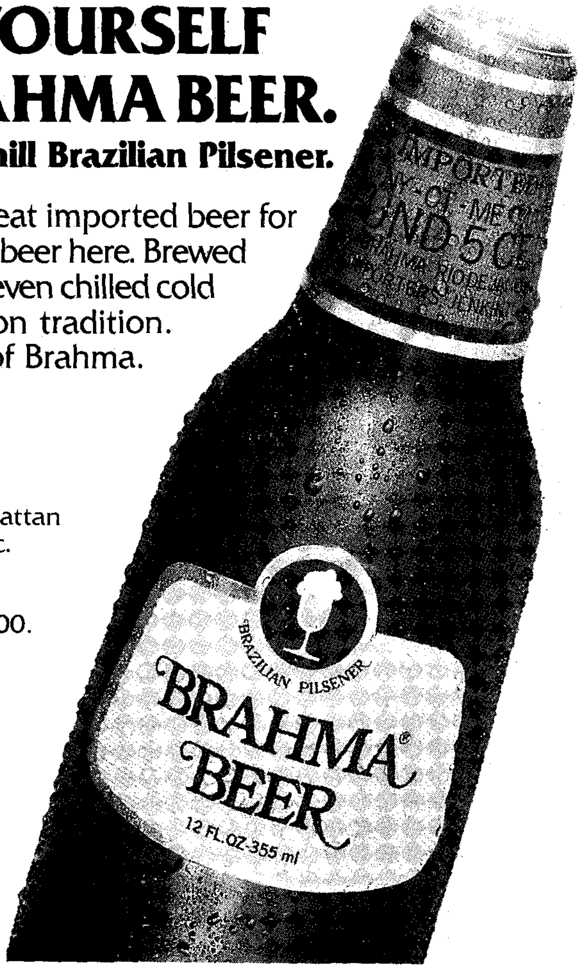

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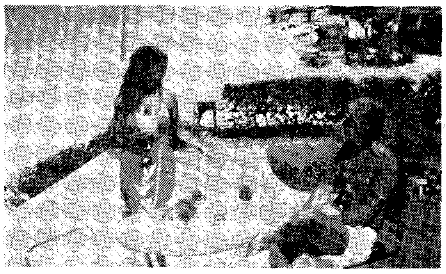

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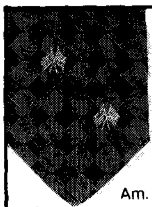

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noise, although a few of the children could not have been more than ten feet from the canopy. At the end of the ceremony, Aaron stamped on a cloth-wrapped glass. This custom, observed by almost all Jewish bridegrooms who have religious weddings, is supposed to be a reminder of the destruction of the Temple, and to serve as a kind of warning to the bride and groom that, as one religious author puts it, "the wedding day will not continue indefinitely; [and] the young couple ought to prepare itself for all of life's eventualities." The ritual probably originated in the Middle Ages, when it was the custom for the groom to taste a glass of wine after the seven benedictions were recited, offer some wine to his bride, then smash the glass against the nearest northern wall. In Jewish folklore, evil spirits come from the north. The prophet Jeremiah, too, said that "evil appeareth" from the north. Noise, such as that made when a glass is broken, is supposed to fend the spirits off.

After the glass was broken, everyone shouted "*Mazel tov!*" ("Good luck!"), the men embraced, and the wedding party trooped into 770. There the bride and groom spent a short time together in a private room—a carryover from the days when a groom brought his bride home immediately after the ceremony to consummate the marriage. After returning to the Center, they retired to another private room to have more photographs taken. When they came out, Aaron crossed the red-carpeted hallway to rejoin the men, Bassy went to rejoin the women, and a different, more unbridled kind of dancing began in both rooms. Bassy joined a whirling circle of her girlfriends. Her new mother-in-law was doing a dance that looked like something from "Saturday Night Fever" with her older daughter, and a few women, including one with a whimsical veiled hat and a nineteen-fortyish suit, were dancing by themselves. Bubbe was dancing a sedate two-step with Sheina. She smiled at everyone, but her eyes bore the evidence of some kind of strain. Almost all the seats around the cloth-covered dinner tables were empty now, even those of the newspaper crowd. They, too, had joined the circling dancers. It is considered a blessing to dance at a wedding and sing the praises of the bride, and rabbis in ancient times often danced and performed juggling acts to entertain brides. So great is the virtue accrued from dancing at weddings that, according to one story, even though Queen Jezebel was wicked and died ignominiously, dogs did not eat the soles of her feet, because she had danced at weddings.

As the evening progressed, the dances got faster and faster. Bassy's feet barely touched the floor. Her eyes shone, she developed a bright-pink spot on each cheek, and ringlets of hair rested damply on her brow. By midnight, her laughter and energy were like something boiling over in a pot. In the men's reception room, the dancing, fuelled by a better-stocked bar, was even wilder. When I looked in from the doorway, I saw the butcher, a man widely known for his dancing talent, waving a handkerchief above his head and leading the men in a spirited *kazatski*. In the blur of whirling black figures I saw many familiar faces. The men were having trouble keeping their hats on. Aaron's face was red. Moshe was clapping on the sidelines and singing. Mendel, who had recently become engaged to a neighborhood girl, was watching Aaron with a reflective expression. Shmuel, who had now been married for a few months, was standing next to him. His hands were clasped behind his back, and he, too, was gazing at Aaron thoughtfully.

IN the months following Bassy's wedding, her grandmother began having frequent dizzy spells. Bubbe became weaker and weaker, and by early spring she began to look almost translucent. Her movements became increasingly hesitant. One evening, at a Sabbath meal, she pressed her hand in mine; it felt like a dry leaf. She pretended that she wasn't actually sick, Miriam later told me, but eventually it was discovered that she had cancer of the colon, and she had to be hospitalized. By that time, Mendel's amiable new wife was expecting a baby, and Shmuel's wife and Bassy were pregnant, too. Bubbe called all three women close to her bedside one afternoon and blessed her future great-grandchildren. Not long afterward, she died. She was eighty-six.

Early one Tuesday morning three weeks later, a wide-eyed baby, dressed in a white jacket and soft white woollen cap, was being transported on a large embroidered pillow through a room crowded with women. The baby was Bassy and Aaron's as yet unnamed eight-day-old son. Ten months had passed since their wedding day. The woman carrying the baby was Bassy's oldest sister-in-law. Upstairs, waiting for the baby in a small, sunny room, was the *mohel*, or ritual circumciser, surrounded by a large crowd of men, among them Aaron, Moshe, Shmuel, Mendel, Bassy's father-in-law, several brothers-in-law, and a healthy sampling of both families' male friends and relatives. An empty chair had been set aside for the prophet Elijah, who is believed to put in an appearance at all circumcision ceremonies. The *mohel*, who wore a doctor's white coat over his dark suit, was Aaron's great-uncle. The *bris*, as the circumcision ceremony is called (*bris* is the Hebrew word for "covenant"), is one of those community events which people learn about through the grapevine, and anyone who thinks that he or she should attend does. It was taking place at the home of Aaron's parents, a narrow but comfortable two-story house on one of the more gentrified stretches of Crown Street, several blocks away from the Konigsbergs' house. Other sections of the same street looked like postwar Berlin.

The *bris* was actually the second social event inspired by the baby's entrance into the world. The first was a party given for him on the Friday night after his birth. According to the Talmud, the embryo in its mother's womb is in a sanctified state, because while it is there it is taught the entire Torah. Just before the child is born, the Talmud says, an angel taps it on the lips, making it forget all that it has learned in utero so that it can choose between right and wrong as a fallible mortal. This forgetting also desanctifies the child, and a party is thrown for little boys by their fellow fallible mortals, to console them. Among the foods served at the celebration are cooked legumes, which are believed to be effective charms against any demonic spirits who might want to harm the child. (Talmudic literature takes the presence of angels and demons for granted. Only a few scholars, including Maimonides, rejected the idea of such spirits. The Bible does not account for the creation of demons, but, according to Talmudic tradition, they made their début on the first Sabbath eve, when God was putting the finishing touches on the world. As the day was waning, according to one source, He turned His attention to those beings "who though included in the plan of things as they were to be, might

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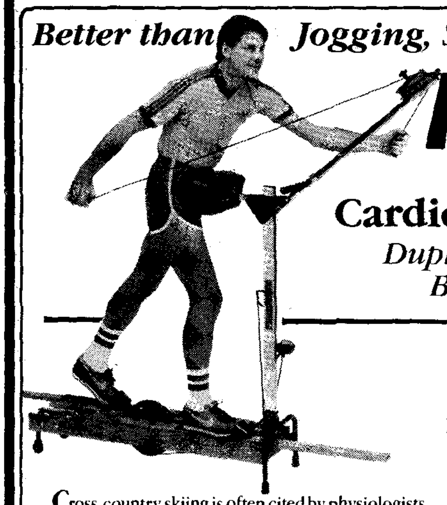
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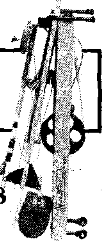

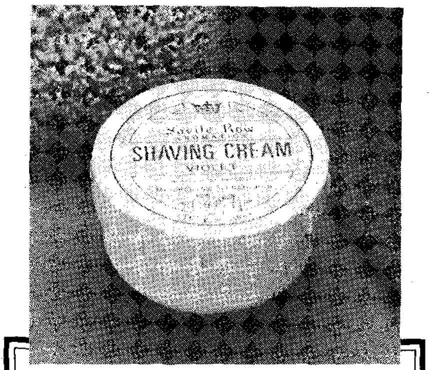

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well be left for last," and the account continues, "He had not progressed beyond the fashioning of their souls, however, when the hastening Sabbath overtook Him, and He was obliged to sanctify the first day of rest. So it is that demons have no bodies, but are constituted wholly of spirit.") The night before the *bris*, a *wachnacht*, or vigil, had been held at the baby's house. A gaggle of schoolboys had gathered around his cradle and piped the *Shema* aloud, and afterward Aaron and other male friends and relatives had spent much of the night studying and praying. This custom, which is Kabbalistic in origin, is practiced to guard the baby from any attempt by Satan to harm him in order to prevent him from fulfilling this crucial part of the covenant. Many now largely forgotten customs were associated with the birth of boys, but infants of both sexes are still protected today by the "Song of Ascent," an assemblage of selected Psalms, names of patriarchs and matriarchs, and scriptural and Kabbalistic phrases written on a piece of paper and taped by Lubavitcher Hasidim to the front door of the parents' home and the doorway of the infant's room when it is brought home from the hospital. In medieval days, a circle was sometimes drawn around the lying-in bed, and an inscription protecting the mother and child from the wild-eyed demon Lilith was chalked upon the walls or door of the room. The mother of a male child was not allowed to stir out of the house alone until after her son was circumcised.

The *bris* was scheduled to take place at nine o'clock, but guests were still pouring through the front door at nine-forty. There were no more coat hooks or hangers left, so latecomers piled their coats in a great mound in the hallway. Heavily laden platters of smoked fish, salads, bread, fruit, puddings, olives, and cake had been set out on several paper-covered tables, and at least twenty children were admiring a large red-white-and-blue soldier-shaped cake emblazoned with the legend "We Want Moshiach Now." Chanah had flown up from Virginia to be here, and she and Miriam—whose seventh child, a girl, was now a few months old—and Bassy's two younger sisters-in-law, both pregnant, fluttered solicitously around the baby as he was borne upstairs to the small room, where the *mohel* and the male guests awaited him. The baby, whom I and several other women peeped at

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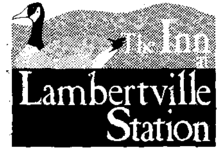

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from outside the threshold, gazed at the crowd with the serious, otherworldly expression peculiar to newborn babies and displayed an air of silent calm, until the *mohel's* scalpel pierced his flesh. Then he wailed pitifully. The thirty-odd men standing around the *mohel* looked stricken. As they watched the ceremony and listened to the prayers that were recited, their expressions shifted from pity to resignation, then to encouragement, and then to something akin to rueful amusement. In the course of the ceremony, the baby received the name Menachem Mendel. The Rebbe's name, of course, is Menachem Mendel, but since Jews are not allowed to name a child after any living person the letter of the law was observed by saying that the child was being named after the third Lubavitcher rebbe, the present rebbe's namesake. Bassy's baby is not the first Menachem Mendel in the family. Miriam's fourth child and Chanah's second also bear the name. It is a rare Lubavitcher family, in truth, that does not boast at least one Menachem Mendel.

After the baby was rewrapped in his swaddling, the *mohel* sang to him, rocked him on the pillow, and danced him around the room. The dance was a rollicking, bouncy one, and—considering what had just happened—I expected the baby to object. But the dancing seemed to please him or to stun him, and he maintained a princely silence as the *mohel* whirled him around.

Outside, the women waited for the baby to be returned to them. Bassy, who had managed to find a wig that looked exactly like her own long, thick chestnut tresses and wore a barrette in it exactly as she had worn it in her own hair, gazed unhappily toward the little room. Just before the *mohel* handed the baby back to her, I caught a glimpse of Moshe hovering protectively over his grandson. For a few seconds, their faces were inches away from each other: two bald pates, two sets of luminous hooded eyes, two expressions of dreamy wonder. Then the baby was carried downstairs to a room full of solicitous women and wide-eyed little girls. The conversation among the women during the circumcision ceremony had been subdued, and when the small, plaintive wail of the baby alerted them to the fact that the rite was taking place they had become very quiet. If the men had looked implicated and rueful, the women had looked appalled. Thank God, they all

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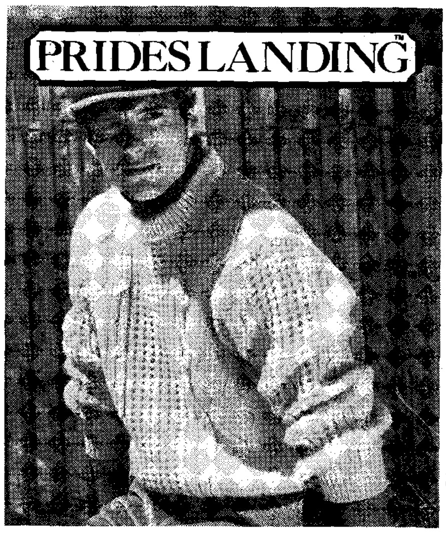

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seemed to be silently saying, that we weren't born men.

FROM time to time, Sheina attends a "women's group." Its members are mostly *baalot teshuvah* and women who are still on the fringes of the Lubavitcher world, and it is led by a well-liked Crown Heights teacher named Frimet Kline. The very existence of a group of this kind bespeaks a certain amount of seepage from popular culture. Before the sixties, there were no Lubavitcher women's groups, apart from the various service organizations. There still aren't many, so I was pleased when Sheina invited me to attend a meeting. I had a fairly clear idea of what subjects would not be discussed by the women but none whatever of what they would talk about.

The meeting took place on an early-October evening in the tiny Manhattan apartment of an attractive, vivacious lawyer in her mid-thirties. As she led me into the living room, she told me that she had become religious only recently and had married a religious man, who was "completely unlike anyone else in my professional or private life." There were about ten other women at the meeting: a few Europeans, an Israeli, and three or four Americans. The group was urbane-looking, well dressed, and mostly middle-aged. A glass-topped coffee table covered with bowls of nuts, figs, dates, and potato chips, plates of crackers and cookies, and cups of coffee occupied everyone's attention for a while, and then the group settled down and looked expectantly at a plump, pretty, watchful-looking woman with extremely intelligent, dark, searching eyes, who sat on a straight-backed chair. This was Frimet Kline. Mrs. Kline said that we would be talking that evening about the upcoming holiday of Sukkot, and I grasped at once what I should have realized beforehand—this was a religious study group. The modernity of it lay in the fact that the participants were women.

Some of the women in the room knew a lot about religious customs, others knew very little, so Mrs. Kline began by making some general observations about the holiday: noting that it was celebrated for seven days and commemorated the forty years in which the wandering Israelites lived in temporary dwellings; that the word *sukkot* meant "tabernacles" or "booths;" that the chief obligation of the festival was to build a *sukkah*—a windowless, rectangular structure of at least three sides, roofed with bamboo poles or woven boughs—and "dwell" in it; and that in cold climates "dwell" has come to mean "eat meals in."

One of the women interrupted Mrs. Kline to ask her why the holiday was celebrated for seven days.

"Well," she replied, "on the simplest level, Leviticus says that it should be celebrated for that many days, in the same place where it says to take the four 'species'—a citron, a palm branch, a myrtle branch, and a willow branch—and 'rejoice' with them during the festival. But let's look at it another way. We went out of Egypt as a preparation for getting the Torah, and during the period of the Exodus God helped the Israelites to endure their hardships by making them comfortable. While they were not yet spiritually united, he helped them to be united physically. The seven days of Sukkot commemorate the seven clouds God created to protect the Israelites. As they crossed the desert, there were four clouds around them to protect them from their enemies, and there was also one above them to shield them from the desert sun, one under their feet to protect them from the hot sands and refresh them, and one going ahead of them to show the way, to remove obstacles, and to kill scorpions. Actually, there was an eighth cloud, which served as a chariot for the old and infirm—and, as many of you know, there is a concluding day of celebration, which is technically independent of Sukkot but is meant to end the Sukkot festival. In the Diaspora, it has been stretched to two days, to include Simchat Torah—Rejoicing of the Torah—the most joyous celebration of the year."

Our hostess, who was wearing a lavender panne-velvet dressing gown, asked Mrs. Kline why it was that most people decorated their *sukkot* with fruits, Indian corn, and even pictures and small tapestries whereas the *sukkot* in Crown Heights were always bare of decoration.

Frimet Kline: "We never decorate our *sukkot* because it's unnecessary to. It's a *mitzvah* to build a *sukkah* and eat in it. That's what God asked us to do. Anything else is gilding the lily."

Hostess: "But people like to decorate a *sukkah*. It makes them happy to see the *sukkah* looking festive. I don't see the harm of it."

Frimet Kline: "O.K., O.K., it makes them happy. Good! But I'm

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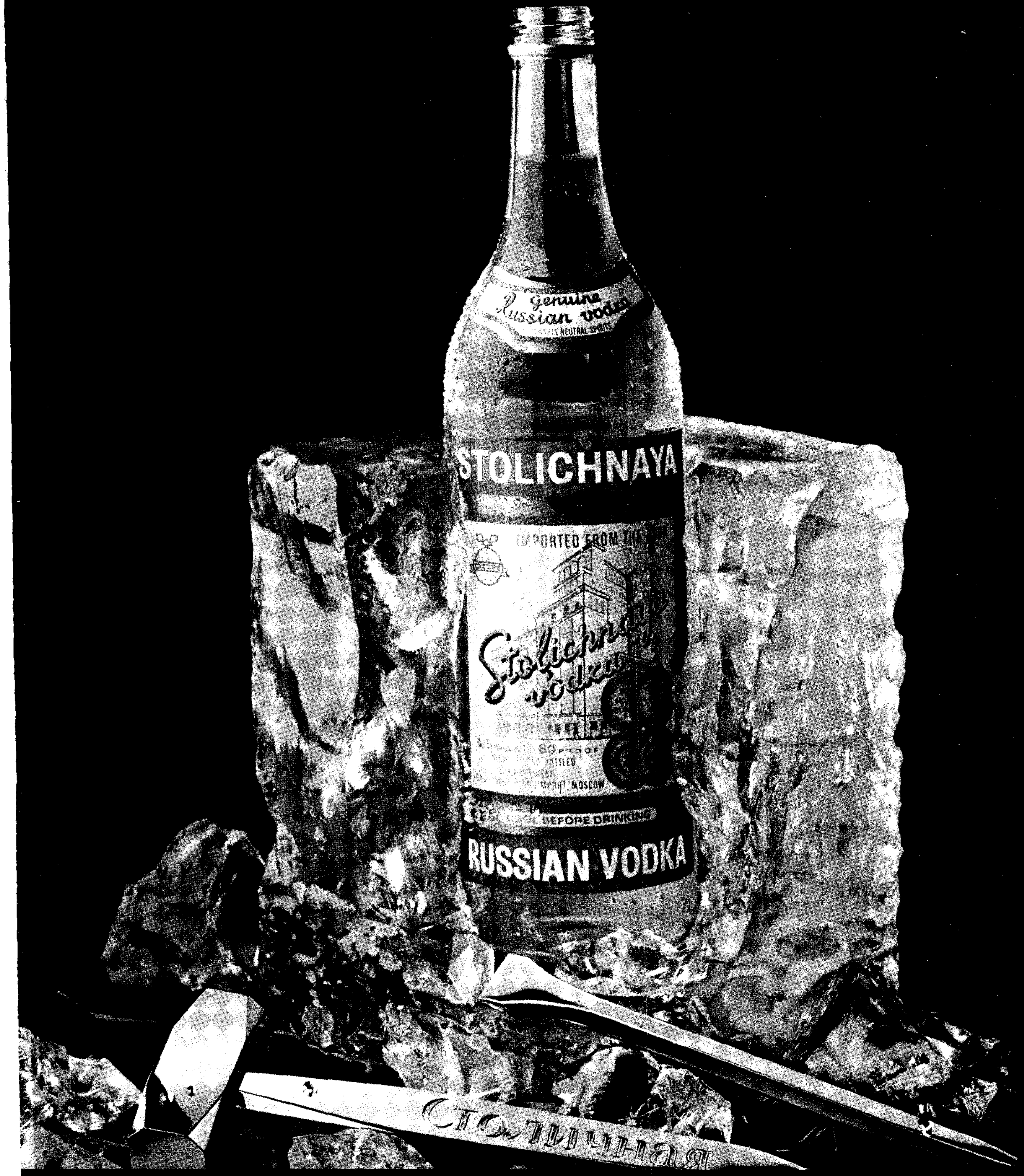
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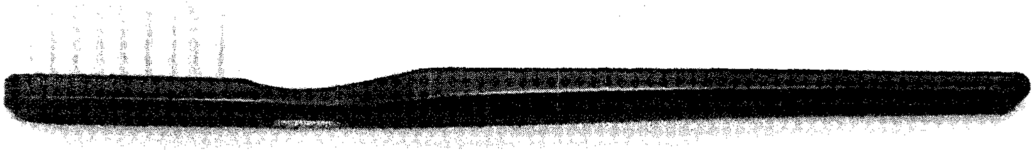

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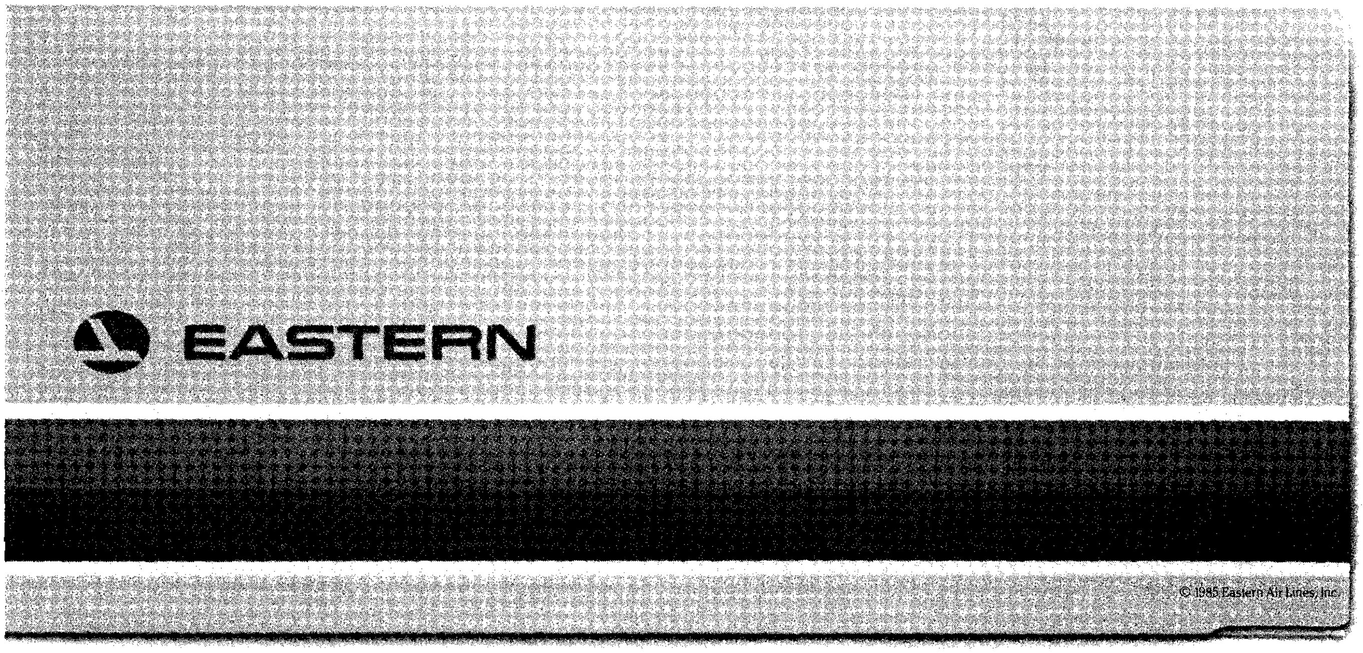
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saying that it's irrelevant to the *mitzvah*. Maybe people need to do it, but God doesn't need it. That's all I'm saying."

Hostess (sounding quite annoyed): "Well, I think if people like doing it, they should. I mean, who needs the whole idea of Sukkot? What's it for? If people personalize it, I think that they're going to be more involved in it."

Frimet Kline (sounding exasperated, her voice at a high pitch): "No. I'm not saying that it's a crime, but the point is that personalizing customs gets you into trouble. To add a bunch of stupid grapes to a *sukkah* suggests that the *sukkah* is not enough." She looked at her hands for a second, then added, in a quiet voice, "We need the *sukkah*—just as we need all the other holidays—to connect us with our past. When we're connected with our past, the present flows naturally from it. When you try to change the *sukkah* into something out of *House & Garden*, you're losing some of the meaning of the thing. The *sukkah* has a semi-open reed or bamboo roof because it's supposed to be somewhat exposed to the elements. When you're outdoors in a *sukkah*, you're out of your comfortable house. The holiday comes at a time when the harvest is in. It seems like a time to take it easy. But God said He wanted us to be outside. Why? Because you're closer to the realm of nature, where it's more physically obvious that God is in charge of things. It's the very *primitiveness* of the structure that counts. Do you see what I mean?"

Hostess (looking mollified): "I guess I do."

A short time later, the group broke up. As we were putting our coats on, our hostess's husband walked in the door, and husband and wife exchanged distracted hellos. He was plump, quite shy, and clearly uncomfortable with all the women around. He looked like someone who had wandered into the wrong apartment.

ON a bright October day, I walked slowly down President Street toward the Konigsbergs' house, where I was going to spend an afternoon of Sukkot with the family. The air was crisp, and the sidewalks were thick with fallen leaves. Almost every yard I passed had a *sukkah* in it, and almost every *sukkah* had a family in it. Small children, shouting to each other in Yiddish, ran up and down stoops and along the sidewalks, as they had the day I'd wandered along these streets for the first time. A powerful, homely scent wafted out of all the kitchens, and families and friends clustered in convivial groups on stucco porches innocent of furniture and on lawns whose crabgrass appeared to provoke no outrage or even interest.

The Konigsbergs' *sukkah*, which was in their driveway, was built to last, even though it had to be taken apart every year. Its walls were made of wood panelling and framed by two-by-fours, and it had a roof of evergreen boughs supported by sticks and more two-by-fours. Narrow rays of sunlight filtered through the roof and dappled the table, large enough to accommodate sixteen people, that had been set beneath it. Sheina, wearing an apron over a raincoat she had put on to keep warm, was carefully placing some wine bottles on the table and examining the labels. "Hi," she said, giving me a little hug. "You'd better keep your coat on. It's a bit chilly out here. The roof has to be open enough to let the rain fall through, and that can be a problem if it rains during Sukkot. That's what happened last year, and the men had to stay out in it. Not I. What a mess!"

Friends and various family members were milling around the table. Even after the meal had begun in earnest, the milling continued. People would appear at the open side of the *sukkah* like unannounced visitors in a Chekhov play and somehow find a place to squeeze into. Moshe sat at the head of the table, amusing half a dozen grandchildren. All the guests got a chance to hold the palm, willow, and myrtle branches in their right hand and the citron in their left, and to recite a benediction. Everybody ate chicken and noodle pudding. But there was more singing than eating, and, for once, more singing than talking. Two of the guests, a Manhattan businessman and his small daughter, sang a plaintive Yiddish song entitled "Mein Shtetle Belz." The song was so moving that a few of the guests wept, and when the duo had finished all the guests cheered. The sound of loud rock music drifted over from a neighbor's house. Moshe shrugged and rolled his eyes; the neighbor's son had a rock band, he said, and they had been rehearsing all afternoon. After a while, the quiet melodic songs that filled the *sukkah* somehow blotted out the rock music—a genuine Hasidic miracle.

I left about four hours later. The

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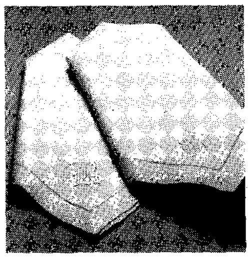

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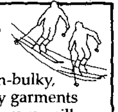

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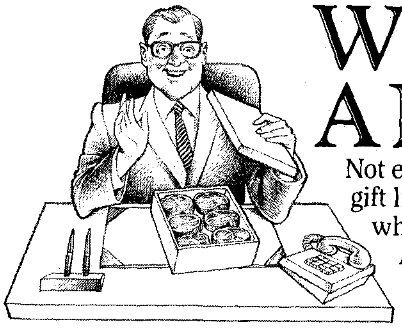

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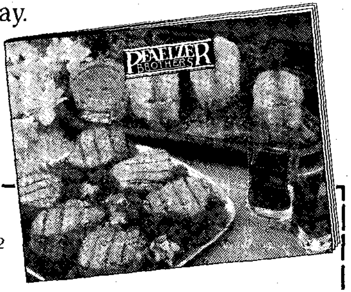

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table had been cleared, but all the chairs around it were occupied, and the singing was still going strong. As I walked down President Street, a rolling wave of song flowed out from every back yard. Near the subway station on Eastern Parkway, I saw the Rebbe coming toward me on the sidewalk. Three small boys and five men trailed along behind him at a respectful distance, as an escort. His hands were clasped behind his back, and he seemed absorbed in his thoughts. But as we passed each other he looked up, and we both smiled, in the way that strangers sometimes do. As soon as he was a safe distance away, an old woman popped out from behind a nearby tree and rushed up to me. She must have been at least seventy-five years old. She patted and pinched my cheeks and put her face close to mine to scrutinize me.

"So, little *maidele,* I don't know who you are, but I know you're lucky. I saw the Rebbe smile at you. Something wonderful will happen to you soon." Pat, pat. Pinch. "You'll see."

She invited me to join her in *shul* to say a Sukkot blessing, but I declined, explaining that I'd already said it and was anxious to get home.

"Well, go along then," she said, giving me one last pat and reluctantly letting me go. I felt like a good-luck penny. At the end of the block, just before I descended into the subway entrance, I turned around. She was still there, beaming at me.

—LIS HARRIS

(*This is the last part of a three-part article.*)

•

Pittsburgh Pirates President Dan Galbreath said he is dissatisfied with the only offer he has received to buy the team, a public-private coalition attempting to ensure that the team remains in Pittsburgh for at least five more years. "There has not been a rejection, but I think it's fair to say we weren't satisfied with the original offer," said Galbreath, who wants $35 for the club.—*Boulder (Colo.) Daily Camera.*

If the Pirates get out of last place, who knows?

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Jack Smith in the San Francisco Chronicle*]

On Aug. 22, 1485—500 years ago—Richard died in battle on the field at Bosworth, where, as we all know, he was last heard shouting, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

Later, to remove them as heirs to the crown, he locked up the Prince of Wales (Edward V), 12, and the Duke of York, 9, and had them smothered in their beds.

THE THEATRE

Gloom and Doom

"Song & Dance," at the Royale, is a sorry little mishap of a musical—one that makes not a particle of sense in terms of dramatic structure, its two acts being separate entities laboriously joined together by an aesthetic equivalent of Elmer's Glue. The simple-minded title is more truthful than one expects it to be: the first act is song and the second act is dance, and the only reason they happen to occupy the same stage on the same occasion is that they provide a measure of duration, though not diversion, sufficient to justify the cost of tickets for the show. Bernadette Peters gives a solo performance in the first act, singing a large number of tiresome songs (music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black) in the course of which we learn that she is a tough young Englishwoman named Emma who has just arrived in New York and intends to move up in the world by dint of turning tricks with any man who happens to cross her path. The men are sketched in as rubbishy creatures, and so is Emma; Miss Peters does well to fail in her impersonation of this distasteful and totally implausible character. She cannot practice a similar strategy in respect to the songs, being obliged, as a valiant professional, to make them sound far more substantial than they really are. Mr. Lloyd Webber is a master craftsman of what Otto Luening has called "music to listen to music by," and one is shrewd as well as kind in not giving it one's full attention.

The balletic dancing in the second act has been choreographed by Peter Martins, to music written by Mr. Lloyd Webber as variations on Paganini's "Caprice" (Op. 1, No. 24). The leading dancers are Christopher d'Amboise, who is supposed to be a rubelike boyfriend of Emma's from far-off Nebraska; Gregg Burge, billed as "a man from the streets," who teaches the Nebraskan a thing or two about tap dancing (it is a cliché of Broadway to turn all tap dancing into a sort of gladiatorial contest); and Charlotte d'Amboise, Mary Ellen Stuart, Cynthia Onrubia, and Denise Faye, who play a woman in blue, a woman in gold, a woman in gray flannel, and an otherwise unidentified "single," respectively. That is as much as we know of them and as much as we need to know. The settings are by Robin Wagner, the costumes are by Willa Kim, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Execrable sound amplification has been provided by Martin Levan. "Song & Dance" originated in London, in a somewhat different form, and Richard Maltby, Jr., is given credit in the program for "additional lyrics and direction." Whatever the broth may have been like before, he has proved himself a cook too many.

—Brendan Gill

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A naked envy flares in me and catches.
Who manicures, who burnishes, who thatches
These bronzed embodiments? I know, I know—
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Let alone World War III. But there attaches
To them and their assumption such a haloed
Ritziness . . . And to find one in my row . . .

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—George Starbuck

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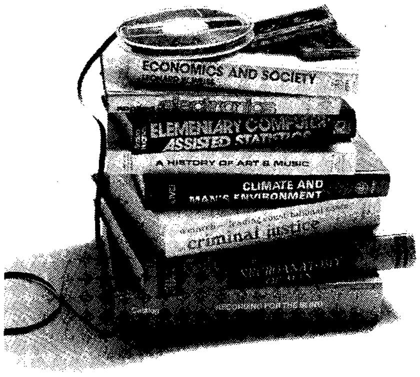
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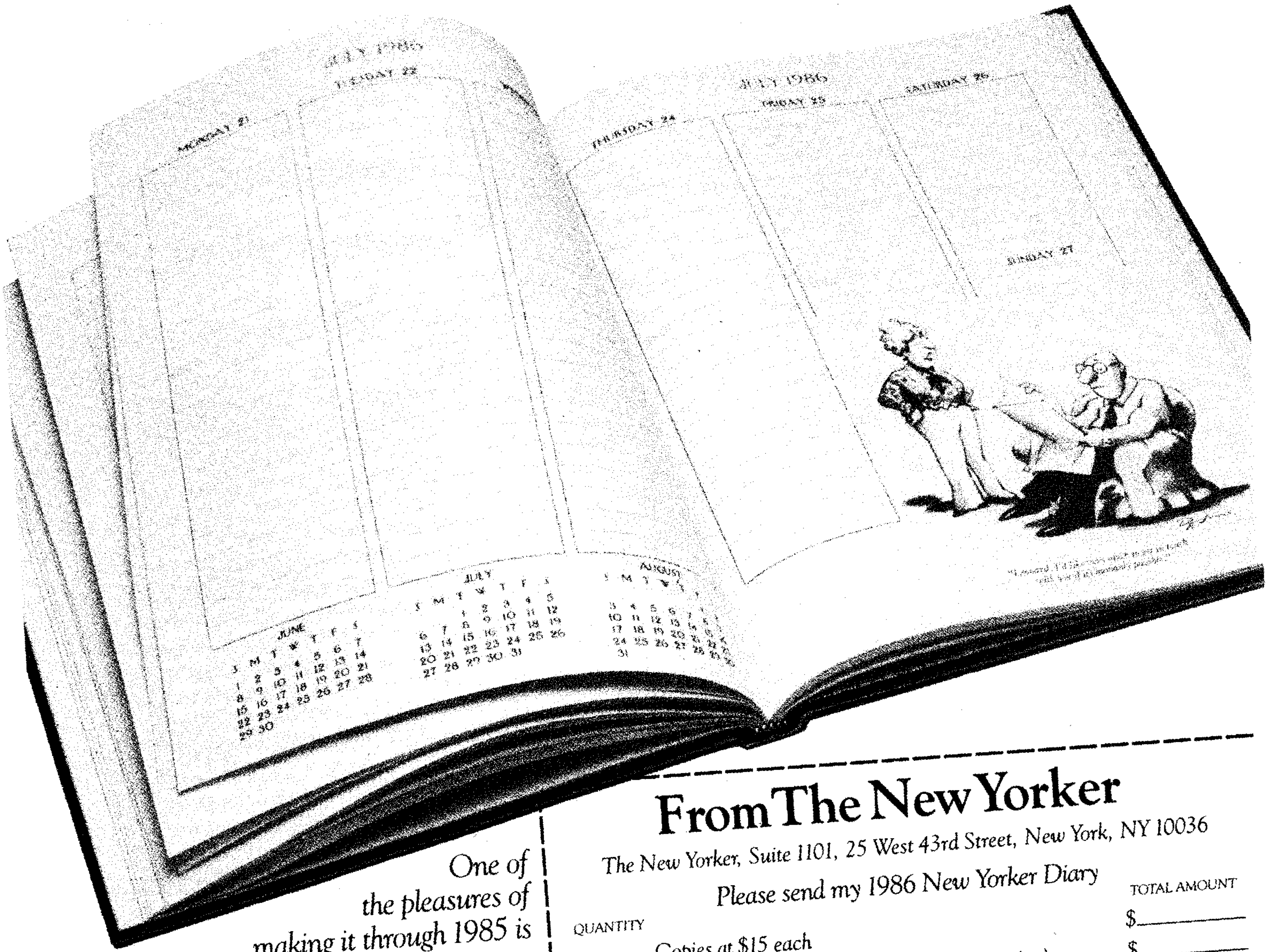
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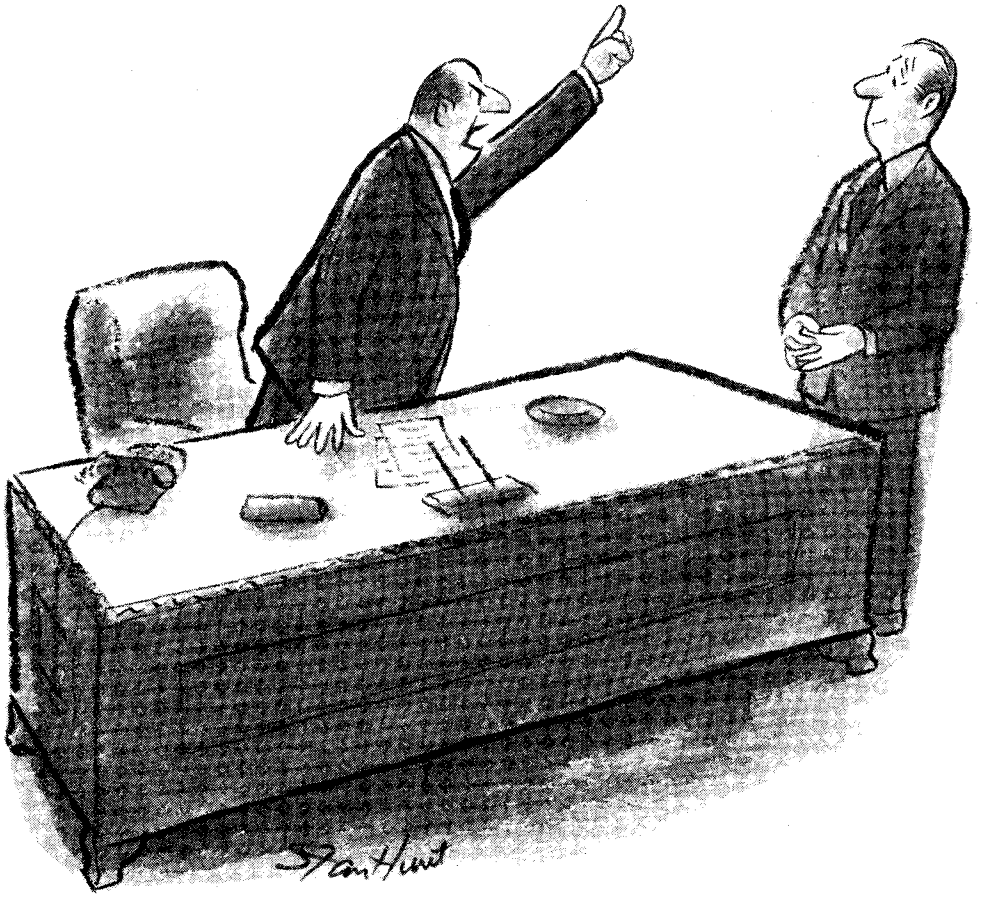
Explorers

André Bazin, unlike most film critics, was always ready to be astonished by a glimpse of reality. In his essay "Cinema and Exploration" he wrote, of a particularly amateurish documentary, "*Kon Tiki* is an admirable and overwhelming film . . . because the making of it is so totally identified with the action that it so imperfectly unfolds; because it is itself an aspect of the adventure. Those fluid and trembling images are as it were the objectivized memory of the actors in the drama." "Cahiers du Cinéma" (Harvard; $22.50), Jim Hillier's anthology of writings from the journal Bazin founded—this is the first of four projected volumes—is an imperfect, often frustrating document that isn't likely to overwhelm anyone but might, with a little indulgence on the part of the reader, provide enough of the reality of this adventurous period in film criticism to win our admiration. It covers the years 1951 through 1959—roughly corresponding to Bazin's tenure as co-editor and guiding spirit of the magazine. (He died in November, 1958.) Bazin's presence as a benevolent father figure presiding over a bunch of wayward, unruly young critics is an important element of the *Cahiers* legend, but his influence was far from absolute. In his last years, with his health deteriorating, Bazin in fact had little to do with the editing of *Cahiers*, and even wrote an essay, "De la Politique des Auteurs," in which he criticized (gently) the excesses of his younger colleagues' writings in the magazine. The real stuff of the *Cahiers* myth, though, is the *enfants terribles* themselves: François Truffaut, Jean-Luc Godard, Eric Rohmer, Claude Chabrol, and Jacques Rivette. Their intemperate style was calculated to provoke and outrage the French film establishment—both critics and filmmakers—and it succeeded. They derided the high-toned literary adaptations and tasteful social dramas that constituted the "tradition of quality" in French cinema, and at the same time they canonized a handful of commercial Hollywood filmmakers, Hitchcock, Hawks, Nicholas Ray, Vincente Minnelli, Samuel Fuller, Otto Preminger, and Anthony Mann among them. According to the *Cahiers* critics, these were the *auteurs*, the true artists of the movies.

The furor that the *Cahiers* writers caused, though, was a local furor—just a minor polemical battle in the unending French intellectual wars. Their critical influence has run its course; the issues they raised have long since been settled, or merely superseded. For the writers themselves, the practice of criticism gave way to the practice of filmmaking, and their films cast a retrospective, romantic glow on their writings. When "The 400 Blows" and "Breathless" appeared, in 1959, they insured the *Cahiers* archives against the obscurity of old controversies: we can read the essays in this book as early manifestos of the achieved revolution, the New Wave—as incendiary leaflets retrieved from the street. And we can read these pieces, too, as portraits of the directors as young men. The volume has the purely documentary interest of a class photo—something to be scanned for traces of now familiar features. The adolescent ebullience of Truffaut's reviews makes him recognizable, and Godard's urgent, paradoxical, epigrammatic style is equally unmistakable. Chabrol, in his essays as in his films, is straightforward and superficial; Rohmer's writing, like his "Moral Tales," is neat and allusive, each piece a perfect Jesuit examination paper; and Rivette's essays—no surprise—are elaborate, long-winded, and maddeningly, almost frivolously abstract.

This anthology conveys, inevitably, some of the excitement of the legendary pre-New Wave *Cahiers*. It even includes a couple of the critics' round-table discussions (one on the state of French cinema in 1957, the other on the significance of Resnais's "Hiroshima Mon Amour"), which give to these largely forgotten issues the illusion of a kind of newsreel immediacy. But Hillier's enterprise is essentially scholarly: the four volumes will follow the magazine's changing critical course through the seventies, and the editor undoubtedly realized that emphasizing the sheer vitality of *Cahiers's* first, mythic period would make the remaining three-quarters of the project a long anticlimax, the story of a decline. The



"Damn it, Conway, when I say cheer up, don't give me that halfhearted smile. Cheer the hell up!"

academic apparatus—introductions, footnotes, appendixes—performs its customary function of embalming the subject, although it is, at least, scrupulous and thorough. The more serious problem is the quality of the selections. Hillier admits in his preface that he means to concentrate on work that hasn't previously been translated into English, at the risk of underrepresenting Bazin, Truffaut, and Godard (as well as work about Jean Renoir, who was for most of the *Cahiers* writers the supreme *auteur*). In effect, the liveliest writers seem to have been sacrificed to more ponderous ones, like Rivette—easily the dominant voice of this volume. Rivette's writing—difficult and twisty and totally focussed on style and structure—provides a superficial link with the more theoretical *Cahiers* of the late sixties and early seventies (the period, in fact, in which his own films began to find a sympathetic audience). But his essays here merely evoke theory without really practicing it: they're airy rather than rigorous.

Rivette's pieces on Hawks, Preminger, and Fritz Lang, Luc Moullet's essay on Samuel Fuller, and the reviews of Nicholas Ray by Truffaut and Godard are all bits of the reality of *Cahiers du Cinéma:* a lot of the writing in its pages was rhetorically grandiose and rather silly. We keep coming across pronouncements like this: "You only have to watch [Hawks'] *Monkey Business* to know that it is a brilliant film. Some people refuse to admit this, however; they refuse to be satisfied by proof." It's hard to imagine a context in which that wouldn't sound stupid; Hillier, to his credit, tries to provide the proper context in his introductions and notes, but because the issues are presented mostly in the form of historical synopses they don't really come to life in this collection. The extreme positions, even the inanities, of the *Cahiers* critics were part of their struggle against what they saw as the glazed respectability of French cinema in the fifties—that institutional complacency which, especially for the older Bazin, symbolized the failure of Gaullist France, the society's refusal to carry the heroism of the Resistance into its postwar economic and cultural life. What the younger critics were trying to discover, or create, was a tradition to nourish the films they wanted to make, a tradition that would allow them the freedom of the Italian neorealist filmmakers—Rossellini, De Sica, and the Visconti of "La Terra Trema"—

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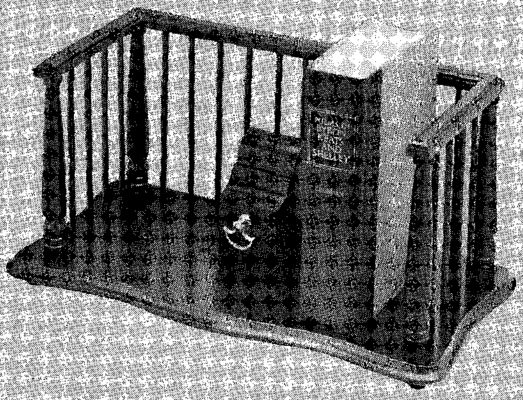

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whose movies seemed to them both the purest representations of the condition of Europe after the war and the clearest formulations of intellectual and social battles yet to be fought. And the critics' veneration of American movies can't be separated from this struggle, either. It's no accident that so many of *Cahiers's* favored Hollywood *auteurs*—Ray, Aldrich, Fuller, Preminger, Tashlin—were the blunt, abrasive visual stylists, the crudely aggressive storytellers, the cynical philosophers: those whose movies seemed to grate against the smooth machinery of the studio system.

For the most part, the aspiring film-makers writing in *Cahiers du Cinéma* in the fifties had to look past France for images of the cinema they dreamed of, but their most constant and most fruitful inspiration was nevertheless their own countryman Jean Renoir—the one director in all of world cinema who incarnated all the disparate elements from which the young critics hoped to forge a tradition. Renoir was the greatest artist of the French cinema's greatest period, the thirties: his movies had a free, unplanned look, a style that dissolved all differences—between nature and artifice, between actors and their roles, between film and literature, between the local and the universal. The effortless realism and fresh social observation of his thirties movies have something in common with the postwar Italian films; his 1934 "Toni" is often cited as the first "neorealist" film. When his masterpiece "The Rules of the Game" (1939)—an intricate, semifarcical dance of death among the ruins of Europe's class system—was cut by its producers and then banned by the French military censors, Renoir left France and went to Hollywood, where he worked through the forties. He returned to France in 1951, the year *Cahiers* began; he met André Bazin for the first time. The timing of Renoir's return must have looked to the *Cahiers* staff like a miraculous omen, a blessing on their endeavors, and the Renoir of the fifties was for them a living myth, the image of a glorious past and a realizable future. The affection was reciprocal: Renoir dedicated his 1974 autobiography, "My Life and My Films," to "those film-makers who are known to the public as the 'New Wave' and whose preoccupations are also mine."

Without Renoir, this anthology's history of *Cahiers* in the fifties is incomplete—a documentary with crucial

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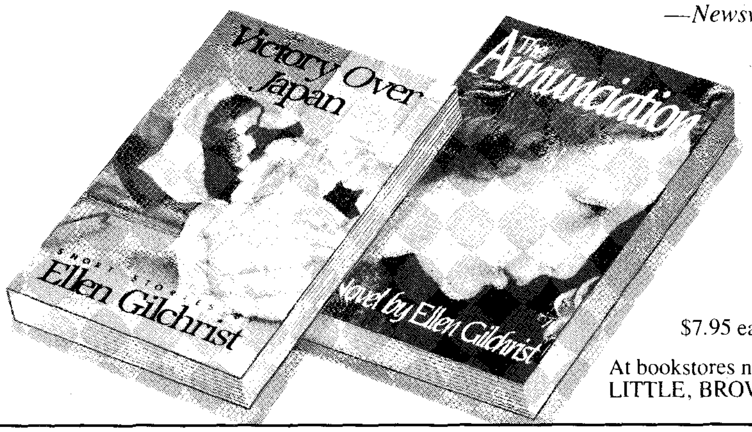

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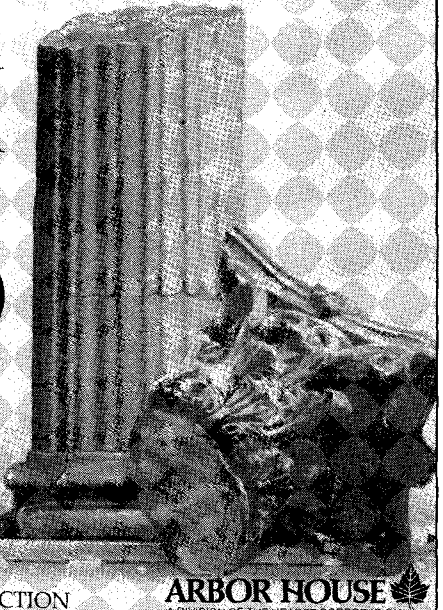

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footage missing. The voices in this book have been arranged to speak only to an institutional future, to the magazine's theoretical concerns in the sixties and the seventies. The adventure of the first years of *Cahiers* and the beginning of the New Wave was, like the Kon Tiki expedition, both an original exploration and the reconstruction of an earlier journey—the development of Renoir and the French cinema in the thirties. And at its best it was the kind of reconstruction which turns myth into usable history. The truest image of this process is not Hillier's collection but the study of Jean Renoir that Bazin was writing up to the day before his death, the unfinished book that was to have been the culmination of his work as a critic. The book that was finally published in 1973, as "Jean Renoir" (Simon & Schuster), was a collection of fragments: articles and manuscript notes assembled by Truffaut, followed by a detailed critical filmography of Renoir prepared for *Cahiers* in 1957 under Bazin's supervision and including notes by Truffaut, Godard, Rohmer, Rivette, and other critics on the magazine's staff. What Bazin said about the disconnected, choppy Kon Tiki film might apply to his own Renoir book: "This film is not made up only of what we see—its faults are equally witness to its authenticity. The missing documents are the negative imprints of the expedition—its inscription chiselled deep." In "Jean Renoir" we're given a glimpse of historical continuity—Truffaut re-creating Bazin re-creating Renoir—and that book, more than any other, bears the imprint of the authentic myth of *Cahiers du Cinéma* and the New Wave. It describes a method, perhaps, of reconstructing the explorations that transformed other uncertain and dispiriting times, a way of learning to transform our own. —TERRENCE RAFFERTY

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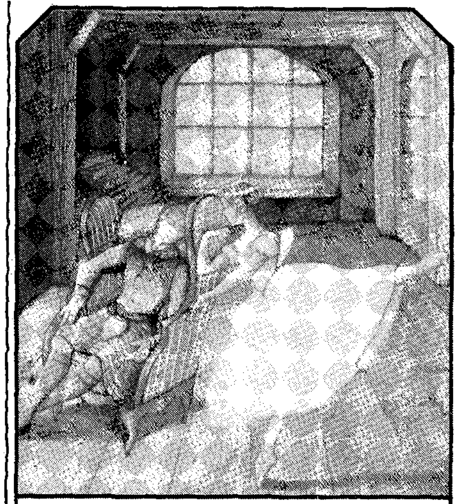

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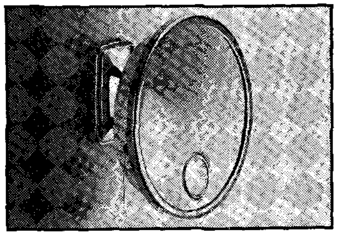

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